

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

JOHN ROBERTSON WARD

Nearing the end of a long and interesting life, it occurred to me that others might be interested in the career of an architect whose practice covered many regions of this planet and who is still an active head of a successful firm for over 65 years, which may be close to a record for the length of an individual's architectural practice. Few architects started their own firm at the age of 23 and were still very active at the age of nearly 89. Also, due to family influences and the excellent but varied education received at a period when architects were taught and became familiar with the great qualities of architecture from the time of the Egyptians through to the Victorian era. I, throughout my career, have believed in tying my designs into the character and atmosphere of the good earlier architecture of the surrounding areas. I have always believed that this was important in order to preserve the character of many charming towns and cities in different sections of the world. Unfortunately, today, and to a great extent over the last 40 to 50 years, the architects have been influenced by Gropius, Le Corbusier and others to create something new and different with little or no regard to its surroundings. This does not apply to high rise buildings in city centres as these are a new creation of the 20th century. However, domestic and low rise public buildings built since 1935 in general do not compare in quality of design to those that were built in the first 35 years of this century. This applies particularly to resort areas such as The Mediterranean Coast, islands of The West Indies and The South Pacific, cities and country towns in Europe and America. The destruction of the charm of the old fishing villages of the East and South coast of Spain is a typical bad example.

My mother, Helen Gordon Glenn, was living in Paris in the later part of the 19th century following an education in Europe, first at a convent in Germany and later in France. She was now studying art, concentrating on Jewellery, the working of precious metals and particularly on enamel work in which she became very proficient, later winning several important awards. Laura, mother's older sister, joined her in Paris where they both were enjoying the amusing and interesting society of painters, sculptors and other artists living in Paris in the late 19th century.

At that time mother met John Robertson Ward and they were married in the late summer of 1896. Ward was a business executive who also had a great interest in the arts. In the summer of 1897 they moved to Florence, Italy, where I was born on 27th October 1897. Mother then returned to Paris with me to continue her work in art and to be with her sister Laura. (Unfortunately, my father died soon after my birth).

Laura and the eldest of the three Glenn sisters, Cora, had both been educated in the U.S. and both had graduated from Vassar.

The Glenn family was very prominent in their home city, Cincinnati, Ohio. James Glenn, my grandfather, and his father, Wm. Glenn, had both been made Honorary Presidents of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce. Grandfather also was chairman of the committee receiving the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, on his visit to Cincinnati. My grandmother was born Elizabeth Frankin from Virginia and who was, in my opinion, the most perfect grandmother imaginable. Her sweetness, kindness and generosity gave me years of pleasure.

The Glenn family were direct descendants of James Glenn of Linlithgow, Scotland, member of Scottish Parliament, Constable of The Royal Palace of Linlithgow and who later became Royal Governor of the Colony of South Carolina. His wife was the daughter of Lord Wilmington after whom the city of Wilmington Delaware was named.

Governor James Glenn's son , our ancestor, remained in America and his descendants later moved to the Ohio valley.

The Glenn family established in the early 19th Century in Cincinnati, Ohio, later acquired quite a large business empire, steamships on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, a large interest in the old Cincinnati & Southern Railway and a profitable business of importation of spices, tea, coffee and sugar from all over the world to supply the Ohio valley. My grandfather, James Glenn, was alone in charge of this empire following the death of his father, Wm. Glenn. Naturally, in order to purchase the vast quantity of the spices, tea, coffee and sugar to meet the yearly demand, large borrowings from the banks was necessary. Unfortunately, the great financial crash of 1890 came at a time when James Glenn, then about 60 years of age, had large borrowings from the banks in order to finance these purchases and due to the failure of several of these banks, the entire empire was lost and he ended up in debt in the amount of over \$200,000. Instead of going into bankruptcy he signed promissory notes for all his indebtedness, almost immediately thereafter was made president of one of the larger Cincinnati banks, and before his death at the age of 82, had paid off every cent of his indebtedness, thanks to many very remunerative real estate transactions and investments.

James Glenn's first cousin, General Edwin Glenn, was General Pershing's aide during the first World War and whose daughter married the son of President of the U.S., James Garfield.

Mother, her sister Laura and the eldest sister, Cora Glenn, had a younger brother, Wilmer Glenn. Wilmer was a charming man with a love for the pleasant life. Cora, who was an exceptionally beautiful woman, graduated from Vassar at the head of her class around 1880 and shortly after was married to Leicester Sargent. Unfortunately, Sargent was drowned together with his bother Rupert, in a yachting accident in Buzzards Bay on their way to Nantucket where Cora was visiting my grandmother. Cora several years later met and married an Englishman, Edward Hamilton Bell who later became almost second father to me. I will speak later about his family in England. He, "Teddy" as we all called him, had come to America on the first tour of Sir Henry Irving's theatrical group. Amongst the cast was the famous actress Ellen Terry for whom I believe Teddy had a great yen. Teddy had graduated a few years before from the Slade School of Art and had been asked by Sir Henry Irving to go on the American tour as stage and costume designer and as a small parts actor. Following a meeting with my exceptionally beautiful aunt Cora, he decided to stay in the U.S. and started his practice as an architect. They married and lived in New York City until they built a lovely house in Mamaroneck, N.Y., which I vividly remember visiting when I was about 8 years old. This house was named "Longcroft" after the Glenn family estate in Linlithgow, Scotland.

Amongst my other ancestors was the famous American and later English painter, Benjamin West, who was one of the most prominent painters of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. He also became President of the Royal Academy.

My earliest recollection of life must have been soon after mother returned to America, later studying jewellery and enamelling at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, N.Y. This was probably around 1901. I can remember, curiously enough, the lamplighters in the early evening biking down the streets, stopping at each lamp post to light the then gas street lights. My other early memories were of Nantucket and my devoted grandmother.

One year, I believe the year 1902, mother and grandmother were as usual staying in Nantucket at grandmother's house at 43 Pearl Street, now India Street, late in the fall and about the day before they had planned to return to the mainland, I came down with mumps. This was not too serious but unfortunately my mother then caught the disease which kept us on into early December. When again we were ready to depart, grandmother slipped on the icy road in front of the house and broke her hip. This necessitated a stay into the middle of January. At that time one of the coldest winters on record set in and Nantucket Harbour completely froze over even out as far as the jetty off Folgers bathing beach, and Nantucket Sound was full of floating ice. Thus neither of the two steamers, The Gayhead and The Sankaty, both sidewheelers, could reach the island for several weeks. As our house had no central heating but only fireplaces, grandmother fortunately some time before really cold weather set in had these blocked up and had installed small cast iron coal stoves in front of each fireplace. All of the major rooms luckily had fireplaces. The house at that time had no gas nor electricity so the family always had used Kerosene lamps and candles. During the last weeks of the time when the harbour was frozen over, kerosene ran out and candles were scarce so people were forced to go to bed early. At my age this did not worry me! The island also ran out of some foodstuffs and the fishermen cut holes in the ice of the harbour and speared for eels. Mail and some foodstuffs were delivered outside the jetty to small boats which were then dragged across the ice. This condition lasted until well into February and finally grandmother and mother decided to stay on until the following summer. I remember the fun of coasting down the hill on the Lawrence's property and I was also given a pair of double runner ice skates and can remember falling down on the ice on a small pond near our house, crying and then being rescued by some young girl and taken home. I also went to kindergarten at the Coffin school.

In the fall of 1902 at the Pratt Institute mother met Henry Foster Marx of Easton, Pennsylvania and was married in the Spring of 1903 and moved to Easton. I followed later on, after visiting my aunt Cora and Teddy Bell, when my mother and her husband had become settled in their new home. I remember being taken from N.Y. to Jersey City on a ferry and thence by train to Easton, by a close friend of Teddy Bell's, Adolph Borie. On the train he showed me his watch which fascinated me because it chimed the time. Many years later Teddy told me that Adolph Borie, at the time of my trip with him to Easton, was Vice President of Charles Schwab's Bethlehem Steel Corporation in Bethlehem Penna, and that Schwab wanted him to take over the presidency of the company from him. He refused due to the ruthless policies Schwab insisted on pursuing in relation to competition and possible take-overs of rival companies. Borie resigned and later became President of the Remington Arms Co.

For the next few years I led a very happy existence, generally visiting my grandmother in Nantucket for part of each summer with a stop-over on the way from Easton to Nantucket with my aunt Cora and Teddy Bell in New York. Grandmother still had the charming late 18th century house at 43 Pearl Street (now India Street) and I adored the life on the island. She would arrange picnics for me and my childhood friends and sometimes hired a three seated carriage drawn by two horses from the local livery stables to take us to one of the beautiful beaches on the South shore of Nantucket; or we would all go to the railroad station alongside the wharfs of Nantucket harbour which at that period were still lined with tall sailing ships, and take the train bound for Siasconset.



Not until 1916 were automobiles allowed in Nantucket and the Nantucket-Siarconset railway was the only transportation between the two towns unless one wanted to go by horse and carriage or bicycle which took considerably longer. The train went across the island to Surfside on the South shore and then followed the shore quite near to the seafront to Tom Nevers Head and then on to Siarconset. The conductor of the train at our request would stop the train and drop us off anywhere we wished, with an arrangement to pick us up at a certain time in the afternoon.

When I was around 9 years old I developed a keen interest in sailing in the small catboats which some of my older friends were lucky enough to possess. I finally persuaded my Uncle Wilmer Glenn to purchase one for me. His agreement with me was that I could have the boat provided I swam around the jetty at Folger's bathing beach which was nearly half a mile long. I finally persuaded him to let me rest during this swim on the end of the jetty, which would halve the distance I had to swim without stopping. This I accomplished and the catboat was mine. After that I practically spent all the remaining summer on board the 14 ft. catboat.

At about this age, on returning to Easton, I again visited Aunt Cora and Uncle Teddy Bell in New York. Teddy, as I have mentioned before, was an architect and his offices were on 41st Street between 5th and Madison Avenues.

One day "Teddy" as we all called him, took me to his offices and showed me the different jobs he was working on and we went up to the drafting room where a Mr Sweezy, his head draftsman, put me on a high stool and showed me large scale drawings of an elaborate French staircase for the Spyer house on upper 5th Avenue. He carefully explained the processes of architectural design and drawing and finally gave me a small T square, a triangle and an old pencil compass. That decided me to become an architect, from which idea I never wavered except in the summer of 1915 when I vaguely considered mining engineering due to mother's ownership in some defunct gold mines in Montana which she had inherited from my grandfather.

In 1911, probably due to the family's habit of considering a European education all important, I was entered for that fall in a boarding school, "L'ecole de L'ile de France" located in Liancourt, France. Early that summer I was taken by aunt Cora on the steamer "Britanic" to England and spent the rest of the summer there visiting Teddy Bell's many relations. One very interesting visit was with Teddy's brother, Charles Bell and his wife in Oxford. Charles Bell was curator of the Ashmolean museum. I, even at the age of 13, was charmed by the architecture of Oxford and the beauty of the river Cherwell and its banks. I spent several weeks with another of Teddy's brothers, Robert Bell and his large family, both at their home in Wimbledon and at the seaside resort of Walmer, with bicycle trips to nearby places such as Dover and Canterbury, with its cathedral and lovely entrance gate. Robert Bell's children were around my age. David, the eldest, was probably about 17 at the time, Lavinia 14, Boyne 12 and the youngest, Clarissa, about 10. Lavinia, Boyne and I had great fun together, I can remember their pet hedgehog in their garden at Wimbledon, swimming in the local swimming pool at Wimbledon, and on the pebble beach in Walmer with the old beach huts on wheels that were moved up and down the beach by horses so that the steps would always be above the water. We all were very excited as we watched one of the first cross channel swimmers set off while we were there. All I remember is that he was bearded and that he made the crossing. My Aunt Cora and I also stayed with the oldest Bell brother, Hugh, who, with his mother and sister Cicely, lived in a large house at 135 Gloucester Road with a lovely garden behind the house. I was particularly impressed with the mallow flowers in their garden. The large family dinners were quite formal and when the Robert Bell children were there we sat at the foot of the table and had to be very quiet.

The Bell family had many close and prominent relations in England. Sir Edward Poynter, at that time President of the Royal Academy, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, Lord Stanley Baldwin, later Prime Minister, and Rudyard Kipling. Lavinia, Roberts daughter, later became Private Secretary to Lord Baldwin. Her older brother, David, was unfortunately killed in the War of 1914-1918 and Doyme became a prominent physician.

In the early fall of 1911 I was taken to Paris by Aunt Cora and after a couple of weeks was delivered on the platform of the Gare Du Nord to one of the masters of L'Ecole de L'ile de France, amongst loads of young French students who all seemed to know each other. It was one of the most unpleasant moments in my life as there I was, not speaking any French, being thrown into a new life at my first boarding school and being incapable of communicating with the other boys. Fortunately for me, the founders of the school were two Englishmen and they plus one other English master did their best to make my life at school bearable.

At school I soon found a number of English speaking boys, some French, two Poles, one German, one Canadian and one English boy with whom I could speak. The school, originally a chateau built by the Duc de Rochefoucauld in the early 18th century, was a group of lovely buildings, but partially destroyed during the French Revolution. Actually, the one remaining wing of three wings of the original chateau plus all of the stables and other outbuildings had been altered over to form the present school buildings. Naturally the extensive park and gardens were no longer kept up and here and there were fountains and statuary overgrown by bush. As the school had been founded by an Englishman good playing fields, a large swimming pool and other sport facilities had been built. The school had been set up on the system of the typical English Public School.

I spent the Xmas holidays in Liancourt at the home of one of the masters of the school whose son was about my age. By this time my French was passable and spending two weeks with a French family helped enormously with the language problem.

Together with the one English boy at Liancourt, I enjoyed the Spring holidays in Paris, again living with the family of another master from the school. One incident I remember vividly was the sinking of the Titanic. My English friend and I were walking along the Quai D'Orsay when the news of the collision with the iceberg was in the headlines of the papers. I remember betting him several francs that due to the fine engineering of the ship with all her waterproof bulkheads, she would not sink. Unfortunately, I lost the bet.

During the Spring term we were taken on several long bicycle trips from Liancourt under the auspices of a master. These short holidays were the rewards for acquiring "satisfaits" or excellent marks in different studies. I particularly enjoyed these trips as it gave me an opportunity to sketch many details of the various chateaux and other lovely old buildings we encountered. Actually, upon looking back, I now realise that the year at Liancourt did me a great deal of good. Besides French, the other courses were well taught.

Mother arrived in France at the end of the school year with my 4 year old half sister, Helen. We went on an extended tour through the Loire Valley, visiting most of the magnificent chateau. From there we went to Brittany, Mont St Michel and afterwards for a long holiday at St Brieuc. At Mont St. Michel we were driven in a carriage at low tide across the sands of the bay of Mont St. Michel to Avranches. Very exciting as we had to beat the incoming tide.

At St. Brieuc I had my first lessons in golf on a course above the sea cliffs.

In early fall we returned to Paris, where mother had rented an apartment on Ave. George Washington, near the Trocadero. I was entered at a French Lycee. All work and no play. Lunch with a master at the head of the table who continued our lessons in his particular subject throughout lunch. No athletics and but little playtime. After a couple of weeks I was thankfully withdrawn from the school and mother employed a bearded tutor for me for the balance of that fall. Years later I was speaking to mother about our times in France and mentioned my old bearded tutor. Mother laughed and told me that he was, at the time, about 20 years old. It shows how effective a beard can be on a youngster.

Mother decided to return to Easton around the end of 1912 by way of Antwerp in the Holland American steamer "Kroonland". She was to sail around 18th December. When we arrived early in the evening at our hotel in Antwerp Helen was put to bed and mother and I went downstairs to get some dinner. At dinner I was allowed to have some beer and before retiring mother and I had a couple more. It was my first experience with liquor and I can blame my mother for my first getting slightly inebriated.

As we were due to be on board the Kroonland over Xmas I felt it was important to have a small Xmas tree with which to celebrate. Very early on the morning of our sailing I went down to the main market square of Antwerp with the beautiful cathedral on one side, to see if I could purchase a tree and some ornaments. It was just at dawn and after searching unsuccessfully in and around the market I had to return very, very disappointed to the hotel without the tree.

The return voyage to the U.S. on S.S. Kroonland was a nightmare for most of the passengers. We, due to unusually severe winter storms, were hove to for two or three days with the ship riding up enormous waves then falling over the next crest, with the propellers vibrating in air. The furnishings and piano in the main saloon broke loose and had to be strapped into one corner. We finally landed in New York several days late.

For the rest of that winter of 1913 I went to the Easton High School in preparation for Hotchkins School the following fall. I played a lot of golf that spring and early summer and visited grandmother for the rest of that summer in Nantucket. Nantucket still was unspoiled and it was pleasant to go shopping with grandmother on Main Street where everyone knew each other. The people serving one in most of the shops were generally one of the family of the owners of the shop. Grandmother one day went into a small notions shop to buy some clothes pins and the old lady proprietor of the shop said "sorry Mrs Glenn, I can't keep them in stock so I do not order them anymore". A far cry from the present supermarket. In Easton that summer I tied for the lead in a golf tournament at the local golf club and in the play off against an older man who was an executive of the Bethlehem Steel Co., and by some luck and some good play, won. Afterwards I heard that my opponent stalked into the locker room saying "the little brat beat me".

In the fall of 1913 I entered the upper middle class (Junior year in most schools) at Hotchkiss in Lakeville, Connecticut. I happened to be the youngest and smallest boy in my class due to the rigorous schooling in France and also due to an ability to concentrate taught me by my stepfather who, when I was in my early school years, would not allow me to bring homework from school but insisted on my doing this at school between recitations. At Hotchki that first year, I won the Philips Prize for geometry, much to the satisfaction of a first year new master, Shorty Taber, whose brother was the famous holder of the worlds record in the mile sprint. In team sports I was too small to excel, but concentrated during the fall and spring terms on golf, and skiing and skating during the winter. I did, however, win the school golf championship in my last year at school. One of the problems of being the youngest and smallest boy at school was the teasing and roughing up I received during my two years at Hotchkiss I remember being stripped of all my clothes in the senior room and having to run back to my dormitory naked. However, this and the many other rough times endured, I evidently took with good humour and in my last year at school was nicknamed "Happy", which name I have enjoyed all my life.

During the summer of 1914, again I divided my time between Nantucket and Easton. At the age of 16 a boy has no worries and enjoys life probably more than at any other age. I was thoroughly enjoying mine, both in Easton and in Nantucket. Playing golf, long distance swimming, picnicing, sailing and rushing girls all contributed to the joys of that age.

Following graduation from Hotchkins school in the summer of 1915, Mother took my sister and me on an extended trip all through the United States, Chicago, Denver, Yellowstone Park, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and then back East via the Grand Canyon in Arizona to our home in Easton.



We had an interesting trip from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek, the old gold mining town, and to Pikes Peak in an open sight-seeing Stanley Steamer. Its ability to take the load up steep grades at a good speed was amazing, but steam driven automobiles never became popular due, I believe, to the length of time needed to heat up the boiler.

In Yellowstone Park, at that time, no cars were allowed in and we enjoyed visiting "Old Faithfull", the geysers, the falls and other wonderful areas of the National Park, in coaches drawn by 4 horses. Then on to Salt Lake City. While in Salt Lake City we heard about Salt Air where we could swim in Great Salt Lake. We took an open sided train to the lake with the purpose of a swim in the very buoyant water due to its very high salt content. When we descended from the train at the Lake we were met with an overpowering stench from the waters of the lake and immediately decided against bathing and took the next train back to Salt Lake City. Opposite me in the open train with cross seats was a mother and her son who was about my age. We conversed and I found out they were from Boston and I explained that I would be coming there in the fall to attend Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and also mentioned that I had just graduated from Hotchkiss school. We parted at the Station in Salt Lake City and I thought no more about the incident.

San Francisco and The Worlds Fair of 1915 were both very exciting. Fortunately they have still preserved a few of the important fair buildings. We had great fun riding on the cable cars to the upper sections of the City. San Francisco contained a great many attractive new buildings due to the rebuilding of much of the city following its destruction by the earthquake and fire of 1906.

Santa Barbara and its old Spanish mission gave me my first view of the lovely Spanish colonial architecture. Los Angeles in 1915 was a small city and we stayed in a very pleasant hotel a couple of blocks away from the railroad station. This hotel did not permit tipping and when we left to go to the station on our way to San Diego, we walked together with a porter carrying our luggage. On our arrival at the station my mother attempted to tip the porter and he definitely refused the tip - a far cry from today! San Diego, near the Mexican border, also was staging a Worlds Fair for which the buildings were built for later use as a university. The architecture was based on the Spanish colonial and was and still is outstanding.

Then on to Arizona and the Grand Canyon. Had an exciting trip on donkey back down to the Colorado River over the Bright Angel Trail. About half way down the guide stopped the group to give a slight rest to the donkeys. We were, at that time, on a very narrow trail with an enormous drop, probably 300 to 500 feet at its edge. My donkey saw a bit of grass on the very edge of the drop and decided to eat it. Naturally, he turned and put his head down and his back thus sloped sharply towards the drop. I was terrified and immediately dismounted. The guide came along and gave me hell for getting off.

From the Grand Canyon we travelled back east to our home in Easton by train. I had found before our trip to the West that there was no architectural course at Yale. Uncle Wilmer had already reserved and paid for one term a room at Sheffield Scientific School of Yale but I decided to go to Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston and had no trouble entering.

In the fall of 1915 Boston Tech as M.I.T. was generally called, was still in Back Bay in Boston in a group of old buildings near Copley Square, including the Rogers Building on Boylston St. which, following M.I.T.'s move to the new buildings in Cambridge in fall of 1916, became the architectural school and continued as such for several years.

I travelled to Boston that September of 1915 to enter Tech., and shortly thereafter was elected to the No. 6 Club which was actually the Delta Psi (St. Anthony) fraternity. The name "No. 6 Club" came from the old Delta Psi fraternity house at No. 6 Louisburg Square on Beacon Hill. The No. 6 Club had already completed a new clubhouse on Charles River Road in Cambridge about three blocks west of the then uncompleted new M.I.T. complex and I moved into the club just before Thanksgiving. I received a call from<sup>a</sup> Mrs Smith explaining that she and her son Jerry were the people to whom we had talked on the train returning from Salt Air to Salt Lake City and kindly invited me for Thanksgiving dinner at their house on Fishers Hill in Brookline. She had taken the trouble to contact the Bursar of M.I.T. to find out my name and where I could be reached. She told the Bursar that the boy she was trying to find went to the Hotchkiss School and that she did not know his name. I happened to be the only boy at M.I.T. that had gone to Hotchkiss and the Bursar gave Mrs Smith my name and the address where I was living. Unfortunately, I had to have an operation in New York,<sup>City</sup> over the Thanksgiving holiday and could not accept but later was entertained by Mr and Mrs Smith and their son, Jerry. The Smith family were extremely kind and introduced me to many other people and arranged for my being invited to attend the many exclusive dancing classes for the Boston young, The Friday evenings at the Somerset Hotel, The Brattle Hall dances in Cambridge and the Elliot Hall dances run by Miss Souther in Jamaica Plain.

Thus I was properly introduced to the best of Boston Society.

In connection with the nice Smith family who were so kind to me at the time of my arrival in Boston, Jerry Smith, the son, and I became very good friends. One problem Jerry had was stuttering which was quite pronounced and also he did not take alcoholic drinks. One Saturday, when several of the No. 6 members and I had planned to have a fun evening in Boston, I called him up and invited him to come along. We ended up in the bar of the old Lenox Hotel on Boylston Street and High Ball John as the waiter was nicknamed, asked all of us what we wished to drink. We gave our order and when Jerry was asked what he wanted, due to his stuttering, said "a gin-gerale". We all got our drinks including Jerry with his gin-gerale. I don't believe at the time that he realised what he was drinking and probably thought it was a very tasty gingerale. A while later High Ball John came to the table and we all said another of the same. Jerry got his gin-gerale. Later, and another round, and by this time Jerry was getting a bit inebriated but was having a very good time.

We finally took Jerry home and since that evening Jerry continued to enjoy his drinks. Jerry later became a very good trial lawyer or barrister as is known in England, and in court he hardly ever stuttered.

At No. 6 I made a lot of very good friends, amongst whom were Arthur Pope, Alexander San Jack Purvis, Palmer Scott and Thomas West. In the spring of 1916 I was given a Harley Davidson motorcycle by aunt Cora Bell. That spring just before the summer holidays, Arthur Pope invited me to meet him at his home in Geneva, Illinois, and to join him in a motor trip from there to the West Coast and return. Immediately, following the end of that term I rode my motorcycle to Arthur Pope's home and together we set off in a model 1915 Jeffries-Chesterfield car for the West Coast.

At that time there were virtually no paved roads west of Chicago except near the large cities, and these did not extend very far. Through Iowa, heavily cambered dirt and gravel roads prevailed and sometimes when wet by rain were so slippery it was difficult to steer around sharp bends. It is interesting to know what equipment we took on the journey; a wire spring bed with hinged wooden side pieces, made by me, which when attached to the angle iron ends of the spring bed and straightened, extended the bed tightly enough for use, this bed was then put in place over the front and back seats of the car and was supported by canvas strips from the metal supports of the car top; a light mattress was unrolled and placed on top of this; the side curtains unrolled from the top gave protection from rain or other inclement weather; a winch that could be anchored into the ground or attached to trees or posts was carried in order to pull the car out of mud or deep holes in the roads; extra gas and water tanks, 2 spare tyres and extra inner tubes and, of course, a tyre pump and jack.

A complete set of tools for any repairs necessary; one shovel, a minimum of cooking and eating equipment, 2 small suitcases for our clothes.

One Colt 45 revolver, one 22 calibre automatic pistol and one rifle.

One leather drawstring bag for our money; this in order to simplify the sharing of expenses. West of Iowa very few pieces of paper money were used, at that time. Always gold, silver or copper coins. We each put in an equal sum of money into the bag and all expenses were merely paid from this bag, for easy book keeping.

The first part of the trip after leaving Illinois into Iowa, with its enormous rolling wheat and corn fields and dirt roads, was then through South Dakota, passing Readwood and then into Wyoming. , going through ranch country formally the area of the Indian wars.

There were at that time practically no bridges over rivers. Wooden ferries, had no motors but using a steel cable stretched across the river, and adjustable bow and stern lines with pulleys running on the cable. In crossing one of the two lines would be shortened and the other lengthened thus arranging so that the side of the ferry was at an angle in order that the current of the stream or river could be used to push the ferry across. The roads down to the ferry landings were generally quite steep and difficult to traverse. We passed through various towns such as Sundance, Gillette and Sheridan and into Cody. Outside of Cody we parked the car under a tree and completely overhauled it, grinding valves, cleaning cylinders, checking brakes etc. This took us a couple of days. Following this we spent a week at H.F. Bar Ranch, one of the early and famous "dude" ranches, where a girlfriend of Arthurs was staying. (I have to explain to anyone reading this that virtually all roads except in and near the larger towns were gravel or dirt and generally speaking, if another automobile came towards us from the direction we were taking, both cars would stop and exchange greetings and information as to the roads both cars had travelled upon, where we could get gasoline etc. One cannot imagine that happening today.

Then through Yellowstone National Park to Butte and Anaconda, Montana and up to Georgetown Lake in order to look over some defunct gold mines and claims near the famous Southern Cross mine. These were originally prospected and owned, I believe, chiefly as a hobby, by my grandfather, James Glenn, and later inherited by my mother. When we arrived at our mines, which since Grandfather's death a few years before had been non-operative, we found the 10 stamp mill deserted and quite dilapidated and the mine shafts blocked up. The Southern Cross mine with its railroad to carry ore to Anaconda for smelting was still in operation.

Some thirty years later following my mother's death these claims came into my possession. Knowing about the demise of the Montana gold mining due to the low gold content of ore in that region and the ever increasing cost of labour, I immediately let them go for taxes. Unfortunately, mother had paid the water rights and taxes on the claims for all the years from 1913 until her death. On a subsequent trip, I believe in 1953, I again visited the area. All the buildings of the Southern Cross and the nearby Cable mine had disappeared and the railroad tracks to Anaconda torn up.

From here we travelled on rough roads to Missoula and on to the Southou. Pass over the Bitter Root Range of the Rocky Mountains. This pass in 1916 was but a single lane cut over the continental divide. The surface was rutted and covered with broken stones and boulders washed down on the so-called road from above and the low side of the road dropped off in places in a terrifying slope. When we were about half a mile from the summit there were snow drifts still unmelted on the northern side of any bank. Our car was having a very tough time in low gear to climb this steep grade, boiling and stalling periodically. Towards the last we were melting snow to fill the radiator. Finally, about a third of a mile from the top it could not make the grade. We unloaded all our gear to lighten the load and succeeded in gaining a few yards. What were we to do? Arthur suddenly thought about the gears and said we should try to turn the car around and go up in reverse gear which is lower than first gear. It was a frightening job to turn the car around and probably took about 20 backings and forwardings to accomplish this. Fortunately, we were in one of the wider parts of the road. Finally, Arthur did the tough job of backing the car up the final distance to the summit. Then we had the additional task of carrying all our gear, tools, bed, extra tanks etc. up this last third of a / Thank God that we were at that time young and healthy.

Then on to Spokane and Walla Walla, Washington. Our next difficulty occurred about 17 miles from Ione, Oregon, a small town on a tributary of the Columbia River. Following breakfast we were travelling through wheat country just after it had been cropped and the dirt roads were thick with dust from the horses and wagons carrying the crop to storage in the towns. There were many small streams to be forded with steep slopes down and up to the bed of the streams. We came to one of these and in trying to get up the very steep bank we snapped the drive shaft in the rear axle. We knew that a lift to town was unlikely as there was no traffic either by wagon or automobile on this road. We tossed a coin to see who would walk to town for help. I lost and walked for 17 miles and over 4 hours through dust and in the heat of a blazing sun to Ione and sought out the local blacksmith shop as these were the gasoline stations in that era.

The proprietor of the shop could not have been more helpful. He immediately said he had a big Reo <sup>truck</sup> in the shed and told me to take it in order to tow our car back to Ione. We were filling the Reo's tank with gasoline and a man in a Dodge drove up and asked for gasoline. At that time gasoline was in drums and a hand pump was used to fill a 5 gallon tin and the gasoline was then poured into the tank of the car. The blacksmith filled a 5 gallon can for the Dodge and walked to the back of the Dodge. He yelled "Where's your tank?" We all looked but the tank had fallen off and the Dodge had come in on the gasoline in the vacuum tank over the engine. We all got into the Reo and retraced the road over which the Dodge had come and about 2 miles back we found the tank by the side of the road. Back to the shop and I took the Reo off to rescue our car.

Fortunately, the car when the axle snapped was fairly close to the top of the bank and the Reo was powerful enough to get it up to the level road. I continued with the Reo and Arthur steered our car. Imagine being in a car being towed with about one half an inch of dust, on 17 miles of road. When we finally arrived in Ione Arthur and the car were almost buried in dust



The car had about half an inch of dust throughout the interior.

The problem now was how to get a new full floating Jeffries Chesterfield drive shaft for the rear axle. The nearest agencies were in Chicago and San Francisco. By an exchange of telegrams we found out that it could not arrive in Ione for at least 10 days. The Blacksmith and ourselves had already removed the broken drive shaft from the axle and we had attempted to weld it but with no success. We enquired where the nearest machine shop was and the blacksmith told us it was in The Dalles, some 80 miles away by railroad. We telegraphed this shop asking if they had a piece of tool steel large enough to use for a new shaft. The answer was yes and we then removed the other driveshaft from the car for a model and took the train to The Dalles. We then turned out on the lathe of the machine shop an exact duplicate and returned to Ione, installed the new shaft and were on our way. This shaft took us all the way back to Geneva, Illinois.

During the time we were in Ione waiting for telegraphic answers from the automobile agents in Chicago and San Francisco, we stayed in a simple boarding house and spent our time by the river shooting at bottles and tin cans with the colt and the automatic. As a result of this practice, plus all of the shots at Jack Rabbits and other targets from the moving car all through out journey through the West, we had both become quite expert shots.

After leaving Ione we stopped at the machine shop in The Dalles to tell the owner of our success and to purchase 2 new tyres and gasoline. By this time our leather pouch was nearly empty and our next funds from our families were in a bank in Portland. We explained all that to the owner and he said "never mind". He supplied us with 2 new tyres, which at that time cost some \$40 each and only lasted on the bad roads we traversed for about 2,000 to 2,500 miles, filled our tank and spare tanks with gasoline and gave us \$25 in cash.

We told him we would have the Bank in Portland send him a draft for all these expenses. He said "Fine" and we thanked him profusely and went on our way. Imagine being able to encounter such trust today!

That night, following our departure from The Dalles we stopped the car at the top of a very steep hill, made supper, arranged our bedspring and mattress over the seats of the car and went to bed. I suddenly awakened with the feeling that the car was starting to roll down the hill, leaped out of the bed onto the road and tried to reach the handbrake. Arthur followed and ran to the back of the car to try and stop it from rolling. The handbrake was set and the car had not budged. I evidently had had a dream and my jumping out of bed suggested the same happening to Arthur. In a minute or so later we were both roaring with laughter.

The drive from The Dalles to Portland was along the Columbia River and the scenery was magnificent. From Portland we turned South through the lush and beautiful valleys to Salem and Eugene, Oregon. However, from then on we had very rough going through the mountains on horrible roads, but rewarded by magnificent scenery, Crater Lake, Klamath Lake, Mount Shasta, some 14,000 ft. high and finally down to the Sacramento Valley. By this time we had broken almost all of the elliptical springs of the car and we finally had to wire the axles onto the chassis of the car with fence wire. What an uncomfortable few miles this was! Fortunately, we found a good blacksmith and from then on, no more trouble.

What a relief to find actually some paved roads. On to Frisco, then back through Sacramento to the beautiful Lake Tahoe and to Reno, Nevada. Fair road to Fallon where we struck the future Lincoln Highway to Salt Lake City. This from Fallon on consisted of a rutted dirt road through the sagebrush of the flats and over the series of mountains.

Periodically large signs saying "Lincoln Highway" from Reno to Salt Lake City and it took us 6 days for some 500 miles, passing through the deserted gold mining towns of Austin, Eureka and Ely. While getting some gasoline in Fallon during the later afternoon, a rather tough young man of about 30 asked us if we would give him a lift as far as a certain ranch some ten miles further on. We agreed and he got into the front seat with Arthur and I was behind. I had noticed that he was carrying a gun and became a bit nervous. I quietly picked up our colt as it fortunately was handy. When we reached the turn off to the ranch to which he said he was going, he said that he had changed his mind and wanted to go on to another ranch further on. I immediately felt something was up as we were carrying quite a bit of money in our leather pouch. I pointed the colt at his back and told him to get out of the car. This he did and we quickly drove on.

One evening on this part of our trip we planned to spend the night near a place called the "Frenchman's Ranch" where we were told we could purchase gasoline and get water. We came on to this late in the afternoon and found a ramshackle group of buildings with a large sign over the main building, "Frenchman's Ranch". The so called ranch was in the middle of a sage brush covered flat between hills. We were immediately greeted by the owner, a Frenchman, and his face lit up when I changed from English to French. Curiously, Arthur also switched to fluent French. We told him that we were going to camp nearby and wanted to purchase gasoline and fresh water. He asked us to come in and have a drink and took us into the main room which had a bar nearly 40 ft long down one side. After the drink he insisted that we have supper with him and <sup>to</sup> spend the night in his guest quarters which consisted of a large room in which were 6 calico covered beds. At supper he brought out a bottle of very good red wine and his food was excellent. During the meal I found out that he came from St. Malo in Brittany, and we had a lovely time talking about that area of Brittany, Fougères, St Briac, and Mont St Michele and the life there.

Fortunately, I had spent a summer there and knew the area well. We then asked him why the enormous bar, bunk room etc. He said that several times a year the sheep herders in and around his area, when driving the sheep to the railroad nearly 100 miles away, always stopped at his ranch both going and coming, and he also got some trade both for gasoline and drink from the occasional motorist on the rutted road, the so called Lincoln Highway.

We slept well and in the morning after an excellent breakfast we requested 10 gallons of gasoline, the price of which was around \$1.00 a gallon versus the regular price of 12 to 15 cents everywhere else. This was due to transport from the railroad about 100 miles away. We then asked how much we owed him, "nothing at all!", but I finally persuaded him to take the \$10 for the gasoline. He thanked us for our visit almost with tears in his eyes and waved to us until we were almost out of sight. It probably was one of the few times he had spoken French or talked about his home country.

As we drove away I asked Arthur where he had learned to speak such fluent French. He told me that he had attended the American School in Paris for 2 years. He then asked me the same question. I told him about L'Ecole de L' de France at Liancourt and also found out that Arthur had come to my school to play field hockey for the junior school while I was there and that we had played against each other at Liancourt. Strangely enough, we had become very close friends at No. 6 at Tech, but had never spoken about our previous schooling.

The balance of the trip was from Salt Lake City through Southern Wyoming, Rawlins and Cheyenne and down the Platte River to Omaha and then across Iowa into Illinois and home to Geneva. I was returning to Easton, Pennsylvania and Arthur to Philadelphia, so we decided to stage a long distance motorcycle race from Geneva East, each of us to pick and take a different route. To determine the winner we were to exchange telegrams which were to contain time of arrival at our respective destinations.

We set off and I stupidly decided to try to make the trip non-stop. I got to a point just east of Pittsburg and proceeded to go to sleep on my motorcycle. Fortunately, the bike went into a shallow ditch on the side of the road and I was thrown over a fence into a corn field. I was unhurt except for a few bruises and the motorcycle engine was still running. I shut off the engine and climbed back over the fence and took a nap in the cornfield. After 3 or 4 hours of sleep I continued towards the east. About 10 miles from Easton I ran into a newly tarred road. By this time the forward part of the front wheel mudguard had broken off, due to the spill near Pittsburg. This meant that all the tar picked up by the front wheel was thrown aloft and directly into my face and body. This went on for a couple of miles by which time my hands, face and clothes were black with tar. When I arrived home in Easton I looked like a member of the Black Minstrel Show. Naturally, my mother was somewhat shocked but before cleaning up we dispatched a telegram to Arthur in Philadelphia. Later that day I received Arthur's telegram and found that I had been beaten by about 3 hours.

Back to Tech that fall. During the preceding first year I had become more and more excited about architecture. Tech had an excellent course in the History of Architecture and our first year design course was confined to projects which were based on traditional architecture. The second year took us much further into planning and design. Each design project was graded by the professors and one received proportionately more points for a grade of "first medal", a few less points for "second medal" and on down to "placed". To go to the next year of design one had to get a fixed total of points. I fortunately got a "first medal" on most of the different design projects so by the spring term I was moved up to third year design.

During this period all of the courses including that of the History of Architecture through the ages, gave the students a very complete knowledge of the progression of architecture from that of Egypt and Greece to the present era. We learned of the influence of Greece on Roman design, the continuation of the use of many of the early Greek and Roman details during the Renaissance, and the effect of new materials and changing lifestyles on design during the period from the Renaissance until the Victorian era.

During the first three decades of the 20th Century and until well into the 1930's the graduates of the various architectural schools continued designing excellent buildings following the various styles of the era before the bad architecture of Victorian times, and adapting them to the modern life and new methods of construction. Amongst the many good architects of this period were McKim of McKim, Mead & White, Charles Platt, Bertram Goodhue of Cram Goodhue and Ferguson, Gamble Rogers, and many others. All of this was pointed out to the students of architecture at Tech and the various design problems were frequently specified to be in the style of Christopher Wren, Palladio or other great architects of previous eras. Thus the students not only became familiar with the good architecture of pre-Victorian times, but also realised the excellent character of the design. Unfortunately, following the middle thirties, the schools turned their backs on all the above and virtually instructed students to create a completely new architecture.

During the first year I had lost interest in mathematics and did very badly in calculus, applied mechanics and kindred subjects. At the end of the year I received a letter from Hotchkiss asking if I would consider becoming a master there in Mathematics following graduation from Tech. This was due to taking most of the prizes in maths at school, including the Phillips Prize for geometry.

About the same time I received my marks for mathematics from M.I.T. which were barely passing. I naturally regretted in my reply to Hotchkiss that I was no longer interested in mathematics and turned down the suggestion. During this sophomore, or 2nd year at Tech, I was enjoying tremendously the combination of the very good and enjoyable architectural teaching I was receiving and a pleasant and gay social life in Boston, plus the companionship of the delightful group of fraternity brothers in the Number Six Club. This combination was far removed from the average life of most of the students at M.I.T. who had their noses to the grindstone and had very little contact with the outside social world. I had been very fortunate to be introduced by Mrs Smith and her son to the social life in Boston plus my membership in "Number Six". Later in life this ability to meet with people and make friends proved a great advantage in the competitive field of architecture.

During the first two years at M.I.T. naturally we were very cogniscent of the World War going on in Europe and certain of our friends joined the American Ambulance Corps and others the Lafayette Esquadril. At the end of the spring terms in 1917 Way Spalding, a close friend of mine, and I signed up for the Ambulance Corps. Having been born abroad, although of American parents, I had to procure a birth certificate and permission from my family. I could not get either. Way went overseas and later won the Croix de Guerre. Following that, Aunt Cora, who did not favour architecture, arranged for me to take a job with the Fifth Avenue Bank (now Bank of N.Y.) on 44th Str. and 5th Ave in New York/ in order to possibly become a Banker. At the beginning of summer 1917 I became a runner and part time clerk and was very little interested in the banking world. One of my jobs as runner for the bank was to go down to some Wall Street banks to deliver or to collect various documents and quite often large amounts of cash. Some days I carried on the subway as much as \$100,000 in cash, now equivalent to a million, in a leather bag attached to my waist by a chain. Today's crime would make this impossible.

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During that summer I enjoyed dancing enormously and used to go to the Crystal Room of the old Ritz almost every Friday evening with different girls. We were always welcomed by the head waiter and given usually the same table. The odd thing about these evenings was that our order was always for soft drinks and ice cream. One evening, some months later, I was invited to a coming out ball at the Ritz by one of the social lights of N.Y. City, and towards midnight several of us decided we were bored and would go downstairs to the Crystal Room. There were about 10 of us and all but me were New Yorkers. When we reached the entrance and one of the youths approached the head waiter requesting a table, the headwaiter said "sorry, but we have no table". I was in the rear of the group and suddenly the headwaiter spotted me and said "How are you Mr Ward, are you in this party?" I answered yes and he immediately led the whole group to a table on a raised platform which was one of the best tables in the Crystal Room.

Also during that summer one of my girlfriends suggested going to a nightclub in Harlem. One evening we went by cab to one of the better spots in Harlem on Upper 6th Ave around 115th Street. We danced until nearly one in the morning and when we left the nightclub we walked down 6th Avenue through Harlem to Central Park, then into the Park, stopping on one of the benches for a chat and a little light necking. Then down through the park to 82nd Street and to her family's apartment on the same street where she took the lift after saying goodnight to me. This is certainly a far cry from the dangers of today.

That fall I decided to change to Columbia University, again in architecture. While at Columbia I was asked by Lucian Walker to play on the Columbia Golf Team. We were very successful and won the Intercollegiate Team Championship and were even awarded a major C letter. At this point I must speak about the most courageous putt in golf I know. We were playing Princeton University on their home course. Foursomes were played in the morning and twosomes in the afternoon.



Everyone had finished except the match between the 2 men in the first twosome, both of whom had played their second shots to the last green and were about a foot apart about 40-50 ft from the hole. The match between Columbia and Princeton was all square and all depended on these two putts. The Princeton player was away and made a beautiful putt leaving his ball about 12 inches from the hole. Our team mate had to get down in 2 to tie so that he had to be sure that his first putt could not be so bold as to go too far beyond the hole. To quickly end the agony our team mate sunk his 40 foot putt for a win by Columbia!

I spent most of the summer of 1918 in Nantucket with grandmother at 85 Main Street, a lovely early 19th century house which she had recently purchased. Had loads of fun with girls, sport etc., and particularly enjoyed dancing. Together with a wonderful dancer, Binney Bonbright, we gave several exhibition dances with her for the Red Cross and other fund raising parties. The Waltz, Foxtrot and Maxice were all the rage at that time. But, as we were then at War, I was very anxious to get into service. I tried the Navy but was turned down on account of my nearsighted eyes. That fall I went back to M.I.T. and No. 6 Club and enlisted in the Students Army Training Corps. I arranged for two of my friends who also were signing up to take the physical test before me and asked them to memorise the eye chart. This they did and when I took the test I passed with flying colours, but actually could only see the first couple of lines of letters. Shortly after that I was promoted to Sergeant and later was chosen to go to Field Artillery School. For this I again had to have a physical and failed miserably due to the eye test. I continued at M.I.T. in the Students Army Training Corps until discharged following the armistice in November 1918. By this time I was taking 4th year design and had become a "special" student which meant I gave up pointing for a degree but could choose the courses I wanted to take.

Later I got into Post Graduate design and that summer of 1919 I went to Harvard Summer School where I learned more about good planning and design, thanks to a wonderful professor, Jack Humphries, than during all the rest of my college career.

During the winter and spring of 1919 I became enamoured of Sylvia Whiting and we were married in September 1919 in Falmouth, Massachusetts, where her family had a summer home. Sylvia's mother was the daughter of Robert M. Morse who at that time was considered the top trial lawyer in Boston. The Morses had a lovely home in Jamaica Plain, one of the suburbs of Boston, as well as a large summer estate in Falmouth on Cape Cod. Her Uncle Arthur Whiting was a leading musician and composer. Sylvia herself frequently entertained her friends with lively music on the piano. I still was very young and completely inexperienced. This probably was one of the reasons I became engaged to her. We were both virgins and at the beginning of the marriage sex was a new adventure. My first daughter, Sheila was born in July 1920.

We lived for the first year following our marriage in a charming small apartment on West Cedar Street on Beacon Hill in Boston. My mother, together with my half-sister Helen had moved to Boston and were living in a large house in Brookline. Following the birth of our first child, Sheila, the apartment became too small and we moved into part of my mothers house until we later rented a small house on Elm Street in Brookline.

My sister Helen at that time had picked up a young bird, a red breasted Grosbeak that had fallen out of its nest in the park behind their house. Fortunately, she was able to feed and save "Peter". Peter grew up in the house with a home in an open cage and had the run of the house.

Peter would fly down from his home into the dining room where we would be at a meal, land on the fruit dish and peck away at some morsel he liked. He also would come into a room and land on Helen's Scottie dog's head and quietly pick at the fur and, strangely enough, the scottie seemed to like it. Helen frequently took Peter out in the park behind the house and with a long thread on Peter's leg, let him fly and hop around. One day the thread came loose from his leg and Peter flew up into the branches of a nearby tree. Helen called him and immediately Peter flew back and landed on her outstretched hand. After that she and Peter spent some time each day in the park or the garden of the house without the thread. Helen made costumes for Peter which he wore with no trouble. They consisted of a tiny jacket attached with a collar around Peter's neck and a couple of straps which went in front and in the back of his legs. Peter used to strut around seemingly proud to be clothed.

Peter, by this time had become well known and as there was to be an "Animal Rescue League Fair" in Boston, Helen was asked to bring Peter. She decided to train him to draw a tiny cart which he succeeded in doing in short order. When at the Fair she had arranged for a table with upturned edges, and Peter in costume and dragging the cart would strut around on the table for people to drop money into the cart. The following year for the same organisation Helen trained Peter to take a coin from anyone's fingers and drop it into a dish. On both occasions Peter did well in collecting a sizeable sum of money for the organisation.

One day, an unscreened window was left open in the house and Peter flew out and away. My sister was heartbroken but in the late afternoon a friend who lived about a mile away telephoned informing Helen that Peter had flown into her room. Imagine such luck. Finally, about a year later Peter again got out. Helen put an advertisement in the paper requesting any information about the bird.

Two days later she received a call from a woman who lived quite far away stating that she was busy at her sewing machine and suddenly a bird which she described as a Red Breasted Grosbeak, flew into the room through the open window, landed on the table and immediately started taking pins out of a pin cushion and tossing them about. The woman said that she just stared at the bird astounded at what was happening. Then the bird turned and flew out of the window. This, unfortunately, was the last ever heard of Peter.

During these years in Boston I played a great deal of golf, mostly at the old Chestnut Hill Golf Club and also squash racquets during the winter. I was probably selfish about my leisure time which did not help our marriage. I know now that Sylvia was suffering by being a "golf widow", but another problem between us was the question of her almost complete lack of interest in my work. I would show her plans and she would barely glance at them. I asked her many times to come and look at one of the jobs I was working on and her general response was "I saw that house two months ago". The other problem was that sometimes it was very important for my work to entertain clients on possible projects. This became an impossibility. She had about six woman friends and their husbands and these people were the only friends she kept up with and the only people she entertained in our house. If I wanted to have some prospective client in for dinner Sylvia would always find it impossible.

Later, an old friend of mine, Tom White, returned from overseas about 1924. He had, before our marriage, been quite enamoured of Sylvia and when we were married had left Boston for South Africa. Both of us were very interested in radio as a hobby and he, following his return to Boston, spent a great many evenings with us working on radio sets, constructing "super-hetrodines" and other radio appliances. We also spent some time "fishing" on our home built radios, for distant stations.

He also quite frequently, when I was working in my office, would take Sylvia for afternoon drives or to the movies or a football match. After a couple of years I realised that the two were in love and I did not particularly mind. In the fall of 1926 due to a couple of prospective jobs in Miami, Florida, I decided to take a trip there and to possibly open an office if things warranted such a venture. Tom also wanted to see Florida and as he loved ~~motoring~~ and as he had a very special and fast car he suggested we both drive South to Florida. This we did and after a couple of weeks in Miami Beach he returned to Boston, naturally to be with Sylvia. This I realised and was quite content realising that my marriage to Sylvia was ended. Tom and Sylvia married a couple of years later and the marriage was a perfect union until Tom's death a few years ago.

During the several years before this break-up of our marriage, next to my work my great interest was in golf. I had over the years become quite proficient at this game and had finally reduced my handicap to 2.

In 1921 Frankin Phaelzer and I won the important Four Ball Tournament at the Essex County Club in Manchester. I got 2nd low gross in the open tournament in Situate and had other successes such as Club Championships etc.

We had matches between Boston and other cities, a four ball league in Boston and quite a number of invitation tournaments in which I often played.

One match in the fourball league I will never forget. The Chestnut Hill Golf Club team was playing Woodway Club at Chestnut Hill and I was teamed with Morris Crosby against the first team of Woodway, Francis Ouimet and Jesse Guilford. Ouimet had won the American Open by beating the two famous English golfers Vardon and Ray and also the amateur championship and Jesse Guilford was the present American Amaterur Champion. Morris and I fortunately teamed up well and had enough pars and birdies between us to arrive at the last hole 1 up. The last hole was about 265 yards up hill with a yawning sand trap immediately at the front edge of the green.

In those days with the slower ball and hickory shafted clubs, none of us could reach this trap even in dry weather with a following wind. Morris and I both had good drives to within 10 or 20 yards of the trap. Francis Quimet outdrove us by a few yards then Jesse Guilford built a very high sand tee, at that time the plastic or wooden tees did not exist, teed his ball quite high and addressed the ball. Jesse Guilford was a very big and powerful man about 6'2" tall and his wrists were the size of my ankles and he was noted for the power he was able to put into a golf shot. With a long and beautifully timed swing the ball was hit in perfect line towards the hole. It went up and up and we wondered if it would reach the bunker. To our amazement it carried the trap onto the green by about 1 ft. and rolled to within about 2 inches from the hole for an eagle 2, which tied the match.

Following my marriage to Sylvia in 1919 I was fortunate in my work to secure an unpaid job with Bigelow & Wadsworth, one of the best of Boston's architectural firms. I left them shortly before Xmas 1919 to get a paid job at \$35 a week with Putnam and Chandler. Incidentally, Bigelow & Wadsworth presented me with a \$5 gold piece for Xmas. After Putnam & Chandler, Guy Lowell's office, then Blackall Clapp & Whittemore. For a short while with Perry, Shaw & Hepburn. In January 1921 I answered an advertisement from Aberthaw Construction Company for head designer of their architectural department. I received an appointment for an interview with a Mr Pitts, the head of their architectural division. When I entered Mr Pitts' office and introduced myself both of us started laughing due to the close resemblance to each other which we both recognised. I got the job at \$80 a week but during the course of the late winter of 1921 and early spring, we had to discharge close to 60 architects, draftsmen and engineers due to the bad depression of that time. I finally was alone in the big drafting room working out plans and a financial budget for the University of North Carolina.

In May 1921 I got my pink discharge ticket and was on the town with no possible job in sight. I got a job selling card indexes on a commission basis but this brought in practically zero.

In early June 1921 a small shopkeeper in Falmouth on Cape Cod in Massachussetts, named Aronowski, asked me to design a new shop building for him in Falmouth for the huge fee of \$400. That was the beginning of my own firm. I arranged to rent some office space in Boston from Ambrose Walker at 9 Cornhill. Ambrose Walker was the son of the 1st President of M.I.T. and an architect. Within a few months my first residential job appeared, through the Reverend Smythe of Falmouth for his own house. Then a school house for East Falmouth of eight rooms. Following that, two more schools of about the same size for two other towns on Cape Cod. Then in late 1922 I won the competition for the new Junior High School for Falmouth which, at that time, was a big job for me.

Bob, my son, was born in 1922 when we were living in Elm Street, Brookline and Susie, my second daughter was born in 1924. I continued practice in Boston until fall of 1926 when I went to Florida to possibly establish a practice there. Before leaving Boston for Florida, an architect friend had given me a letter of introduction to the very well known Palm Beach architect, Addison Mizner, who had the good fortune to establish his practice there at the beginning of the great popularity of that area, particularly with the very rich families that were building houses. When in Palm Beach I decided to contact Mr Mizner.

His house and offices were on the Via Mizner, named after him, and when I arrived at the well designed Spanish building, with a very elegant front entrance, I pulled the elaborate chain of the bell.

The door was opened by a man in livery and I explained that I had an appointment with Mr Mizner. The entrance door led into a hall with a wide staircase on the left. The man then led me to the first floor where I was seated on a bench and told that he, the footman, would tell Mr Mizner of my arrival. I was at the end of a wide vaulted corridor leading to the far end and to a pair of Span panelled doors. In front of me was a lovely archway opening onto an aviary with various tropical birds. He then went down the corridor through the doors and I was left sitting for several minutes.

About 5 minutes later a different footman came through the doors and said that Mr Mizner would now see me. I followed him down the corridor, through the double doors into an enormous room, possibly 30 ft. square, and with a beamed ceiling about 18 ft. high. Mr Mizner was seated at the far end on a raised platform slowly turning over the pages of a huge book on a lectern. I was announced by the servant and Mr Mizner beckoned me to come forward. I then told him that I was an architect and he descended from his platform, shook hands, and we then sat down and had a very pleasant talk about architecture and related subjects plus the opportunities for a young architect in Florida.

One can imagine the impression that Mizner would give to a ; nouveau-riche client.

Sylvia and I split up in 1927 and I moved to New York.

I lived at the St. Anthony Club during the late spring of 1927 and at the Seawantaka Corinthian Yacht Club in Oyster Bay during the summer, commuting to my office which I shared with Edgar Williams. One of my first jobs in New York was the alteration of a house at 10 E 61st Street, belonging to Mrs Agnes Pyne, into a group of apartments. When finished I moved into the rear top floor apartment.



During the years in New York between marriages, I continued a very active interest in sports. I had during the last few years of my marriage to Sylvia done a considerable amount of sailboat racing in Buzzards Bay near Falmouth where we frequently spent part of our summers. When I moved to New York and was spending the summers at the Seawantaka Corinthian Yacht Club on Centre Island in Oyster Bay, I became again actively involved in racing and crewing during the summer of 1927 on a friends 6 meter, the following summer, 1928, racing the S class boat "Whim" which I had bought, and fortunately ending up in 2nd place for the seasons championship and in a tie for 1st place in the fall championship.

In the winter of 1928 a friend of mine and I sent a Star class boat to Havana to represent the U.S. in the international Races there. but due to our unfamiliarity with the difficult wind and tide conditions of the Havana Yacht Club, we ended up in 3rd place. However, we had a marvellous time living at the Havana Yacht Club, racing, and I also was playing the great Cuban and Spanish game of Hialai (Fronton). During that time I acquired a liking for Bacardi Carta de Oro rum in a drink called "Presidente". Machado was president of Cuba at that time and not too popular with the average member of the yacht club, so when they ordered a drink the request would generally be "Un Otra Presidente". I was also asked by an important Cuban to take a secret report back to New York for delivery through a friend of mine to the U.S. Secretary of State. This report contained a description of crimes and other misdeeds of Machado.

Prohibition was in force in the U.S. and I was longing to take back some Bacardi Carta de Oro rum. A young Cuban yachtsman friend of mine suggested putting several cases of the liquor under the floor boards of the Star boat. This we did and when the boat finally arrived at City Island near New York, we safely transported it in the trunk of my car to my apartment. Soon after I invited several friends in for drinks and discovered, much to my chagrin, that it did not taste nearly as good in the cold climate of N.Y. as it did in Havana. I then presented a lot of it to my friends!

The third summer, 1929, I raced the "Puffin" an R class boat loaned to me by Junius Morgan. The fourth summer I spent racing a 6 metre "Rana" which I had purchased the p.vious fall. With "Rana" I won a number of races but just missed out being chosen to represent the U.S.A. in the defence of the Scandanavian Gold Cup by ending up in 2nd place in the elimination series. By this time I had become Vice Chairman of Seawantaka's Race Committee.

Another Bootlegging story that fascinated me in those days was the story Andre Pillot told me about importing whisky. Andre Pillot was a client of mine and I was designi.g a large house plus an indoor tennis court for him at Kings Point on Long Island, near New York City. Pillot loved the expensive sport of grouse shooting, starting on August 12th in the British Isles, and he annually leased a property called "The Glen" for an enormous price. When he arrived a wine salesman would be called in to stock the cellar and while he was there Pillot sadly said "if only I could get this wonderful Scotch Whisky in New York". The wine salesman replied that possibly it might be arranged and after consulting with his firm he returned with this proposition. The order was to be for 1000 cases of this fine old scotch for \$100 each following safe delivery in N.Y., with a down payment of \$25,000 to be refunded if the delivery was u.successful. The 1000 cases would be delivered in different amounts to Pillot and his friends if he wished. Pillot made the down payment and furnished the list of friends to whom a certain number of cases were to be delivered. Sometime after the grouse season was over and Pillot had returned to N.Y., he was notified by telephone of the delivery date and was asked to notify his friends to expect the delivery of their respective number of cases on that date. All the whisky was delivered safety in burlap (jute) bags, still wet with salt water, to Pillot and his friends.

One other amusing tale but sad for me was the result of a visit by Pillot and some friends to his property on Kings Point just before the construction of his house was to be started. Andre Pillot, his sister and several friends enjoyed a picnic lunch and then started looking over the property and its beach on Long Island Sound. Louis Lorillard, one of the guests, had a cane in his hand and as he wandered down the beach he picked up a large number of objects with the cane and waved the objects in the air. Finally, when they had arrived at the end of the beach this gentleman turned to Pillott and said "I suggest instead of Kings Point you name the property "Safety Point" Andre Pillott called me up the next day and asked me to come to his office. The beautiful model of the house had just been completed, so the following day I took the model with me and went to Wall Street to keep my appointment with him. He greatly admired the model but he seemed to be somewhat troubled. Then he told me the story of "Safety Point" and asked for my opinion whether he should build the house. He mentioned that none of his neighbours on Kings Point were friends of his and that most of his friends lived in Locust Valley, Glen Cove, Mill Neck, Oyster Bay and that general area. I then said that I had always been surprised that he had purchased the property at Kings Point and certainly would recommend his buying another property in the area where his friends had houses. We agreed to try and find a property in that area and as soon as this was purchased to start on the designs of a new house there. Unfortunately, the financial crash in the fall of 1929 followed soon after and Andre Pillot, due to heavy losses, gave up the project.

During the years following my moving to N.Y. I was fortunate to have several very good commissions in architecture. From 1927 to 1931 I designed several houses in the Long Island area for clients like Coster & Ruth Schemerhorn in Locust Valley, a nice house in Tuxedo Park, two houses for Ned King, one in Goldens Bridge and the other in White Sulphur Springs, a charming house for Lansing McVicker at Wainscot, Long Island, and many others.

I, through a close friendship with Howard C. Smith, was appointed to a strange job, that of consulting architect for the enormous cemetery of Woodlawn in the Bronx. This eventually led to my being given the Woolworth Memorial Chapel at Woodlawn to design in 1932. I was also consulting architect for kitchens, laundries etc. for the Sunday edition of the N.Y. Herald Tribune. Speaking of Howard Smith, I was having dinner at his home in Cove Neck in Oyster Bay in, I believe, 1928. He, during the evening, mentioned that he had rented his guest cottage on the estate to a Mr and Mrs Bouvier who were later to become the parents of Jackie Kennedy , and said to me "and are they social climbers", an early and very observant statement.

One of the most difficult but rewarding commissions I have had in my long career as an architect was the house at the Port of Missing Men in Ridgefield, Connecticut, for Philip Wagoner. By a friend of mine, Elliott Brown, a very successful contractor in N.Y. City, I had been recommended to Mr Wagoner as architect for the country house he wished to build. Mr Wagoner had brought a large property of some 150 acres with an old house above a lake, surrounded in Ridgefield, Connecticut. by lovely woodland/. I was informed of this commission by Elliott Brown about a week or 10 days prior to the disastrous crash of the Stock Market in October 1929. When the crash occurred I kissed that job goodbye but was called on the telephone by Mr Wagoner's secretary about a week after the crash, instructing me to meet Mr Wagoner at the Metropolitan Club at such and such a time to go to Ridgefield to look over the property and the old house. I had been warned prior to this by Elliott Brown that Mrs Wagoner was very superstitious, could not stand the colour red and other peculiarities. I was told not to wear a red necktie!

I met the Wagoners at the club and was driven by their chauffeur in a big Rolls Royce to Ridgefield. Mr Wagoner on the way told me he wanted to either alter the old house or, if not feasible, to build a new house.

Upon arrival at his property, we went over the old house which, although built at the end of the 18th century, had little real merit and had been ruined by bad alterations during subsequent years. I advised Mr and Mrs Wagoner to build a new house which also gave us more scope in regard to location, overlooking the lake on the property. He then told me that if he was to build a new house, he wanted a plan like a typical American suburban dwelling with a hall in the centre, living room and sun porch on the left, dining room and library on the right and kitchen and service area beyond. What could be duller, particularly as he evidently was prepared to spend plenty on a new house if required. I made numerous sketch schemes for the house but never could persuade Mr Wagoner to deflect from his suburban house plan. One lovely set of drawings of an open plan Georgian house was returned to me with "terrible" drawn across the sketches in red ink! I finally obtained approval of plans but had succeeded in widening the hall to some 20 ft. with a magnificent curved Georgian staircase at the far end. All the rest of the building was on the same scale, panelled main hall, panelled library, painted panelled dining room and a 25ft x 45ft panelled living room with the rest of the house in keeping. The exterior ended up in the character of a Christopher Wren building in lovely local hashimini stone with all trim, doorframes, colonnade and cornices in Caen stone imported from France.

During construction, when supervising the job with Mr and Mrs Wagoner present, I was always treated like the office boy. They would bring a picnic lunch but I had to get my lunch at the Hot Dog stand in Ridgefield. During the course of construction I received a telephone call from Mr Wagoners secretary, stating that Mr Wagoner did not like the timber colonnade, overlooking the lake, nor the timber cornice above the upper floor of the house because he did not want to be bothered with painting these two items. She told me that Mr Wagoner wanted these to be built in stone.

Naturally, they had to be redesigned as the detailing for stone would have to be simpler and heavier in scale than for wood. I was instructed to redesign and procure prices for the change. A few weeks later the contractor called me and gave me the price of \$45,000. This in 1930. I then called Mr Wagoner's secretary and gave her the information; she told me to hold on and that she would speak to her boss. The answer from her was to proceed immediately with the change. When finally completed and furnished, I was not invited nor allowed to visit the house or take photographs. Mr Wagoner had spent on the main house, a charming superintendants house, and entrance gateway, over a million dollars during 1930 and 1931.

Some years later, following a closer acquaintance with the Wagoners, Mr Wagoner told me this story. Following completion of the house in 1931 and during the furnishing and decorating of the house he was purchasing several very valuable paintings from Duveen, and the two men were in the library of the house discussing choices and possible placing of these pictures in the house. The deal for the panelling of this library had been imported from Finland from whence, during the 18th century, it had been imported for English panelled rooms, doors etc. All of the mouldings and panels had been run and planed by hand as in the 18th century. The cornice, mantelpiece, pedimented over doorways, had all been carved following plaster models made from my drawings, by an able team of German wood carvers. There was a beautiful carved limewood ornament above the fireplace, based on the character of the magnificent work of Grinling Gibbons with birds, fruit and other ornamentation. When the panelling had been erected in the room, painters had spent several weeks rubbing down, staining and giving to all the wood the appearance of a couple of centuries of age.

During the discussion between the two men, Duveen rose from his chair and examined different sections of the panelled room, then returned to talk, then twice more got up and further examined the panelling. Finally, following his third examination of the room he asked Wagoner where he had found and purchased the panelled room, stating that he was acquainted with most of the fine rooms in the British Isles but had never seen this lovely room.

Mrs Wagoner died a few years later and Mr Wagoner moved into the superintendants cottage and never again entered the main house. A housemaid was kept on to take care of the house, flowers were put in Mrs Wagoners room and dressing room and all her clothes, cosmetics and other belongings were left in their places. Mr Wagoner died in about 1949 or 1950, had no heirs, and left the house, furnishings and land to his physician. The doctor immediately called in one of the auctioneers, such as Parke Bernet in N.Y., who moved all the furnishings, valuable paintings etc. to their auction rooms for sale. The house was then left empty and unattended, unheated and uncared for, for some 18 years.

Due to comparatively little work in my New York office due to the acute depression of 1930 and 1931, I decided to make a trip to Spain and particularly to Mallorca, due to my finding a charming book on the architecture of that island. The voyage on a Spanish transatlantic steamer, first stopping at Vigo and then at several other Spanish ports before reaching Barcelona, was extremely pleasant. I particularly enjoyed seeing in Barcelona the old section with its fascinating cathedral. Its charm is particularly exciting as when one is inside in the quite darkened Gothic church, one feels completely in a different world from the noisy modern city outside. A group here in one section praying to their favourite saint, another group attending a christening, and the hundreds of candles shining in different areas in the dark interior conveyed to all an unusual holy atmosphere.



One evening with some friends I went to a night spot, just after midnight, called "Villa Rosa", well known for its Flamenco dancers. It was in the shabby basement of an old building and we were shown a table and ordered glasses of Jerez (sherry). There were few people there but the entertainment was by a guitarist and about 6 or 7 Flamenco dancers. After a little while one of the dancers joined us at our table to enjoy a sherry. Then a couple more and finally all. Intermittently they would be joined by the guitarist and performed superb Flamenco dancing all directed at our group. This went on, to our group's great enjoyment, until about 5 in the morning. I went back to the old Ritz where I was staying and after several hours in bed woke up with a terrible hangover.

The central courtyard of the Ritz, used for drinking and dining, was covered by a slated roof on which were growing many Wisteria vines which, during my visit, were in full bloom. One would have difficulty creating a more beautiful overhead covering. The morning, or possibly noon, following our visit to "Villa Rosa" I wanted to purchase some aspirin. Outside the hotel I approached a Guardia Civil to ask him where I could find a drug store. In my bad Spanish, I said "Donde esta una far-ma-cia?", with the accent on the last syllable, cia. He smiled but did not understand. I repeated the question a couple more times and finally he understood and said "une farmacia" with the accent on the second a. How important it is to know where to place an accent.

A day or so later I travelled to Mallorca on the old steamer, "Rey Jaime Primero". It is an overnight trip and arrives in Palma about 7.00am. I rose early in order to see Mallorca from the sea. A truly magnificent sight, first the great cliffs of the Dragonera and then the lovely harbour of Palma with all the old buildings and the beautiful cathedral dominating the scene. I found a small and pleasant pension to stay at in the middle of the town, and for the next few days wandered around to enjoy the beautiful old houses with their lovely interior patios and magnificent stairs leading up to their main floors.



Later, through a chance acquaintance with a young Mallorcan man about my age, I was invited into his beautiful family home. He showed me through the house and particularly to one small room completely lined with drawers and cupboards. His grandmother, following the birth of his mother, had died at an early age and in these cupboards had been preserved all of her clothes which, as was the custom at that time, were given to a bride at the time of marriage. A bride in that era was given by her family, a trousseau, all the clothes needed for the rest of her life, with the exception of shawls or "rebosos" which from time to time would be presented to the wife by her husband. The collection was astounding:- stockings made by hand with beautiful patterns, elaborate embroidered handkerchiefs, blouses with carefully worked patterns of flowers and other designs, long full skirts in case of pregnancy but to be gathered in by lovely belts when not with child, and beautifully embroidered nightdresses and underclothes. Mallorca has always been famous for fine embroidery and this magnificent collection was probably outstanding in that country. I must add that few women today would be content to receive at the time of marriage all the clothes she was to use for the rest of her life.

In 1931 there were only three major hotels on the island, The Reina Victoria, at that period due to the recent overthrow of King Alfonso, called The Victoria, The Mediterraneo further away towards Cala Major, and the newly built Formentor at the north end of Mallorca. A few smaller hotels or pensions existing in Palma, Soller, Puerto Pollensa and other towns.

There were, outside of Palma, no main paved roads. In order to get to a town like Puerto Pollensa one would take the train from Palma to La Puebla and then hire a horse and carriage or possibly some ancient automobile and travel on a narrow dirt road, usually lower than the adjoining land and between stone walls, to one's final destination.

The railroad took one to Soller but if one wanted to go along the Costa Brava between Andraix, Deya to Soller, there was nothing but a donkey trail as far as Deya.

I once walked from Andraix to Deya and spent one week there in a small pension. The tiny village of Deya is half way up the precipitous slopes of the Costa Brava above a pebbly beach. The slopes are terraced with stone walls and were intensely cultivated for olives, wheat, fruits and other agricultural products. There was no running water in this pension, a bowl and pitcher on the bureau, a potty under the bed and a tiled and immaculate 2 hole outhouse in the garden. I was served with good Spanish food, red wine and an occasional sherry. I also purchased from the pension packages of smuggled cigarettes from Morocco called "Job". For my week's stay in Deya my bill was \$2.34 U.S. Later I stayed at a small hotel in Puerto Pollensa on the bay for \$1.00 per day including all meals. The Pesata has been recently devalued from 4 or 5 to the U.S. dollar to 12 to the dollar, but prices had not gone up much in the country areas of Spain or Mallorca.

Cala Major today is an overcrowded resort area with masses of hotels, apartments and other accommodations. In 1931 I enjoyed taking the tram from Palma to the end of the line near the Hotel Mediterraneo and then walking through terraced wheat fields and olive groves down to the beach at Cala Major, where I would shed my clothers and go swimming in the nude.

At the end of the summer I went north to San Sebastian but did not like it, and continued on into France to St. Jean de Luz. This was a considerable change from Mallorca, with all the restaurants, hotels and casinos. Here, through some friends of mine, I was introduced to Dorothy Elliott who was vacationing there with her three children. She and I immediately hit it off and when she left for Paris, I tagged along.

Shortly after, I had to go back to New York for work at my offices. Following her return we became engaged and later married. On our honeymoon we enjoyed an extended cruise through the Caribbean on the *Britanic*. This was my first introduction to the West Indies and created in me an interest which later changed my entire life. I gave up my apartment at 10 East 61st and we moved to a temporary apartment at 40 East 62nd St. at the same time searching for a house to rent in or near Connecticut. In the spring we found a pleasant but rather ramshackle house in New Canaan. When we moved to New Canaan we acquired a bitch of a rather rare breed, a Dandie Dinmont Terrier. We liked the dog and soon acquired a male and later bred the two. We showed one of the puppies and did fairly well. By this time we had become quite keen on dog raising and showing and during a trip to England and the Continent in 1934, I spent some time in looking for and eventually acquiring a very good male in England. During 1933 we built a house on Chichester Road in New Canaan. By now we were operating a small kennel in our new house. I had recently been made President of the Dandie Dinmont Club of America. We bred this new male with one of our best young bitches and produced, with the rest of the litter, an outstanding bitch puppy. She, at the age of 6 months and one week, was shown at <sup>the</sup> Greenwich Dog Show in the bitch puppy class, and won. When the time came for the showing of the best of bitches I did not bother to show this puppy and had her on my lap. The judge looked towards me and asked me to put the puppy in that class. She was put up to the best of bitches and finally to the best of American bred dogs, losing only in the final judging of all the Winners, including champions. She thus won 5 of her 15 points towards championship. In the Tuxedo Park and Morristown shows she again won and got her championship before reaching 7 months of age.

In late spring of 1932 we decided to go to Spain as it would cost about the same as renting and living in a house somewhere on the seashore. We left at the end of the school spring term for her two girls and son, crossed the Atlantic to Vigo, Spain on the French line's "*Rochambeau*".

In Vigo I purchased 18,000 kilometres of railroad 1st class "kilometricos" which enabled us to travel virtually all around Spain. Santiago de Compostella, one of the first stops, was magnificent with its churches, the baroque exterior of the cathedral, the arcaded streets and the beautiful hostel near the cathedral, now converted into an excellent "Parador". Then on to Salamanca with the lovely buildings of the university. Thence to Madrid and Barcelona on the way to Mallorca. I had previously arranged by letter with the proprietor of one small hotel in Puerto Pollensa<sup>where I had stayed in 1931</sup> for the rental of a house near the hotel and to take our meals at his hotel. Following a short stay in Palma we moved into our rented house with 3 bedrooms, one bath and living room. The charges for meals at the hotel including the rental of the house for my wife, myself, 2 girls aged 13 and 11 and a boy of 8 was the enormous amount of \$5 per day. While there we became friends with a very well known Spanish painter, Anglada Y Camarassa and his wife. The painter loved to swim and periodically we both would take off from Puerto Pollensa and swim to the beach at Formentor some 7 miles away. We would lunch there and return in the afternoon. Having always been a yachtsman, I organised a small sailing club renting small lateen rigged fishing boats. Races were quite different than in normal sail boats such as 6 metres or S class boats, as one had to use an oar and row the craft around when tacking into the wind.

In addition to these activities, I occupied a great deal of my time painting. I fortunately have still got one which is now hanging in my home. One morning I was painting near the town, of Pollensa, some 5 miles away and had to see a veterinary who resided in Pollensa but owned the house in Puerto Pollensa which I wished to rent for my wife's brother, Clinton Elliott and his wife who were to stay in the Puerto for a few weeks. Before lunch I went to the house of the veterinary and started conversing about the rental of the house. We came to an agreement and as it was about noon, I asked him if there was a cafe or small restaurant in Pollensa where I could get a tortilla (omelette) or a light lunch.

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He said "Oh no, you must stay here for lunch". He then "entertained" me by playing on his phonograph music of Bach and Beethoven, neither of whose music I particularly understood or enjoyed. Lunch was then announced by his pleasant wife and we all sat down together with his 2 young sons for the meal. First came a large soup plate filled to the brim with a heavy, almost solid soup. At this time I must add that in rural Spain it is impolite not to do justice to every dish. Then for me alone came a tortilla made up of at least 3 eggs. following this was a very generous helping of Carne. Then legumbres, enselada and postre. By the time the postre (desert) was served I was almost choking with the amount of food almost forced on me. The postre was a large and dry cake and the serving given to me was huge. I finally consumed it, thanks to a generous glass of wine. During the meal I tried to explain to the 2 boys the sports, such as football and baseball, in my rudimentary Spanish. Following lunch I thanked them profusely and said goodbye. I normally would have walked back to the port but I found a cab and got a lift back to the house. I then went to bed and did not get up for 12 hours.

We left Mallorca after a most pleasant two months stay, and returned on the "Rey Jaime Primero" to Barcelona where we boarded a small freight steamer which had a few staterooms for guests. This stopped at all the ports of Spain on the East coast, each for a full day. This gave us the opportunity to see Valencia, Alicante, Cartagena, Almeria, Malaga, and then Ceuta in Spanish Morocco. While at Ceuta we hired a car to go to Tetuan which was a beautiful Moorish town. On the way from Ceuta to Tetuan we saw many barbed wire fences and other warlike features due to the troubles of a year or so before. Then through the straits of Gibraltar to Cadiz where we left the ship. Thence by train to Seville where we planned to stay at the Gran Hotel de Inglaterra, the top hotel there. I had found out by this time that the prices of hotels were subject to dickering. So generally, we took a horse drawn fiacre from the railroad station, as these were more fun and also cheaper than taxis, and drove to the hotel. I would leave the family in the fiacre and go into the hotel to request accommodation.

We always needed two double rooms and a single. I would ask the clerk for the price for our accommodation. He would quote say, 70 pesetas, and I would answer that it was more than I could afford. Generally, we ended up with a price of 50 to 55 pesetas, or approximately 4½ dollars. After a few days stay in Sevilla, with its lovely moorish architecture, including that marvellous Giralda Tower we went on, always by train, to Cordoba to see that wonderful cathedral which was originally a moorish mosque, then to Grenada to enjoy the Generiffe Gardens and the Alhambra. What bad taste King Philip II had to destroy parts of the Alhambra to build a palace for himself. When one compares the perfect scale of the moorish architecture to the enormous oversized scale of the King's palace, one must admire enormously the islamic culture which had penetrated all this way from the Middle East. To go back in history, a great deal of the power of Spain emanated from the Moors, particularly in agriculture and irrigation.

Then on to Toledo, that marvellous town towering above the Tagus River, and back to Madrid to enjoy the Prado, making a short trip to see the monastery of Escorial and finally back to Vigo and the steamer "Rochambeau" to New York. Compare the \$2,200 U.S. cost of the entire trip, including the transatlantic first class voyages, with a similar trip today for two adults and three children. That spring we had purchased two acres of lovely country in Chichester Road in New Canaan and commenced building a pleasant house on top of a small ridge. One side was covered with oak trees and white <sup>birch</sup> / and the steeper slope on the other side with a dense grove of dogwood trees, which when in blossom in the spring appeared almost as covered by snow, with the millions of lovely white blossoms.

A year or so later a great friend of mine, whose sister was the wife of our then U.S. Ambassador to France, Walter Edge, became engaged and invited my new wife and myself to have lunch at a very well known country restaurant, with his fiancee and the Edges.

As we arrived at the entrance of the restaurant, Mr and Mrs Wagoner, for whom I had designed the large house in Ridgefield, arrived in their Rolls and both groups were thrown together on the steps leading to the restaurant. I naturally introduced the Wagoners to my wife, Loyal Sewall, his fiance and Ambassador and Mrs Edge. During lunch a note inviting my wife and me for lunch the following Sunday at the Wagoners house was passed to me by the headwaiter. We answered it saying that unfortunately we were unable to come due to a prior engagement!

I was awarded the exciting commission to design the Woolworth Memorial Chapel at Woodlawn in the spring of 1933, and we decided to take a trip to Europe to study ecclesiastical architecture in England and Continental Europe. We sailed to England together with another couple from Greenwich, Connecticut, on the old Olympic. What an amazingly luxurious liner she was. I remember the cocktail lounge panelled in dark wood with an elaborate and beautiful inlay of mother of pearl.

The Velma B. Woolworth Chapel built as a memorial to Fred Moore Woolworth, was located at the entrance to the enormous Woodlawn Cemetery in the Bronx and was to seat 150 persons. The commission as architect was awarded to me thanks to being consulting architect for the cemetery and also a very strong recommendation from Mr Howard C. Smith, President of the Cemetery Board and a very good friend of mine. As mentioned above, our trip to England was primarily to study British ecclesiastical work. While in England I became very excited with the works of Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones and decided to follow in their footsteps in the design of the chapel. Fortunately, as well, there was no set limit to its cost. I personally designed not only the building but also its furniture and details of the chancel. The building now is over 50 years old and I consider it one of my very best works.

In England and Scotland we travelled extensively with an emphasis on places with fine small and large churches. Then on to Stockholm in Sweden for a bit of a holiday. Through my friendship with several yachtsmen who had represented Sweden in 1928 at the Sewanhaka Yacht Club in Oyster Bay for the Scandanavian Gold Cup and the Sewanhaka Challenge Cup, I was sure that we would be well entertained. It was almost too gay. They usually called for us at 10 in the morning and delivered us back to our hotel generally after midnight. We went sailing at Salshebaden and Sandham several times. One day when on Count Merner's 8 meter, a gut of wind caused an unexpected jibe and his lovely wife was knocked overboard by the boom into the frigid waters of the Baltic. Following a quick rescue she laughingly asked for a large schnaps in order to warm up.

One of the great pleasures the Stockholm people enjoy is the archipelago with its myriad of large and small islands.

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Hundreds of all classes of people in Stockholm own small and mostly sail boats, and during the summer all sail from the city to different islands in the archipelago, leaving late Friday evening or early Saturday morning. The waterways are jammed with the white sails of these boats, making a marvellous picture against the contours of the various islands. Most of the people have camping places on the islands and enjoy a very pleasant weekend. The weather at that time was sunny and bright and daylight lasted nearly 20 hours.

I was very impressed by both the old and new architecture of Stockholm and consider that the Stockholm Town Hall is one of the finest pieces of architecture created during this century. Strangely enough, I was approached by one of the Swedish architects who wanted me to stay on in Sweden as his partner. This, particularly considering the dreary winter climate of Sweden, did not excite me in any way, even though it was a great compliment. I did, however, arrange to employ in my office in the U.S. apprentices from Sweden and the following year a charming and brilliant young man spent some 10 months in my office.

We were seen off at the railroad station on our way to Copenhagen by several of our friends and were presented by one of them with a pair of miniature rubber boots. We never discovered what meaning this had. Later, on arrival at our hotel in Copenhagen we immediately went to bed from exhaustion due to the overwhelming hospitality of our Swedish friends. I had several more yachting friends in Denmark and we did not dare contact any of them because we could not face another week of the gaiety which had greeted us in Sweden. We even had a letter of introduction to one of the Royal Family of Denmark and I remember on a motor trip to see Helsingor, we passed his palace on the way. I jokingly thumbed my nose at his house. Copenhagen is a lovely city and has the distinction of having very few tall buildings, as a result all the spires of the many churches tower above the city, giving the impression of many of the old paintings and prints of cities of earlier eras.



From there on to Berlin to stay at the Adlon. On arrival there we were amazed at the emptiness of the hotel and the tenseness of the population. One evening we got dressed in evening clothes, asked the concierge of the hotel for the best restaurant which was close to the Reichstag and I believe called the Tiergarten. Just as we were going out, Hitler and his entourage passed the hotel, through the Brandenburg Gate going to the Reichstag to make that famous speech in the Reichstag. We asked the doorman for a taxi and he procured an open taxi with the top down and gave instructions to the driver to take us to the restaurant. The driver protested, evidently saying he would not go there on account of Hitler being at the Reichstag, but the doorman commanded him so we started. The whole road was blocked so the driver went away from the Brandenburg gate then turned into the central lane and we were driven following Hitler's procession through the centre arch into the Tiergarten between lines of troops at attention. We evidently got that far because we were in an open car and all dressed up. We finally arrived near the restaurant and a handsome officer stopped us and told us we could not go to the restaurant due to Hitler's presence in the Reichstag, and then agreeably told us to go to another restaurant the "Am Zoo". When we arrived there the headwaiter led us into an almost completely empty restaurant, the only other guests being a group of about 6 from some foreign embassy, and showed us the menu with the remark that we could not have anything to eat until Hitler's speech was finished. All this time we could hear his rasping voice broadcasting throughout the restaurant and all the help obediently listening. The headwaiter finally was persuaded to bring us some bread and butter plus a bottle of wine. After about an hour of Hitler's speech we were able to order and eat our dinner.

We soon left Berlin for Hamburg, on the very fast train between those cities. I cannot remember ever going so rapidly in a train. Hamburg was delightful and there was no tenseness of atmosphere such as we felt in Berlin.

The gardens and markets were full of gay people, laughing and enjoying the lovely weather and the pleasant surroundings. Then to Antwerp and <sup>the</sup> steamer to the U.S. <sup>We</sup> were back in New Canaan and hard at work on the design for the Woolworth chapel and the other jobs in hand.

In the winter of about 1934 when living in our house in New Canaan, we were subjected to one of the great blizzards. It started snowing one morning and by midnight due to the damage to power lines our electricity failed and this shut off the oil burner of our furnace. By 4 O'Clock in the morning I felt we had to get some heat in the house and Robert, our butler, and I removed the oil burner from the furnace and from then on until almost noon stocked the furnace with firewood to keep the house a little warm. I had reached the semi-finals in an important tournament in squash racquets at the University Club in New York and my match was scheduled for 5 o'clock that afternoon. The roads for 2½ miles from our house to the railroad station were not ploughed nor was our driveway. I called up the railroad station to enquire if the trains were running. The answer was that there probably would be one running to New York by 1 o'clock. By noon I was fairly tired lugging firewood to the furnace. I then skied the 2½ miles to the station to catch the 1 o'clock train which left about 1.30pm. I struggled to the University Club partly by subway and then walking from 60th Street station to the Club on 5th Avenue at 54th Street, By this time I was really dead tired and was thoroughly beaten by my opponent. I then had to struggle back by train and skis to the house, arriving shortly before midnight.

Another blizzard story was much later, probably about 1952. Dorothy and I were living in our apartment on Madison Avenue and 65th Street and the snow had fallen for a full day and night. <sup>When</sup> We woke up and very unusual for New York, there was not a bit of traffic due to some 3 ft. of snow everywhere. By 9 o'clock a few shopkeepers were having a narrow path shovelled to their shop entrances, all the cars parked on the streets were just mounds in the snow. Before lunch we thought that we could get some friends of ours who lived on 62nd and Madison Avenue to come and have

drinks with us . We called them on the telephone and they agreed. About 12.30 we were looking out of our window down the completely deserted Madison Avenue and saw a man and woman skiing up the Avenue. They were our friends.

About this time, I bought the yacht "Carlsark" from Henry Deveraux. She was originally built on Lake Constance in Germany and launched in Kiel during that terrible deflation of the German mark, around 1921. The two men who built her ran out of funds and, in order to economise, her keel was of concrete filled with scrap iron instead of being made of lead. She originally was a ketch and was sailed by the two owners to Southampton, England, where she was exhibited and the two men collected enough money there to stock up and take off for the U.S.A. She was 40 ft. on the waterline and 49 ft. on deck. She put in at Newport, Rhode Island and was later sold to William K. Vanderbilt, who had her rebuilt below decks quite luxuriously, even with a fireplace in the main owners cabin. She became sort of a sailing tender for Vanderbilts steam yacht Nourmahal. Later she was sold to Carl Wiegant who was in his last year at Cornell University. He took her up the Hudson and then via the Erie Canal to Ithaca, N.Y., the seat of Cornell University<sup>and</sup> at the end of his last term he persuaded two friends of his, both at Cornell, to crew for him on a trip from Ithaca, through the St. Lawrence River and supposedly to New York. One of these was Henry Deveraux. Incidentally, neither of his crew of 2 young men knew anything about navigation. When they reached the South Eastern part of the gulf of St. Lawrence, instead of going south towards New England, Carl Wiegant set off across the Atlantic, then through the Mediterranean to Ithaca, Greece. She then returned for her third crossing of the Atlantic to Long Island Sound. Henry Deveraux later purchased her and converted the Carlsark to a sloop. When I bought Carlsark I again changed her rig to a yawl, adding a bowsprit, mizzen mast and the ability to carry more sail and be more easily handled. I also took great trouble to see that her sails and hull were properly balanced.

We kept her for several years and she became a refuge for me to get away from all the clients who wished to see me on weekends. Also with the fireplace in the main stateroom we were able to use her from late spring until November. Each summer we took a couple of weeks cruise on her, usually towards Cape Cod and Nantucket.

In the fall of 1934 we took a couple of weeks holiday to Bermuda where we had never been before, We were delighted with the island; no cars, lovely beaches, delightful scenery, well cared for houses and many warm months. We decided that it might be nice to rent a house there in the winter of 1935 for a couple of months. The transportation was such that I could come down in 2 nights and a day each way for two weekends and the week in between. At that time Furness Bermuda Lines had the two very fine motor ships in service to New York, the Queen of Bermuda with Captain Harry Davis and the Monarch of Bermuda with Captain Albert Francis. We rented a house in Pembroke. During my few trips during that winter I hit beautiful weather, but the family were not so lucky as it rained and stormed for quite a bit, always while I was away in New Canaan. However, we all liked it enough to consider buying a house there. We finally found a derelict old house in Paget occupied by two old ladies. I saw immediately what could be done with it and its 2 acres of grounds. We dickered with the owners but could not get them lower than \$ 20,000 U.S. We returned to Connecticut and later received a cable stating that they would come down to \$16,000. I answered stating that I would pay \$12,000 cash and got the house, that Spring. We then made sizeable repairs and alterations to the house and rented the house to an American lady for the next two winters of 1935/36 and 1936/37.

During one of these winters we decided to go to Central America by boat as we particularly wanted to see Guatamela. We arranged passage on one of the larger United Fruit Line boats and were all ready to go when our particular liner had a collision off Cape Hatteras and was withdrawn from service.

### United Fruit Line

We changed to a smaller steamer, The San Benito, which instead of going to Guatamala went to Puerto Limon in Costa Rica, stopping at Santiago de Cuba on the way. She only carried 10 passengers and Dorothy was somewhat worried about her size. As we taxied down the Hudson River by all the docks my wife would ask whether the boat would be as big as one or two of the smaller ships we saw in the docks, I said sure! When we arrived at the United Fruit Pier all we saw were tons of bananas being unloaded, no porters or officials in uniform of the line. Upon enquiry, I found out that we were at the right pier and that was the San Benito on the right side of the dock. We could only see her upper deck, bridge, masts and funnel. The gangway to her went level from the pier and had no handrail. Dorothy looked a bit ashen! However, as we went aboard, with a stevedore carrying our luggage and were led into a tiny smoking room and bar, and a very handsome young officer greeted us warmly and took us to our stateroom, Dorothy appeared a bit more cheerful, but then we found out that he, the good looking young officer, was not part of the San Benito's crew. However, he, when he was showing us our stateroom, opened up the adjoining stateroom and said we could use that also due to the fact that we were the only passengers! So we were on our own private steamer. Amazingly enough, we had perfect weather all the voyage and never even had to shut the portholes of our cabin. We sat at meals with all the officers and some, particularly the Captain, were extremely nice.

Our stop at Santiago de Cuba was very interesting, not only for the old town, but for the great interior harbour and its rat hole of an entrance into the Caribbean. All American children had been taught in school about Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Rider's victory at San Juan Hill near Santiago, but also about the great naval vicotry for U.S. at Santiago where the Spanish Admiral Cervera's fleet was destroyed with the loss of, I believe, only one U.S. sailor. Also, we were taught about Hobson's great but unsuccessful attempt at blocking the entrance to Santiago Harbour.

I must explain why history can give a wrong impression. The only entrance or exit from the great harbour is a gap of a few hundred feet <sup>Wide</sup> between towering cliffs. This is what Hobson tried unsuccessfully to plug. Cervera had only two choices one to have his fleet captured by the U.S. Army in the harbour, or the other to escape by battling the U.S. Navy in trying to get into the open sea through that rat hole. He chose the second course and as his ships came through that narrow passage they were the easy target of a complete semi-circle of American warships with all their guns concentrated on that opening. One by one, each of the Spanish warships were almost blown out of the water with hardly a chance even to be able to point a gun at the American Navy. Thus we won the overwhelming victory taught to us in school! It was merely mass murder and Cervera would have been much wiser to surrender in the harbour.

Later, early one morning, on the same voyage, I was on the bridge with the Captain and we spotted a small boat, like a lifeboat, with a sail, in the distance. The Captain ordered the San Benito to slow down and approach the small craft. When we came alongside, there in the boat were about 6 negros and they then explained their plight. They had been dropped by sailboat on Roncador Reef some miles away, three months before, in order to dig guana (excrement of birds used for fertiliser) for later transport by the returning sailboat to Plymouth, Jamaica. The boat was overdue for 2 months and these men were virtually cut off from the world with no food except the fish and birds they might catch.

The Captain then ordered cartons of cigarettes, loads of food stuffs and some liquor lowered into the small craft and immediately wirelessed to the authorities in Jamaica to send a rescue ship to pick up these abandoned men.

Following our landing in Puerto Limon, the Gulf Port of Costa Rica, we had the almost terrifying train trip ever, on the way to San Jose the capital. The route of the railway takes one up the sides of the valley of "La Conception".

The track follows along the upper parts of the slope above the river and these become more and more precipitous as one gets nearer Cartago. The train crosses gaps in the side of the canyon on wooden tressled bridges which seem to be hundreds of feet above the earth below. From one of these we saw the remains of a train that had broken through the tressel and had fallen into the canyon below. This made us feel no more secure. Continuing up, twisting and turning, we finally heaved a sigh of relief upon reaching comparatively level ground. Cartago was at one time a lovely and prosperous town but was virtually completely destroyed by an earthquake in the early part of this century.

San Jose, a very busy small capital, was not as charming as we had expected. For some reason or other, painted galvanised roofing had replaced most of the tile roofs of the older buildings. The Opera House, built in the late 19th century, was particularly charming in its interior.

Heredia, quite near St. Jose, was a charming Spanish colonial town with a lovely old church. Unfortunately, Heredia has since been badly spoiled by the craze for galvanised roofing and the modern and bad alterations to buildings.

In Costa Rica I acquired my first interest in orchids. From there in a DC 2 we flew over the impenetrable forests towards Nicaragua. Then over that beautiful Lake Nicaragua with its twin volcanic peaks, one of which is "La Conception", springing from its centre.

Managua, the capital, was not a beautiful town and what there was of interest probably has been destroyed by an earthquake. Granada, much prettier with a lot of Spanish colonial buildings, but the gem was Santiago de Leon, reached by quite a dusty train trip through Indian villages, and almost on the Pacific. Here was a Spanish colonial town untouched since it was built. We hired a ramshackle car, the only hire car available, to go to Punaloya, a so-called resort on the Pacific Beach, with only about half a dozen



ramshackle frame buildings, one of which was the "hotel". We were shown upstairs to a room where we could change into our bathing suits and it was so badly built, you could look down to the lower floor through the cracks between the floor boards. When we finished putting on our bathing suits, we started to cross the very wide beach. This was several hundred feet wide and due to the hot sun and the gray sand, our bare feet were practically on fire and we had to dash for the water. We relaxed and enjoyed the heavy surf and wondered when we should start the return sprint. We had Punaloya!

Back to Managua and on to Tegucigalpa, Honduras, by a still more ancient plane. Approaching Tegucigalpa we made two swipes at the runway which actually was part of a poor local golf course, before a very bumpy landing. Tegucigalpa had no highway to the sea, but just a single track railway. The town was not unattractive and had some nice colonial architecture. The hotel at that time was an old house with a large interior courtyard. Our room, which was supposedly the best, had recently been built into the centre of this courtyard and all of the panes of glass in our windows were coloured green, red, blue, purple and yellow! The only bathroom was across the courtyard under the colonade. We made a very pleasant motor trip to Comayagua about 40 miles away, a charming and well preserved Spanish colonial town. One of the things that distressed us in Honduras was the sad conditions of the animals. One day we actually saw a thin pathetic dog leaning against a wall while standing on its 4 legs.

When we returned from Comayagua the American Minister was waiting for us. He had heard that an American couple were in Tegucigalpa and <sup>had</sup> personally come over to invite us for drinks the following afternoon.

That afternoon we walked to the pleasant ministry of the U.S. and were greeted effusively by the minister and led into a charming Spanish colonial house, all furnished, believe it or not, very luxuriously with new American colonial furniture.



His wife was not there and before she arrived he quickly asked us if we would care for scotch whisky, to which we agreed. He rushed over to a bookcase, pulled out a bottle from behind some books and hurriedly filled three glasses with whisky and rushed back to the bookcase to hide the bottle. This was all because his wife did not believe in drinking. She arrived a few minutes later so all/was well. She poured some juice for herself.

The Minister, the owner of a newspaper in Natchez, Mississippi, could speak no Spanish in a Spanish speaking country, did not seem to know anything about diplomacy nor about Honduras, but had been appointed by Franklin Roosevelt as Minister to Honduras for his political backing of Roosevelt in his newspaper. Politics!

On to Guatamela via El Salvador, on the same type of plane. When we were approaching the airstrip in El Salvador we had a real fright. As we came down across an enormous barranca with perpendicular rock sides we seemed to be headed directly into the cliff, then the plane suddently flattened its flight and landed a further few hundred feet on the runway which began at the edge of the barranca. We both heaved a great sight of relief.

Guatemala is far and away the most charming and beautiful of the Central American republics. When we arrived we were impressed by the more up to date condition of Guatemala City compared to the capitals of the other countries. However, the capital does not compare as far as architecture, atmosphere and beauty to the various towns in the "Highlands". We spent some time in the highlands although the roads and accommodations were not very good except in Chichicastenago, where the "Mayan Inn" is outstanding. Lake Atitlan and the volcanic peaks arising from the shores of this lake is one of the most beautiful sights in the world.

The town of Antigua formally the second capital of Guatemala, has enormous charm in the buildings that still remain intact, and in its ruins caused by the bad earthquake in the 1770's, when it was decreed by Spain to move the capital a third time to its present location. Towering over Antigua is the mighty peak of            on whose slopes was built the first capital and which was also destroyed shortly after its foundation. We found the small towns like San Francisco El Alto, Sacapulas, Totonicapan, San Pedro Atitlan, and others, charming and unspoiled. Of course, one of the great sights of the Highlands are the wonderful costumes of the Indians, worn by all and quite different in design in each town.

Another aspect of which I became intensely interested, were the variety of orchids throughout the highlands. This interest later developed into my introducing the culture of orchids into Bermuda and the great disappointment to me there of not being allowed to cultivate orchids commercially for export to the Eastern Seaboard of the United States. More of this later.

During this trip through Central America, I was able to do some painting and enjoyed this immensely. When painting one always gathers a crowd of onlookers and I remember in Tegucigalpa the crowd not only gathered behind me but between me and my subject. I finally announced in loud tones in Spanish that I had lost my picture. With this there was much giggling and laughter from the group between me and my subject and they quickly moved away.

We returned leaving Puerto Barrios on a much larger and more luxurious United Fruit Boat to New York and thence to Bermuda. On one of my trips to Bermuda from New York, I was placed at meals due to my friendship with the Captain, with the Temple family, including young Shirley who, at that time, was at the height of her career at the age of around 12 years. In order to amuse her I told her the following story about my riding a live whale in Nantucket when I was about 15 years old.

Jimmy Bonbright and I went down to Folgers Beach to see the school of small whales called Black Fish which for some unknown reason had come in over a shoal and had stranded themselves in the shallow water next to this beach. This had happened many times and quite recently in Scotland and Australia. The local fishermen, by the time we came to the beach, had murdered about almost all of the school. There were still 2 or 3 alive with their noses pointing towards the beach. Jimmy and I decided we were going to try to rescue them by pushing them along the beach to an area which was not behind the shoal and pushing them towards the sea. We entered the water which was coloured by the blood of the murdered ones, and together pushed one of the smaller live whales down the beach for some 100 yards and then headed it out to sea. The whale was very docile and quiet and we had no great trouble in this operation. This whale was about 16 or 18 ft long. It started to swim towards deeper water but then turned and stranded itself on the shallow water adjoining the beach. We again turned him around and pushed him towards deeper water. Again, he turned and stranded himself on the beach. I then spoke to Jimmy and said I was going to climb on its back and try to steer him to deep water. Jimmy helped me mount the whale just behind the dorsal fin after we had headed it towards the sea. The whale then took off with me on its back and swam at great speed directly towards the open sea. I had difficulty in holding on and also to breathe. After a few hundred yards I decided to get off but was very nervous about being hit by its horizontal flukes. I finally gave a great push in order to come clear, fortunately untouched by the flukes. The whale then sounded and later I saw it come up to breathe and spout several times all in a direct line to the open sea. I swam back to the beach with the satisfaction of having saved a whale.

When I had finished telling Shirley this story she said "that's a tale of a whale and a whale of a tale."

We spent some time there during each summer and in 1938 decided to move to Bermuda permanently. I also gave up my U.S. office and immediately was commissioned as architect for a couple of nice houses in Bermuda. One, "The Palms" in Pembroke for Duncan McMartin, the second, the complete and restoring rebuilding of Somerset House in Paget for Mrs Frances Drake of Chicago.

Later a very large house for William Greave near St. Georges. This was quite profitable as I had no office rent, did all the drafting, and did not need a secretary, so that I was able to pocket all fees with no large expenses. We sold the house in New Canaan in 1939 at a bad time and did not get what we should have received.

Soon after the war started in Europe, Bermuda became the centre of activity of all the allies, and the U.S., although still not at war with Germany. All convoying of ships carrying supplies to the allies was centered on Bermuda. The U.S. and British 50 destroyer deal, followed by the creation of the Greenslade Commission for the selecting of sites for U.S. forces in the Western Atlantic created great activity in Bermuda which was one of the areas selected as a base for the U.S. navy, the U.S. army and the U.S. air force.

I was asked by the Greenslade Commission to help in the selection of sites, particularly for the navy base and to a degree I was directly responsible for the addition of lands in Somerset, for the location of water catchments, to the various islands the Commission had chosen in Hamilton Harbour for the main base.

I later became consulting architect for the U.S. army base. I was <sup>also</sup> asked to join the Navy as a Lieutenant Commander in the bureau of Yard & Docks and to be Officer in charge of the construction of the navy base in/ I took my physical examination on one of the American Bermudas. cruisers and the application went to Washington. About two weeks later I received a cable from my friend on the Greenslade Commission recommending a withdrawal of my application and stating in the cable that an explanatory letter was in the mail. I immediately cabled my withdrawal and when the letter arrived it stated that through senatorial influence a certain man had been appointed with rank as Captain, to be in charge of the construction of the naval base, and in addition it was

stated in the letter that it would be very much unwise to be working under this man's orders.

This particular Captain later became involved in various irregular deals, giving the first contract for work on the navy base to a Bermuda contractor whom we had blacklisted, on our earlier report on information for the navy base, without even requesting figures from the contractors we had recommended, smuggling rum from Cuba on the lighters being bought to Bermuda from Cuba, having household expenses charged illegally to the base and other not too savoury operations. Later through evidence given by various people including head of an important Bermuda bank, this Captain was relieved of his command. All I can say is thank God that I withdrew my application and was not working with him.

By January 1940 Bermuda was on a full wartime footing . The Queen and Monarch of Bermuda had been withdrawn from service to New York. Eastern Steamship Company fortunately had placed a smaller boat on the New York/Bermuda run. Bermuda had become the starting point for the conveying by the American Navy of allied shipping to Europe, so that Hamilton and St. George were full of American , British, and some French troops who had little to do except to try and find illicit fun. Towards the end of 1940 a group of American residents, including myself, arranged to have the old empty Hamilton Hotel in the centre of Hamilton turned over to us and with minor alterations the ground floor was turned into the United Services Club. A sandwich and snack bar was installed for lunches , suppers and drinks for the men. The setting up of this operation cost under \$5.000 and it carried itself financially mostly through the sale of beer. I personally arranged to get a license for the sale of beer from 10.00am to 1.00am in the morning through the passage of an Act of Parliament in two days. We also arranged with various navy ships such as the "Enterprise" to loan their bands for evening dances. A call was also put out with excellent results for local and visiting girls to come to these dances.

Altogether it did wonders for the servicemen on leave in Bermuda and our average daily attendance was between 1000 and 1500 men. Dorothy and I were in charge of the operation with a number of able assistants. It was hard work and we were busy for seven days a week, usually from 10 in the morning to midnight and sometimes later. However, we did manage to keep the great majority of servicemen out of the back streets.

By the early fall of 1941 we both were pretty much exhausted and decided to take a holiday in Mexico. We bought a second hand Buick in New York and drove to Mexico and later to Acapulco. We were in Acapulco when the attack on Pearl Harbour occurred. We returned immediately to Mexico City and found out after some frantic calling to Bermuda that we could not return there, even to our own house, unless I would take a paid job to run the U.S.O. By that time the United Services Club had been taken over by the U.S.O. (United Services Organisation). I could not see myself running the U.S.O. as a paid employee so we decided to stay for a while in Mexico City while I tried to make myself useful in the war effort. I then spent a few months unsuccessfully trying to first get a job with the U.S. Intelligence Service. Turned down due to birth abroad and residence in Bermuda. Then tried Naval Reserve. No luck. Then I worked out a new system of camouflage of troupes during special reconnaissance work and received considerable interest in this from Washington, but this was finally abandoned. Thus we were more or less stuck in Mexico, which certainly was anything but a hardship. Life was fun and inexpensive. We had by this time made loads of friends. Mexico was a wonderful country for short trips to various areas of great interest. So we decided to stay and fortunately found and bought a delightful 250 year old house in San Angel just on the outskirts of Mexico City.

I had been painting during most of the time following our arrival in Mexico and continued this in San Angel. I became friendly with people such as Juan O'Gorman and Diego Rivera, both residents in San Angel and also took lessons from an ex-republican Spanish refugee and wonderful painter, Bardasano.

One day I was visiting Diego Rivera at his large studio in San Angel together with Juan O'Gorman. Diego frequently ran out of funds and at this particular moment was low in cash. In order to quickly make some money he used to set up a lot of tressle tables in his large studio then tack on these possibly 30 pieces of watercolour paper. Following this he would roughly outline on each piece the same subject, such as an Indian woman carrying a great bouquet of cala lilies or a peasant trudging along with an enormous crate on his back. Everyone has seen such watercolours by Rivera. Then he would proceed with a certain colour and dash this on to each sheet in succession and continuing on until he had produced the 30 finished water colours, each of the same subject. These were then sent to different art dealers in Mexico and the United States. I did not know how much money he got for each, probably about \$50. A friend of mine who now has one of them tells me they are now worth over \$2,500.

I was wandering about his studio to where he had turned to the wall a lot of paintings he had finished or was working on. In turning these over, one by one in order to examine them, I came across a wonderful painting of a nude Indian girl combing her hair. It was, in my opinion, one of his best efforts. I then asked Diego if he would sell it to me. The answer, a decided No. He explained that the girl, called Nieves, snow in English, was a mistress of his and he was going to keep the painting. Following a few drinks, I finally persuaded him to sell Nieves to me. Thank goodness Rivera was short of funds! I have owned this picture for over 40 years, have studied it, analysed it and have never been able to, nor wished to change in any way its perfect composition.



Later we built a small holiday home in Acapulco which in those days was virtually undeveloped. We became friendly with Alberto Pullen and his wife. Pullen was active in the development of Las Playas in Acapulco and Las Playas included the two nice beaches of Caletta and Calettilla. Very shortly after Pullen asked me, knowing that I was an architect, to design a new and quite large house for him on the waterfront looking towards the Island of La Roqueta. Following that I was commissioned to design the Hotel de Las Americas which became the first major and best hotel there.

During the course of designing this hotel I had planned, adjoining the main restaurant, a large open terrace with an outside dance floor, all overlooking the immense bay of Acapulco. Al Pullen had retained as advisor for service areas etc., Carlos Barnard, the owner of La Quebrada, a very successful small hotel in Acapulco. During one of our conferences, Carlos advised Pullen and Pullen's partner in the venture, <sup>i</sup>Senor Martinez, not to construct this terrace because in his opinion no one would want to eat out of doors. We had a bit of an argument on this and I <sup>^</sup>won the day by making a sizeable bet with Carlos that when the restaurant was opened that the majority of guests would request tables on the terrace. On opening night all the tables on the terrace were occupied before any guests were forced to be seated inside. The following year, at great expense, this terrace was considerably enlarged and later Carlos Barnard added an outdoor terrace to the dining area in his own hotel. I also added some 40 rooms to Las Americas within 2 years of its opening. Later the hotel became the Prado-Americas due to a change of management. It occupied for Acapulco, a very large area of valuable land which, by around 1968, had become so valuable that the owners, Pullen & Martinez decided to abandon the operation and sell off the property. The division of the property was accomplished in an almost biblical fashion.



Either Pullen or Martinez was to toss a coin and whoever won the toss was to subdivide the land into 2 sections and the loser of the toss was to have his choice of one of the two sections. Pullen lost the toss but had the choice of the 2 sections into which Martinez had divided the property. He chose the interior area which was much larger in acreage and told me that his choice was well worthwhile. He also told me that the hotel during its some 25 years of operation had averaged a net profit each year of around 30% of the original investment.

One very exciting thing happened to us in Acapulco. We had a surf board on which my wife and I were paddling around the peninsular that separated the two beaches of Caletta and Calettia and were about  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the way around and in fairly deep water when I happened to look down and saw to my dismay directly under us a huge Manta Ray with a width of about 20 feet between the tips of its two wings. It was about 5 ft under us and when I continued paddling it followed, still under us, for about 100 yards and then turned away and disappeared. I knew that there was no danger from attack but had visions of his rising and bumping the surfboard and ourselves.

Another day we were all sitting on Caletta beach just above the small surf when we noticed that the surf was receding. We continued to watch the water level gradually lowering and in a short time to below the usual low tide mark. It continued rapidly and exposed the bottom of the bay at least 7 feet below low water mark. Then it reversed and fairly quickly reached its normal height but continued to rise. We had to retreat up the beach and onto the road behind the beach. The sea continued to rise until it stopped a few inches below the actual level of the road.

This fall and rise of the sea continued for about 45 minutes getting less as time elapsed. The swell was caused by a severe earthquake under the sea near Alaska and had hit a town in the Hawaii Islands causing considerable damage. Acapulco was hundreds of miles further South and we calculated that the swells were at least 15 feet high and several miles from east to west and travelling at great speed.

In about 1943 there was some talk of connecting two adjoining park areas in San Angel. One was the park containing the monument to Obregon and the other was a small park nearer Coyoacan just off the Calle Arenal. Our house, plus about three or four others was on the land between these two parks. If this was done our house would be expropriated and under Mexican customs we would receive for expropriated property about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of its real value. I immediately put the house on the market and sold it shortly thereafter for a small profit and decided to build two houses in 3 lots which I had bought on Calle Tokio adjoining the Avenida de Chapultepec in the centre of Mexico City. One was for our own occupancy and the other for rental and the third lot was for part garden and park parking. Our house was quite unusual for a town house. It contained a 2 car garage, an indoor swimming pool and garden for orchids, with the dining room on a balcony overlooking the pool and a living room across the rear of the house facing our own garden which extended across the 3 lots.

During our stay on Calle Tokio, I heard that due to the war in Europe, florists in America could not get certain seeds and bulbs from Europe, particularly Cyclamen seeds and yellow Cala Lily bulbs. I, after considerable searching, found an ideal area near the charming town of Tepoztlan, some 7 miles from Cuernavaca, which I was able to lease. We built a small dam across the existing brook on the property with a waterpump installed for the irrigation of plants.

A very large slat house for the semi-shade required by cyclamen was constructed with benches and trays for raising the plants. Tepotylan was at the correct height above sea level for the type of climate necessary for cyclamen plants. I was also fortunate in that one of the older Mexican indians living in Tepotylan had been formerly employed by a nursery near Mexico City and he was delighted to be made Manager of the operation. In the meantime, I had made contact with one of the wholesale seed merchants in New York and had procured sufficient cyclamen seeds of various varieties from him to commence operations. Our plants grew beautifully and produced even more seeds than expected. About a year after commencing the operation we were able to pick large quantities of seeds in large packages which, labelled with the particular variety contained therein, were sent to this dealer. This continued for a couple of years but we had trouble with our agent in New York due to the carelessness of the Indian help picking the seeds. Unfortunately and frequently, they would mix up the varieties in their work so that the dealer in New York who re-packaged our seeds in the usual small seed packets had many complaints that instead of one particular variety of cyclamen his clients were sometimes getting a mixture of different varieties. This farm was operated until the war in Europe was over and Holland again entered the market. I then turned over the farm to a local florist from Mexico City.

During our long stay in Mexico, besides painting and architecture, I did considerable studying of the Caribbean basin in preparation for the physical surveying of particularly the eastern end of the area for the purpose of creating a resort area which could not be spoiled. I also, together with a friend, Glenn Davis, did a great deal of hunting for orchids and cactus throughout Mexico. One day Glenn told me that he had been hunting for a quite rare species of orchids, *Adontoglossom Citrosomum*, in an area near Uruapan, a town some distance from Mexico City. He had been told by an able botanist that they grew in that area.

He had made a couple of trips to that area but had been unable to find a single plant. He asked me to make a trip to the area with him as I had a reputation for having what he called a sixth sense for finding rare plants. When we arrived in the general area described by the botanist and were descending a long hill to a lush valley below, I saw to the right of the road what seemed to be a gap in the forest about a quarter of a mile away. This gap indicated a deep cut or barranca in the hillside. We stopped and finally made our way through the forest to this cut which turned out to be a barranca possibly 150 feet deep with quite steep sides to which ancient trees were clinging. The branches of these trees and some of the rocky outcrops were thick with hundreds of plants of the orchid we were trying to find.

On all our hunting trips we carried an interesting set of tools for collecting plants. A rope ladder, 2 ten foot lengths of aluminium tubing which could be screwed together with a tool fastened to one end which consisted of a resemblance to a boat hook with a cutting blade and a pointed tool at an angle of about 90 degrees from the blade. With this we could reach up to branches some 20 - 25 ft. above the ground and cut, with the blade, the roots of the orchid which held the plant to the branch. Following this we could insert the point between the plant and the branch thus separating and lifting the orchid from its support. We also carried a bow and arrow. To the arrow we attached a length of nylon cord and we could shoot the arrow over some high branch on which orchids were growing. We then would attach to the nylon cord, which had been shot over the branch and returned with the arrow to the ground, a heavier line which then was pulled over the branch. With this we were able to pull the rope ladder up to within reach of the plants. The rope ladder also could be lowered over the edge of a barranca in order to reach plants well below us.

We, after the excitement of our discovery, returned to the car for this equipment and then collected 10 of the plants for each of us. We left hundreds of plants, each of which was worth quite a lot of money, and returned to Mexico City. We were both careful never to tell anyone where we had found the few plants we took for ourselves. This contrasted with a story about an early 19th century orchid collector in Columbia who ran into a valley full of a new and hitherto unknown *Cattleya* species of orchids. He collected hundreds of plants, all he could carry with the aid of his Indian helpers, to send back to England where he would receive an enormous price for each plant, then set fire to the valley forest and destroyed the multitude of remaining orchids in order to ensure the rarity of the plants he had collected.

During that time I became Vice President of the Mexican Orchid Society and attended an international congress of Orchids in Tuxla Gutierrez in Chiapas at which various representatives of Orchid Societies of North, Central and South America were present. We were the guests of the Governor of the State of Chiapas. During our conference in Tuxla Guttierrez, the Governor gave a large dinner party for all the conferees. We particularly enjoyed the entertainment he had arranged for us by a group of 6 local businessmen who played for us during the evening on three marimbas, each about 9 feet long and in 3 different tones. These were beautifully made in different woods and all inlaid in contrasting colours. The members of this group had formed this association for the pleasure of playing and without question this was the finest marimba music anywhere. They played both classical and modern music superbly. Another feature of the dinner was the variety of the "Tacos" served at the party. These are made of Mexican Tortillas wrapped around all kinds of different tasty fillings, fruits, meats, cheeses and so forth. They were perfectly delicious and I never before or afterwards enjoyed better tacos.

We were also taken on a fascinating and exciting collecting trip for orchids as far as within three miles of the Guatamela border at Lago Montebello. On this trip we had to spend the night in Comitán at probably one of the most dreadful hotels anywhere. The so called bedrooms consisted of large space divided into cubicles separated from one another by 6 ft. high board partitions papered with old newspapers. The beds were board cots with straw mattresses. The only toilet facilities were two holes near the pig pen. The adjoining compartment to ours was occupied by the President of the American Society of Orchids and his fairly elderly, and fussy wife. The only salvation was that there were no bed bugs!

While on the subject of orchids, I want to return several years to about 1936 when I first became interested in their cultivation. Following our trip to Central America, I arranged to import into Bermuda a few different varieties of orchids for experimentation. These were the first orchids brought to Bermuda. Due to the climate, with no frost, high humidity ranging normally above 75% relative humidity, I found out that Cattleyas would grow outdoors under semi-shade almost better than in their native habitats such as Venezuela, Columbia or Costa Rica. After a couple of years experimentation plus the importation and cultivation of many cattleyas and cattleya hybrids such as Laelia-Cattleyas, Brasso Laelia Cattleyas and others, I concluded that Bermuda could become an orchid growing centre supplying flowers to the entire Eastern and Central section of the U.S. At that time the wholesale price in New York City for a good Cattleya Hybrid blossom was around \$1.50 to \$2.50 each, and due to no heating nor necessity for glass houses, the cost of the blossoms raised in Bermuda would be but a fraction of this amount. I then made application to the Government for permission to establish an orchid growing business in Bermuda for export of blossoms only to the U.S. and in order to protect local florists to make no sales of flowers or plants in Bermuda. I also said in the application that I would help any other person to do the same, as the market at that time in the U.S. was unlimited.

The application was probably referred to the local nursery men and florists for their approval. It was turned down due to the objection of one florist. This florist who knew nothing about orchids immediately ordered from Venezuela some 2000 Cattleya Mossia plants and when they arrived put them all inside a poorly ventilated glass house. He did not know that the blossoms of the Cattleya Mossia in the New York market would only fetch around \$1.00 each as opposed to the fine hybrid blossoms worth double or more.

About a year later I received a call from this florist asking me, pathetically, if I would be so kind as to tell him what was wrong with his orchids as most of them were dying. I felt like telling him to go to hell but felt badly for the orchid plants. Upon entering his hot and stuffy greenhouse, I found about 90% of his plants were dead and the balance still living were badly infected by black rot. I told him to hang the remaining living plants outside in a shaded quarry on his property and forget them. Fortunately, most of the plants survived and later prospered. Later on I wrote the chapter on the cultivation of various orchid species in Bermuda in the Bermuda Garden Club book "Gardens in Bermuda". Today orchids are widely grown in Bermuda.

Following our return to Bermuda from Mexico in 1946, two very rich and prominent Bermuda tycoons asked me to go ahead with the growing of orchid blossoms and agreed to finance the operation. I was no longer interested and, in addition, the wearing of large cattleya corsages had gone out of fashion. About that time I rented the Mexico City house to Nancy Oakes, the daughter of Sir Harry Oakes whose murder in Nassau is still unsolved. Later she bought both the houses and the adjoining lot.



Immediately on our return to Bermuda I began the organisation of the exploration trip to the West Indies for the search for our ideal tropical resort area. In the early fall of 1946 Dorothy, my wife, Mrs Marion Giles, Bertram Work and I decided to make this exciting trip. We flew to Puerto Rico and looked over part of the north and east coasts and later the south coast of that large island. No area was satisfactory and, in addition, we were not keen on the Puerto Ricans and their politics. From there to the American Virgin Islands, St. Johns, St Thomas and St Croix. Again, we were not too enthused. We then chartered a yacht and spent a week in the British Virgin Islands. These had better beaches and were far nicer than the American Virgins, particularly Beef Island and Virgin Gorda. Our first stop was Roadtown, the port and capital of the British Virgin Islands. We landed at the wooden dock which was about in the centre of the town. Old, but not too well cared for West Indian houses lined the main street which was parallel to the water front. From most of the houses on the waterside of this road, rickety piers, each with an outhouse on its outer end, projected into the harbour. Government House, a nice but somewhat uncared for colonial building, was at the far end of this road. We called on the administrator, an extremely nice bachelor, to pay our respects and were invited to partake of a few drinks. The furnishings of the house consisted of the barest necessities. In the dining room there were six bare wooden chairs and a table which looked as if it had been brought out of the kitchen. In the main sitting room there were just enough chairs for the administrator and our party, there was not even a picture on the walls. The administrator apologised for the lack of proper furnishings, adding that he only had a single bed and chest of drawers in his own room, but as the Government had no extra funds, he had to put up with it. Sometime later I ran into him at a party at Government House in Antigua and he told us that he had, soon after our visit to Roadtown, arranged for a new issue of British Virgin Islands stamps which had sold extremely well to philatelists and had been able to use some of the proceeds to properly refurnish Government House.

We visited a semi-developed resort area at Caneel Bay on the Island of St. Johns and although it had several beautiful curved beaches, the land behind <sup>the beaches</sup> was low and swampy and a breeding ground for mosquitoes and sand flies. In addition, the area was in the lee of high hills which shut off the essential trade winds from the east. Another disadvantage about Caneel Bay was that all boat transportation between St. Johns and St. Thomas had to cross the Salisbury Channel which was frequently very rough and choppy, affecting adversely guests who were subject to seasickness.

A few years later, in 1954, while in New York following the first few years of the success of the Mill Reef Club in Antigua, I was called to the telephone by Ogden White, a friend of mine who was representing Lawrence Rockefeller's interest in the Caribbean. He said that Rockefeller was considering the purchase of Caneel Bay and wished me to do the developing and architectural work necessary to create a going resort. I immediately mentioned the foregoing disadvantages of the area and recommended that Rockefeller look elsewhere. He asked me to meet with Rockefeller but as my wife and I were leaving for Paris the following day he requested me to write a report on Caneel Bay while in Paris and to mail it to him. This was done and I never heard from either him or Rockefeller. Rockefeller purchased Caneel Bay and commissioned some other architect to do the designing.

Eleven years later I was doing some other work for Rockefeller in Puerto Rico and I came in to see, at the Rockefeller offices in Radio City, another man who at that time was in charge of his Caribbean ventures. When I came into his office he had an unusually happy grin on his face and he explained to me that finally, after eleven years of operations of Caneel Bay it had at last made a profit on operations only, not counting loss of interest on the invested capital.



I then told him about my report on the area and he said that he would immediately look in the archives to find it. I had lunch with him a few days later and I was greeted by "I found your report and by God were you right."

We continued on the chartered yacht as far as the most easterly island, Virgin Gorda, on which there was a fascinating area of lovely beaches called the "Baths". Enormous boulders of possibly granite were strewn all over the property, some near the beach were piled one upon the others in great mounds and one could actually walk through one of the mounds beneath the rocks. We thought of this area as a possibility and even wandered over quite a bit of the interior in order to see if a small airstrip might be built. We decided this was possible and about this time we were told by the captain of our chartered yacht that during the winter, at intervals of two or three weeks, there occurred what he called "the ground sea" which also occurs on most of the beaches on the west coast of the other Windward and Leeward Islands. "The ground sea" is a series of heavy ground swells coming from the west, sometimes reaching 8 to 10 ft. in height and lasting . . . . . 2 to 3 days, causing enormous breakers on the beaches. This would make landing from boats impossible during one of these periods, unless a very long and expensive pier was built. This decided us against the Virgin Islands.

The British Virgin Islands also were unsuited for the location of our projected resort due to no transport except by boats and an extreme lack of labour because a large proportion of citizens of these British Islands were being employed in the American Virgins. Following our return to St. Thomas, we chartered a DC3 and flew to the Dutch and French island of St. Martin. Before taking off from St. Thomas we had to cable to arrange for a car to meet us at the airstrip on the Dutch side.

We landed on the dirt and grass strip there. No customs nor immigration officials, not even a building. One could go and come as one pleased. The car was waiting and very necessary otherwise we would have to walk several miles to Philipsburg, the capital of the Dutch side. The only accommodation in Philipsburg was near the customs office and local dock. We were fortunate as there were only three rooms in this guest house and no other guests. Fortunately, clean, but here, like in Comitán in Mexico, the partitions between rooms were only about 7 ft. high but plastered. One bare electric light bulb hung down in the centre of each bedroom and another in the living area. In addition the one cylinder diesel motor running the only generator for the entire town was shut down at 10.00pm.

the  
Both/Dutch and French sides of St. Martin had great charm and excellent beaches.  
The large lagoon called Simpson Bay was particularly attractive with the mountain peaks in the background. Politically perfect, particularly on the Dutch side, but again the problem was transportation and accessibility. Both Dutch Philipsburg and Marigot, the capital of the French side, were at that time charming unspoiled West Indian towns.

Then back to St. Thomas and on to St. Kitts. St. Kitts and its neighbouring island Nevis, had certain tropical charms and interesting histories. High peaks towering into the sky, lush sugar plantations, both Basseterre on St. Kitts and Charlestown on Nevis were picturesque towns with some lovely old buildings. One fascinating old fortress called "Brimstone Hill" on St. Kitts that during the French and English wars had withstood a siege for several months but finally fell to the French. Another interesting feature on Nevis was known as "The Baths" where in colonial days the elite throughout all the Eastern group of islands came to enjoy the warm baths and the social whirl of those days. Nelson met and married Evelyn Nesbit in Nevis. A lack of good beaches and poor accessibility ruled out these two islands.

On to Antigua, originally named by Columbus Santa Maria La Antigua after a famous saint in Sevilla. Here at Hodges Bay a few miles from the capital, St. Johns, we found a fairly comfortable hotel, The Antigua Beach Hotel, which actually had private baths with some of the rooms. It had been built fairly recently because of the U.S. army and U.S. naval bases established on Antigua just before and during the last war. I was particularly excited to come to Antigua as it was the top scorer in my long investigation of possibilities for the ideal resort in the Caribbean. We immediately arranged for a self drive car which turned out to be a rather shaky old Dodge. On my map of Antigua I had circled in red a certain area on the east coast so on our first trip we headed for that area. We went by the sugar factory, then through green fields of sugar cane with the hills in the distance on our right, then past a pretty plantation called Lyons with Willoughby and Mamora Bay in the distance. We then came to a small but attractive church called St. Philips, then past a large sugar plantation "Montpelier", then out and high above the outer end of Willoughby Bay and past Freetown. By this time the road had deteriorated to a rutted dirt track. We bumped along and finally at the crest of a hill we were suddenly struck by what I had dreamt about. We stopped the car and then oohed and aahed on what we looked down upon. I immediately exclaimed that this was it!

Below us, stretching for miles, were lovely curved pure white beaches, each separated from the next by headlands jutting into the ocean and several small islands just off the coast and what was most important, we saw no habitations except one old stone sugar wind mill tower surrounded by scrubby trees. We followed the track down to the first beach called Half Moon Bay then over a very bad track to Exchange Bay with a small island in the opening between the headlands and protecting this magnificent beach. This was as far as we could get by car and after a walk along this beach admiring the emerald green clear water with lovely coral reefs well out beyond the water edge, we returned to the Beach Hotel.

We then conferred and agreed that we would look over the rest of Antigua, particularly to lay false trails in case anyone would discover what our objectives were. We went to several other areas, almost all with good beaches, but not as good as that we had seen. We drove to English Harbour, the late 18th century and famous dock yard where at one time Nelson had been in command. We investigated the many beautiful and deep bays that indent the island of Antigua. The great advantages to this Island were a friendly population of some 60,000 inhabitants, a completely modern concrete airport built by the U.S.A., a town, St Johns, large enough to have good shopping facilities plus the fact that the island was a British colony with the seat of the Governor of the Leeward Islands located on the outskirts of St. Johns. Climatically, the eastern side of the island was perfect for people on holiday. Very little humidity and only about 30 inches of rainfall each year, most of which falls during September, October and November. Further, and one of its greatest assets was that there was no standing water on this part of the east coast so that area was free from mosquitoes. The one disadvantage was the water problem which later we were able to solve successfully. The lack of rainfall possibly contributed greatly to my easy acquisition of this area due to the abandonment of the entire area by agriculturists on account of the scarcity of water.

Marion Giles and Bertram Work returned to the U.S. because we had decided to look no further for our goal. We did make several more trips to the chosen land and did considerable exploring on foot to the north of Exchange Bay, getting up as far as an old fort called Fort Harman we found on one of the headlands. Bertram Work later acquired this fort and altered it into a charming house.

My wife and I stayed on in order to try and acquire the property and make arrangements for the formation of a company, and other legal matters with the Government. On this we had no problems and the Governor, Sir Brian Freestone and

the administrator, a Mr Greening, were both extremely helpful. We both stayed in Antigua for the rest of the fall of 1946 until late spring 1947. We rented an old house in St. Johns and brought Dorothy's three children down from Bermuda to join us.

My first job to acquire the property was to find out who owned what. I spent several weeks in the records office looking up the deeds of pieces of land on the area, finding out its size and the owners of adjoining land and then trying to outline this on a map of the property that was enlarged by me from a map of all of Antigua; then doing the same with the adjoining property and continuing up the coast to the north. Fortunately, the most southerly land was owned by the Government and I started with this 160 acres. Incidentally, there were no property surveys. The deeds merely gave the area of each property and the names of adjoining owners. To describe these deeds, they stated that Sandy Beach Plantation contained 25 acres, bounded on the east by the sea, on the south by property of Mr John Smith, on the west by property of Mr James Green, on the north by property of Mr Brown. After several weeks trying to construct a jig saw puzzle of the various properties, some 15 in all, I fortunately ended <sup>up</sup> with no gaps between. I did have the advantage that I was not trying to buy any of the Montpelier estate which was on part of the western boundaries of quite a few properties I was planning to acquire. When I had finished this rather tedious job I then approached the best lawyer in Antigua, Mr Sidney Christian, and commissioned him to try and buy all of the various properties. I myself approached the Government and through the kind help of Mr Greening, I was able to acquire a lease for 99 years on the Sherriff's estate of 160 acres at the southern end of the property for a fixed annual rent of \$100 E.C. currency (now about U.S.\$40).

Mr Christian ran into difficulties with only 3 of the owners and I was brought into the picture. A small 10 acre holding on the water was owned by an elderly aunt of a clerk in one of St. Johns large shopping organisations. At this point I might say that the average price I was paying was between \$10 - \$15 per acre. This clerk evidently was advising his aunt and demanded of Mr Christian \$50 an acre for the 10 acre holding of his aunt.

He was also a friend of another owner whose <sup>adjoining</sup> land was around 40 acres and who also was asking \$50 an acre for his land. I had not yet acquired options on quite a number of properties so I could not afford to make a precedent of paying \$50 an acre for both of these pieces. I asked Mr Christian to arrange a meeting between this man and myself. I told him that I could not afford the \$50 per acre but suggested that he go back to his aunt and get her to agree to a lower price. The next day we met and he told me that he had persuaded her to lower her price to \$25 per acre. I told him that that was impossible but if he could arrange to have her accept \$10 an acre and for his friend to take \$10 an acre, I would pay him \$150 which was the difference between the \$10 and \$25 of the asking price <sup>of his aunt's ten acre property.</sup> He agreed and options were signed immediately for both pieces at \$10 per acre and he pocketed the \$150 difference.

The other piece over which we had difficulties was a large holding of around 250 acres at the very north end of the area I was trying to acquire. It belonged to a peasant couple who, when approached by Sydney Christian, said that they would not sell. Mr Christian, at my suggestion, arranged a meeting at his office with the couple and myself. When I met them to talk about the land Sydney Christian was present. He told them in very blunt autocratic terms that they must sell the land to me. I immediately saw their revulsion against Christian's attitude and requested Christian to let me talk to the couple alone. When we went into a private office they hesitated to sit down and behaved a bit like a pair of underlings before their master. I asked them to sit down and make themselves comfortable. Then I started talking and asking them questions about their life, their children, what they did with the land. They had 6 young daughters and the wife expressed her worry about their future. I explained that we were establishing a simple community where I was sure that some of the daughters would find employment. This pleasant talk lasted about an hour during which time no mention of purchase of the land was made. They told me that all they did with the land was to cut down trees for burning charcoal and cultivated maybe a couple of acres, not very successfully, in sea island cotton.

The husband also said he did some fishing but the market at Freetown quite often could only buy a small proportion of his catch. I suggested that he might like to have some sugar cane land and a better market for his fish. Finally, the wife turned to me and exclaimed "you're the nicest gentleman I . . . every met, and I give you our land". I immediately expressed my appreciation and thanked the couple profusely but said I could not accept the land as a gift but would pay them the average price that I was paying for all the other land I was purchasing. They were delighted and signed the option that morning. For years after both always greeted me almost with affection and several of their daughters procured household work on the Club property.

That was the final piece of property that I wished to acquire and we then had the rather difficult task of determining and settling the various western boundaries between the land I was buying and the land belonging to Montpelier Estate and other owners bordering on the west. I organised all the owners of land being purchased, the owners of the adjoining land, several labourers with cutlasses and a large number of white washed stakes, a surveyor, a representative of my lawyer Sydney Christian, and myself, to meet early in the morning at the south western corner of all the property. We then proceeded along the unmarked boundary between our land and the land to the west. All day long there were heated arguments between the two sides and following some generosity on my part, the two sides would agree and stakes would be placed at every change of direction and numbered by the surveyor. This was all then dense undergrowth and scrub trees and required an immense amount of work with the cutlasses. After a break for lunch we continued along our western boundary but had to return the following day to complete this operation. By late afternoon of the first day I was surprised at how far we were to the west, and north, much further than my jigsaw map indicated. Finally, at the end of the second day, we reached the north west corner of the land that I was buying. We were some 500 to 600 yards further west on Nonsuch Bay (our northern boundary) than I had anticipated; naturally I was delighted but puzzled.



The explanation was that I had used the acreage quoted in the deeds of each piece of land in making up my jigsaw map but on account of taxes being paid on an acreage basis, for generations the acreage quoted in the deeds was generally considerably less than the actual acreage. So instead of my calculated 900 acres I found that I had acquired over 1200 acres. Fortunately for me, the prices on the options were all lump sums figures on a price per acre multiplied by the acreage quoted in the various deeds. I then completed the purchase of all the land including Green Island, in my name as no company had yet been formed.

We returned to New York in the early spring of 1947. I was now in the position of owning the land with the difficult job ahead of procuring members in order to finance the construction of the necessary buildings, roads, water supply and electric power. Bertram Work and John Brotherhood were the two first members of what later became the Mill Reef Club. They had been interested in it since a dinner party at my house, "Greendale" in Bermuda in 1939, when I first had the idea of creating a resort that could not be spoiled. Several of their friends became interested including Jay Holmes, Ralph Semler and his sister, Mrs Mortimer Seabury, Hicks Kerr and others. I contacted Herbert Semler, a brother of Mrs Seabury and Ralph Semler, a partner in the law firm of Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam & Roberts, for help on the legal end of establishing the company which was to <sup>own and</sup> run the club and property. This was completed by June 1947. I rented office space on 42nd Street New York City in order to produce plans for the subdivision of the property and the architectural plans for the clubhouse and other necessary works. I also had a nice model of the clubhouse made in order to more easily explain to prospective members what it was going to look like. By the late summer of 1947 we were in the midst of the difficult task of procuring our membership but met with some success considering that virtually no one knew that area of the West Indies and a lot of people upon hearing the name Antigua, immediately thought we were considering Antigua, the ancient abandoned capital of Guatemala.



By November 1947, several more members had joined and at last we had a sufficient number of members to consider starting construction. Then, unfortunately, several members dropped out due to a minor depression at that time and it was not until the end of January 1948 that we recovered the total of 45 members in order to commence construction. I had set the required number of proprietary members at 45 before we could consider constructing the club building, road, water catchment etc. The plans had already been completed and I had arranged with an excellent builder Clarence Johnson, from the U.S. to run the operation.

During that winter quite a number of the members visited Antigua and stayed for several weeks at the Antigua Beach Hotel and usually spent the day at Mill Reef, picnicing, swimming or exploring. Amongst those were Mr and Mrs Seabury, Mr and Mrs Bertram Work, Mr and Mrs Leslie Allen and Mr and Mrs Hicks Herr.

The name "Mill Reef" was the result of weeks of discussion between myself and several of those members. The property formally was cultivated in sugar cane and two stone windmills, built in the late 18th and early 19th century still existed on the property. The shore front has marvellous beaches but beyond the beaches were many beautiful coral reefs. The name Mill Reef combined these two facts and was short and easily remembered. The name, which had become well known during the last 30 years became even more famous due to Paul Mellon, who joined the club some 12 years after its foundation and named one of his colts "Mill Reef" after the club. As most people interested in racing know, this colt Mill Reef became winner of the Derby at Epsom, the Arc De Triomphe at Longchamps, France, and other important races. Mill Reef's progeny, also named after certain areas in Antigua, Shirley Heights, English Harbour, Soldiers Point and Pelican Point, have also become famous and known by all interested in horse racing.

The club was finally opened at the end of February 1949, even though not quite completed. This year, 1986, is the 38th season of success. There are now some 54 houses on Mill Reef property of which I am proud to say I designed 48.

total  
My costs for the original purchase of Mill Reef including legal fees, travel expenses in finding the land etc., came to around \$39,000 U.S.. I transferred to the club all the land for that amount except for a site for myself, due to my original conception that the only way to preserve a resort area from being spoiled and ruined was to completely remove the profit motive. The first few members to build houses at Mill Reef were Henry G. Holt, Hicks Kerr, Mr and Mrs Walter Allen and myself. Those four houses have since been sold to other members. When I was about to start building my house at Mill Reef, and construction was just about to commence, I happened to be in New York and heard that a charming woman who had rented my second house on Calle Tokio in Mexico City, had died. I remembered that she had lived in Bali for sometime and had told me that while in Bali she had purchased parts of an old Balinese house and had always wanted to use these somewhere and that they were stored in New Jersey with her son. It occurred to me that possibly it might be used in conjunction with my new house. I was fortunate to contact her son in Orange, New Jersey, and arranged a visit to see what I understood to be parts of a Balinese House. When I arrived at her son's house in Orange, he had brought out of storage and had laid out all the pieces on his lawn for inspection. Instead of parts of a house it was an amazing collection of carvings, posts and other objects, plus a complete magnificent carved and painted doorway. A lot of the carvings were the sides of musical instruments called " ? ". He was not sure what to do with this collection and had considered giving the lot to some museum. However, I persuaded him to sell them to me and then arranged for their shipment to Antigua. While I was still in Orange, I measured up a lot of the larger carvings, such as the doorway, the posts and some very long pieces of carving, in order to incorporate them in the new plans of the house. I then had to completely redesign my new house at Mill Reef to incorporate the carvings and to have the design of the entire house and its furnishings tie in with the Balinese spirit. We also named the house Bali-Li due to the carvings and the house being in the lee of the hill adjoining it.

One of my thoughts at the early stages of what was to eventually be the Mill Reef Club was how to gather an interesting group of members. Nassau in the Bahamas was a haven, particularly in the late 20's and early 30's for a great many well-to-do people, with large numbers from the swanky areas around New York and particularly from the north shore of Long Island. At some dinner party at the Old Porcupine Club on Hog Island, one would dine with almost the same group as one would meet at the Piping Rock Club in Locust Valley. Philadelphia upper crust congregated on the coast of Maine at Mount Desert Island. I felt it was very important for the success of Mill Reef to have a mixture and variety of members from different areas in the States and abroad. I also wanted interesting people, not just the rich.

This was accomplished by budgeting the number of members from different areas, 10 from New York area, 5 from Philadelphia, 4 from Boston etc. etc. and as many as possible from mid and far western cities. Also I made a rule at the start of the club that no one should spend more than \$25,000 on their house at the club. This was to enable interesting people to join who might not be terribly wealthy. This rule naturally had to be forgotten due to the continuous rise of building costs. However, the first four houses were built following that principle and in the following years most members built simple but very pleasant houses.

I spent nearly a year procuring the 45 proprietary members, which number was needed in order to finance the construction of roads, water catchment, electric generating plant and the first phase of the clubhouse. The original cost of the proprietary membership was \$7,500. For this the member was entitled to a property on the club land. The smallest lot was over 2½ acres and some properties on hilly areas with magnificent views were as large as 20 acres. These proprietary members were given the choice and deeds of a property in the order of their becoming members.

I was helped by several friends in the quest for members. Bertram Work, Ben Quinn, Jack Brötherhood, Mrs Walter Allen and Mrs Mortimer Seabury were amongst the early members and all helped in interesting attractive friends to join. I would arrange with a friend of mine, say in Chicago, to give a large dinner party after which I would show movies of the property, a model of the clubhouse and explain the entire venture. At the party in Chicago I gained two proprietary members. This method I used in most of the larger cities east of the Mississippi and with the able help of the original group we succeeded in procuring the 45 members by the end of January 1948.

During the period of the search for members of the projected club, I had left the projector and movie films of the club site at Ben Quinn's apartment in New York City, when it was broken into and both the films and the projector were stolen. This almost certainly would mean a special trip to Antigua in order to refilm the site of the club and the other views of Antigua. I put an advertisement in the Herald Tribune stating that I would pay a good reward for the return of the films and giving my telephone number. The following day a man called me to say that he had the films and we set up a meeting place for their return and payment of the reward. We met late that afternoon at the scheduled site and I received the films and he the reward.

I had arranged in New York in the fall of 1947 for a very able building foreman Mr Clarence Johnson, to come to Antigua on a salary basis when we were ready to start work and we arranged for his arrival in Antigua in January 1948. The arrangement with him was that following completion of the clubhouse, roads and electric generating plant and water catchment, we would set him up as an independent contractor who would be available for the construction of the houses which the various members would build. We arranged for an area on the club property for his offices, workyard etc. Through this arrangement he became a very successful contractor, building some 50 houses at Mill Reef, later the air terminal at Coolidge Field, Antigua, several hotels and, following his death, his firm carried on under the management of his two sons, Jack and Robert Johnson.

As the club was to be opened in early 1949, it became essential that non-resident members should be found in order to have a good occupancy rate for the rooms in the clubhouse. Quite a number of friends of the proprietary members joined as non-resident members but it became very important to add to this group. The method used was that I contacted the heads of the best travel agents in various U.S. cities, giving them the privilege of sending their clients to the club for a stay of two weeks or less. I insisted that the head of each travel agency should personally approve of these guests. The result was that a great number of these, following their stay at the club, applied for and were elected by the membership committee to membership of the club. It also assured a good occupancy rate for the club.

In the selection of members I was particularly anxious to have an interesting and varied type. We did not wish to only have wealthy business tycoons. With this in mind, both the proprietary and non-resident list eventually contained a large number of interesting and talented members. Amongst these were Archibald MacLeish, Poet Laureate; Donald-David, at one time head of the Harvard Business School, and later chairman of the Ford Foundation; Mr Milton Eisenhower, brother of our late president; Dean Acheson, Secretary of State; Laurens Hammond of the Hammond Organ Co.; Andre Kostelenee the well known musician, Mr George McBundy Dr Fred Olsen, John Cowles, owner of several well known newspapers in the Middle West, Malcolm Muir, head of Newsweek; Walter Kohler, former governor of Wisconsin; Thomas Watson Jr. of IBM; The Earl of Avon (Sir Anthony Eden); Henry Ford II, and many others. The result of these policies was the creation of an unspoilt simple resort with ample sport facilities on one of the finest shore fronts in the world. It has now been in existence for over 37 years. A sporty 9 hole golf course was finished in 1951 and there are now 5 or 6 excellent tennis courts with several American style croquet lawns and a very good yacht harbour. Unfortunately, only 3 or 4 of the original members are still alive, but the policies of the club are the same as originally planned. I have seen almost all resort areas throughout the world spoiled through overdevelopment and by money hunting promoters, and am very proud of the creation of the Mill Reef Club.

During the winter of 1954 I visited St. Croix on the American Virgin Islands quite frequently due to the design and construction of the hotel and golf course of "Estate Carlton". One one of these trips, I was introduced by my client to a water diviner from Maine in the U.S. who had been commissioned to locate water on the estate. This diviner had a wonderful reputation for locating water not only on site but also by using maps without even visiting the areas being searched. He also supposedly had the ability to locate other objects such as ruins, ancient sites etc.

I happened to have with me a survey of all the Mill Reef land and asked this diviner if he could locate any Arawak Indian sites on this map. He located a spot some 400 yards inland from the south end of York bay. On my return to Mill Reef I spoke of this to Ogden Starr, the husband of my stepdaughter. He later went to this site and while wandering about he picked up several chards or broken pieces of pottery and later showed them to me. The site was near a dried up stream bed which no longer ran due to the lack of rainfall during the last couple of hundred years, caused by the deforestation of the entire area.

I visited the area several times but could find no middens or mounds which generally were created by Indian settlements due to all the rubbish thrown out around their simple dwellings over hundreds of years. I then thought of an area a mile or so north of this first stream between York Bay and Little Deep Bay where there had been a much larger stream and higher ground adjoining. I then explored this new area and discovered what had been a sizeable Arawak settlement. We found remains of middens full of broken pottery, loads of conch and other shells and later in one digging, the bottom of the charred posts of a dwelling and a few beautifully worked stone axe heads. Due to this discovery, quite a number of Mill Reef members became very interested in these Arawak remains and joined in the diggings and later in the creation of an Archeological Society. Amongst these were Dr Fred Olsen, who later wrote a book about the Arawak settlements on Antigua, and was also responsible for the Arawak museum incorporated in the ancient stone windmill just inside the main entrance to the Mill Reef lands. I, following this discovery, decided to try and find other Arawak sites on Antigua. I was fortunate to discover several other sites. One very important Arawak settlement found was between Mamora Bay and Willowby Bay adjoining the area next to the site of the Holiday Inn. Unfortunately, this site was never thoroughly excavated due to it later becoming part of the landscaped area of the hotel. Another site was on the north side of a peninsula where the old Leper Colony existed. A third site was near the abandoned U.S. Navy Base on the peninsular north east of Parham. This site may have been a pre-Arawak or Siboney site as no pottery was found.

While building the Antigua Horizons Hotel a rich site was discovered but never excavated. Altogether I found about 7 or 8 different sites along the seacoast. All these sites adjoined the various bays of Antigua, where there were plenty of coral reefs. Amongst these reefs were fish, conch and other shell fish that formed part of the Arawak diet. The sites generally were near fresh water sources. The interest in archaeology increased over the next few years and after I moved from Mill Reef to Barbados several very important new sites were found, such as Indian Creek and Long Island. During the years before I left Mill Reef part of the terrace of my house "Bali-Li" at Mill Reef, was covered with pieces of broken Arawak pottery carefully placed so that shards found in one area were together. From these, with a lot of patience, I was able to fit together a number of partially complete dishes and pots, some of which are now in the museum at Mill Reef. I have enjoyed a great deal of satisfaction from the creation of all the interest in Indian archaeology in Antigua.

In the spring of 1954 we decided to spend the summer in Spain. At that time I was still in the midst of planning and designing the new development, "Estate Carleton" on St. Croix in the American Virgin Islands, including a 9 hole golf course, and decided that I could do the work in Mallorca. I also planned when this was finished to try and do some painting.

In Mallorca, following a stay at the Hotel Bendinat, we rented a small cottage on a beach near the Hotel Maricel, where several of our friends were staying, amongst whom were Mr and Mrs Bertram Work and Mrs Elsa Mitchell, both of whom had houses at Mill Reef in Antigua. I was occupied during part of each day with the planning of Estate Carleton, but there was still loads of time for seeing and meeting with these and other friends to whom we had been introduced; Lord and Lady Stamp and Mrs and Mrs Selborne were amongst our new found friends.

I remember one day going to the airport with the Selbornes either to meet or say goodbye to friends and when the, at that time<sup>a</sup> new Viscount plane arrived



and turned around, the swish of the air from its propellers blew Dolly Selborne's skirt up : exposing a very lovely pair of legs.

After a stay of some six weeks, we flew to the Costa del Sol and spent several weeks in different towns, Torremolinos, Fuengirola and Marbella. All these at that time were unspoiled, charming Spanish towns with little tourist development. I remember painting in a street in Torremolinos in the middle of the day with hardly any people about. Another time, in Marbella, on a square on which now is the well known restaurant "La Fonda",

I had set up my easel next to the steps of a small church and painted the balance of the area, the only activity was the local women and all the buildings were painted in pastel colours filling their jars from the fountain in its centre. Today this same square is full of parked automobiles, and all buildings are white.

At Mill Reef I owned two brown "moyen" poodles. The bitch poodle was quite old and very lovable. We also had just acquired a very young cat to replace one that unfortunately had died of old age. When I introduced the new kitten to the very friendly bitch poodle the kitten arched her back and spat at the dog. Two hours later I found the poodle lying on her side and the kitten trying unsuccessfully to nurse the dog and being licked and cleaned. The male poodle who was much younger sometimes wandered and I found out later that he chased the wild goats which sometimes roamed the interior of the extensive Mill Reef property. One day he did not return and we searched in vain for him. The following day a young native boy brought him back. What had happened was the following; in chasing the goats, one whom he was almost upon, unfortunately ran directly towards and fell into an old excavation for a well nearly 20 ft deep. The dog could not stop and also tumbled into this well. Fortunately, it was dry and neither of the animals was hurt. The young man, in passing by, heard the howling and barking of the dog and borrowed a ladder and rescued both animals. Needless to say, I thanked the boy and presented him with a nice reward.



For the next few years we spent a great deal of time at our house in Mill Reef and some time in New York. Generally, we spent part of each summer, except for 1954, in Nantucket at 21 India Street, a nice Captains house built around 1780.

Another quite amusing incident was a trick which I played on a charming young bride. She and her husband were visiting us and we were all bathing on the lovely beach below our house. I had brought purposely with me the small silver bell generally used on the dining table. I told the girl that small fish called Pompano would come to me if I rang the bell. She was astonished at this and then I proceeded to sit on the waters edge and tinkled the bell. Within minutes two Pompano appeared and swam around my feet. She was astonished and never knew how the trick was done. I had found out before that quite frequently these pompano would come around the feet of anyone standing or walking in shallow water in order to feed on minute objects stirred up from the sand by ones feet. All I had done was, when sitting, to stir up the sand with my toes.

I have always been interested in and have enjoyed over many years, fishing. I can remember when I was quite young, men on the south shore of Nantucket, heaving and hawling, as it was then called, for bluefish. This consisted of a carefully laid out coil of line on the sand attached to a heavy drail of lead with a hook at the tip. The men would twirl the line with the drail over there heads and then heave it out over the surf and then hand over hand hawl the line back. If a fish was hooked it merely would be hawled in through the surf. This method was changed in later years by using a rod and reel, but still using the lead drail. This enabled the drail to be cast much further out to sea. This method was used up to about 30 years ago. For several years I enjoyed this but felt that the lure did not imitate the minnows that the bluefish usually chased for food. I felt that a bait that skipped through and over the surface would be more like the minnows the bluefish normally were chasing.

I then bought a long ten foot plastic fishing rod, fitted it with spinning rod guides and a large spinning reel, and also bought several large bass lures of wood. These I drilled and added lead into the holes in order to have the lure the exact specific gravity of sea water and also painted <sup>them</sup> with silver paint. Then, using a nylon line of about 8 pounds test, I went to a part of the shore where there were no fish and tried out this outfit. I had expected, and found out that I could only cast the lure out over the surf about two thirds of the distance of the shorter rod and reel with the heavy lead drail. This I expected. However, by using the right hand for jerking the rod and my left hand turning the handle of the reel, I could skip the bait along the surface of the sea. Following some practice with this new method, I went out early one morning to Great Point to try it out. I was out early enough to get a good place on the beach and there were several other fishermen casting for bluefish on either side of me, some of whom I knew. They smiled at my new rig, expecting it would not work. At that time there were 2 or 3 fish caught. I made a couple of casts with no result. The third cast was successful and, due to the light 8 lb test line I had to play the fish for some time and finally landed it. At the end of the tide I had caught 14 fish and all the others had only a total of 10. Soon after a lot of fishermen changed to my system.

At Mill Reef in Antigua, I pursued several different forms of fishing. I used a small dingy with an outboard motor for tarpon fishing in the upper parts of Nonsuch Bay near and amongst the mangrove trees which grew in about two to three feet of water. I used a salmon rod and reel with a wet fly and about a 10 pound test line. I, drifting along, would cast near the trees in shallow water. If I got a strike the tarpon would usually take a run and leap into the air. If it was a 50 <sup>lb</sup> - 100lb fish I might get 2 or 3 jumps before it would throw the hook. If around 15 <sup>lb</sup> 30 lbs I could hold him and would have a 15 minute struggle until I could bring him alongside. I always then released the tarpon as they were no good to eat.

On a good day I might get as many as 15 strikes.

With the same outfit I used to troll for Baracuda, but using a spinning lure. Upon hooking a sizeable 20 or 30 lb fish due to the light tackle it would really give me a fight lasting for several minutes. It would also break the surface many times and sometimes might leap to 6 ft. above the water. With heavy tackle one never got much of a struggle. Again, I released all big baracuda but kept the smaller fish which were good to eat. On the beaches I used a trout rod and dry fly for casting into the runback of the surf for small pampano. These fish fed on food stirred up from the sand by the surf and by casting on the clearer water patches of the runback somewhat free from foam I could catch 3 or 4 in a short time. These were delicious to eat. But the best fishing was for Bonefish. These were found on the shallow sand bars in Parham Harbour off Long Island, and along the beaches at Mill Reef. Due to the surf on the beaches I had to use a spinner as lure, but on the sand bars I waded up to my waist, using a trout rod and wet fly which I designed and made. One would wade quietly along on the sandbar until you would sight 1 or 2 bonefish swimming and feeding on the bottom, then move quietly to be within casting distance. Casts had to be made ahead of the fishes path in order to let the wet fly sink to the bottom. When the bonefish got near, say 2 or 3 ft from the fly, one would give the line a slight jerk in order to make the fly move or jump a few inches. If lucky, the fish took the lure and sped off. An average sized bonefish, say of 5 lbs, would give one a 15 minute fight before landing it. Again, as in the tarpon fishing, we released most of the fish unless we happened to catch an exceptionally large one. One day I saw a huge bonefish, probably around 14 lbs, and fortunately hooked it. Within seconds it took the 200 feet of line off my reel and broke away. With bait one can catch with much less skill at least treble the number of bonefish due to leaving the bait on the bottom until a fish came along, but for me catching the fish on a wet fly was more fun. Also, there was always a trade wind blowing and the casting to a certain spot took great skill.

In 1956 I formed the firm of Robertson Ward Associates with the help of James Walker, and opened an office in St. Johns, Antigua, due to the developing tourism in the Windward and Leeward Islands, greatly influenced by the success of Mill Reef. During the next few years the firm designed several hotels, Half Moon Bay, Antigua Horizons, Curtain Bluff and others, plus the Antigua Air Terminal, the Government Administration Building, the new Post Office, the nurses hostel and the Moravian church.

In looking back over the past 35 odd years, I have come to realise how much I have influenced the development of the Windward and Leeward Islands which, even after the 2nd world war, were virtually unknown by the travelling public except for the few passengers on the P & O steamships that stopped on their way to Australia or Barbados, and knew of that island.

In 1946 air services to these islands consisted of 2 flights in each direction a week by Pan Am, using D.C.3's from Puerto Rico, plus Imperial Airways Lockheed 14 passenger planes with 2 flights in each direction a week, again from Puerto Rico. To reach Puerto Rico at that time from New York, one had to take a Pan Am DC4 at 11.00pm, arriving in San Juan at about 8 to 9 am. Then a DC3 to Antigua, stopping at St. Thomas and St. Kitts, arriving in Antigua about 11 am.

In 1950 I succeeded in persuading Juan T. Trippe of Pan Am to establish a direct flight in DC6's from New York's Idlewild Airport (now Kennedy) direct to Antigua with a stopover for refuelling in San Juan, leaving each Friday night at 11.00pm and arriving in Antigua at about 9 am Saturday, and then returning to New York that day. It was called the Mill Reef Special, and was printed in red on their timetables.

We always met the Mill Reef Special with a small steel band and a bar to greet the arriving members and guests and to give a gay send off to those departing.

Princess Margaret was invited to Antigua around 1956 to inaugurate the restoration of Nelson's Dockyard at English Harbour, for which I was the architect in charge. We were able to find the original drawings of some of the buildings in the Admiralty in London and one of the interesting finds was that the copper and lumber store building had been built to within a half inch of the sizes shown on the original drawings.

Sir Kenneth Blackburne, the Governor of the Leeward Islands, and Lady Blackburne gave a very nice dinner party in Government House the night before the inauguration of the Dockyard. Those present were Princess Margaret and her retinue of Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Miss Chris Peake and Sir Norman Guadkin, and my wife Dorothy and myself. Following dinner Princess Margaret and her ladies in waiting retired. My wife also went upstairs to an adjoining room. Whilst there she heard shrieks of laughter from Princess Margaret's party. Sir Kenneth Blackburne had a lot of repairs, badly needed, done to Government House for Princess Margaret's visit and the plumbers had connected the hot water pipes to the water closet.

I had arranged a dance for that evening at the Mill Reef Club for Princess Margaret and her party, with a very good steel band. All of the dinner party had accepted the invitation. Later in the evening they decided not to go and a lot of the Mill Reef members were very disappointed.

Some years later in 1960 Princess Margaret and her husband, Anthony Armstrong-Jones, now the Earl of Snowdon, came to Antigua on their honeymoon.

I was asked by Sir Kenneth Blackburne if I would give them the use of my house, Bali-Li, at Mill Reef for a few days. Bali-Li was in a secluded area of the club property and had its own beautiful private beach. My wife Dorothy and I would move into the clubhouse, thus leaving the house, including four servants and full of flowering orchids, to the honeymooners.

Princess Margaret and her husband, I understand, greatly enjoyed their stay. Sadly, we never received a letter thanking us and later we found that they had signed out guest book.

About that time, I was invited to become a member of the Antigua Tourist Board and through my influence it recommended to the Government that, in order to promote tourism, Antigua needed hotels and that by giving to possible hotel investors some aid, such as freedom from income tax for 10 years, freedom from import duties on construction materials, equipment and furnishings, that this aid would greatly encourage the building of new hotels. This hotel aid law was passed by the Government House of Assembly around 1950 and was one of the first hotel aid laws in the West Indian islands. Almost immediately several new hotels, already mentioned, were built. A few years later, the Antigua Government killed some of the advantages of this hotel aid law by creating a tax on occupancy, know as "bed tax". Unfortunately, this had a very adverse influence on investment in hotels and the impetus given by the hotal aid law was nullified.

The building of the Mill Reef Club and several hotels in Antigua was followed shortly by hotel development in other islands in the eastern section of the Caribbean. Air service from the U.S., and later from Canada and Europe, also kept improving and this naturally had a big influence on further development of this area. Barbados was the first island to feel the effects of the growth in touristic interest after Antigua. Several small hotel operations were started there, particularly on the St. James coast. These included the Colony Club, the Miramar, Coral Reef Club and Paradise Beach, but the greatest influence was created by Ronald Tree and a syndicate which he headed. Mr Tree asked me to come to Barbados in the late winter of 1958, to give my opinion as to the advisability of a syndicate purchasing the sugar plantation of approximately 400 acres and the factory known as Sandy Lane. The 3,500ft. beach frontage had great charm with mahogany and other trees bordering the sea. The beach sand, at that time, was very gray due to the soot belching from the Sandy Lane factory for many years and the main highway was unfortunately only 100 - 150 ft from the high tide mark.

I immediately arranged for a test on the beach sand and found out that the soot blown from the sugar factory only affected the surface sand down to a depth of only 2 or 3 ft. That solved one problem. The second and most difficult problem was the relocation of the main highway and I told Mr Tree that if he could persuade the Government to allow the relocation of the highway some three hundred feet or more back from the sea, that the success of the venture would be secure. Fortunately, the Government was agreeable and the project proceeded.

We spent the summer of 1959 in our house in Nantucket, Massachusetts, where I designed and drew up most of the working drawings for the Sandy Lane Hotel and also for the development, including the golf course, of the old plantation. I was very anxious to have the Sandy Lane Hotel fit perfectly into the character and atmosphere of an English colony in the tropics. I imagined that I was a well educated Englishman of the late 18th century whose home in England had been designed by one of the great architects of the time, and was moving to Barbados to build myself what was called a "Great House". On arrival in Barbados I discovered the wonderful coral stone of which most of the plantation houses had been built. I also found out that the craftsmen, masons and carpenters of Barbados could not execute the more intricate details of georgian architecture. So, with this attitude in my mind, I created Sandy Lane. Now Sandy Lane, after some 25 years, is the outstanding building in Barbados and I am quite sure that in the distant future it will never be considered out of date.

When planning the general layout of the residential part of the Sandy Lane estate, I also had to lay out the golf course. Instead of concentrating the 9 holes of the course in one area, as done almost everywhere, I laid out the various holes wandering through the property and no 2 holes were adjoining. This enabled a much greater number of house lots to be bordering on the fairways and greens of the course. Naturally, this added enormously to the value and sales price of each lot that bordered the course, but did not increase the cost of the course. It also made the course more interesting as the players had a new and fresh view from all of the holes.



Sandy Lane was opened in early 1961 and immediately acquired the wonderful reputation that it still has, as the best and most beautiful hotel and development in the West Indies. To date there have been some 60 or 70 very charming houses built on the development, of which I designed the majority. A second nine holes of the golf course was added around 1971. Several additions have been made to the hotel itself and another made during 1980.

Sandy Lane was not only the spark plug for development in Barbados, but also greatly influenced tourist development in the other Windward and Leeward Islands. St. Lucia went ahead rapidly with the development of Cap Estate by an English group, followed by the Caribbean Beach Hotel, Holiday Inn, Trafalgar's development of La Toc, including a 160 room hotel, village and golf course, and Stiegenberger's beautiful Cariblue Hotel on Cap Estate, all of which I designed.

The French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique were somewhat slower in their development but now have ample tourist facilities on each island. Tobago, St. Vincent, Grenada, Mustique, Monserrat and the British Virgin Islands now have excellent hotels and tourist facilities. St Martin, half French and half Dutch is the latest outstanding developed island with several good hotels and developments, including the newest and most successful "La Samanna", which I designed. The only islands not doing as well, and this has been influenced by politics and lack of good beach are Dominica and St. Kitts - Nevis.

Due to the great success of the Mill Reef Club, I was asked by Juan Trippe, the President of Pan American, in 1959, to become the architect for the development of the new Cotton Bay Club in Eleuthera, Bahamas. He and a syndicate of mostly New York businessmen, had bought an enormous property in Eleuthera of around 36000 acres from Arthur Davis.



The property included the Rock Sound Club, a small hotel recently built but not on the sea, a second development with a new 18 hole golf course designed by Trent Jones with around a half dozen two-bedroomed cottages on Cotton Bay, a lovely beach on the east coast of Eleuthera, Jack's Bay, another undeveloped beautiful beach and hundreds of acres of land, some good, but a lot of unusable interior property which was almost worthless.

I became a director and Vice President of the company which was called South Eleuthera Properties Ltd. We proceeded to assign some 800 acres, including the golf course, to be the Cotton Bay Club property, and laid out the area adjoining the golf course and clubhouse into generous lots which were to be sold to Cotton Bay Club members. Unfortunately, due to a lack of a large water and beach frontage, quite a number of lots had to be away from the water but had fine views over the golf course and the sea. WE designed and built a charming clubhouse with adjoining apartments and rooms for guests as well as a golf clubhouse and, following construction of these, quite a number of attractive houses for individual members. For the first years following the opening of the club facilities, there was, due to not a full membership in the club, a low occupancy rate for accommodation in the club.

Juan Trippe and the directors of the Cotton Bay Club had a great many friends, almost all of whom were successful business men and mostly from the Eastern Seaboard of the United States. However, <sup>as</sup> the number that became members was still insufficient to fill the club accommodation, I suggested to Juan a method which I had used at Mill Reef which had proved very successful. During the early period of the Mill Reef Club's existence I contacted the leading travel agents in many of the American cities explaining to them that we would accept as guests in the club selected clients whom the head of the travel agency had to personally know or interview.

This helped to solve the problem of occupancy and a large proportion of these guests later became members of Mill Reef. Juan immediately turned down this idea. The result was that the Cotton Bay Club membership ended up with a great majority of tycoons <sup>mostly from the Eastern Seaboard</sup> and in the early years with a poor occupancy rate. In the bar most of the conversation was about big business and golf.

We built two tennis courts but Jean Trippe would not approve the building of a tennis shelter alongside the courts, where players could relax and watch others play. He also would not approve the building of thatched roof shelters on the Cotton Bay beach which are so necessary for shade from the strong tropical sunlight. <sup>However,</sup> I succeeded in one very important item. The area of the club and the golf course was very lacking in trees. The entire golf course was in appearance a great open field with no trees between the holes or around the greens or tees. Fortunately, about 10 miles to the south on property owned by South Eleuthera Properties Ltd, was a sizeable coconut grove with full grown trees with trunks at least 20 ft. tall. We transplanted over 500 of these trees to the golf course and around the club buildings during a few weeks. We arranged to have a crane fitted to a large truck. We also had hired several other trucks. We staked out locations for the palms in groups on the golf course and around the club buildings and had a team of labourers dig large holes at each stake. Hoses from the irrigation system were arranged for watering the transplanted trees. Also, strong stakes and guy wires were on hand. At the grove another team of labourers dug around the palms leaving balls of earth around 4 ft. in diameter, cut the roots under this ball and then strapped burlap around them. I also <sup>arranged to have them</sup> cut off about two thirds of the fronds to equalise the loss of roots. The truck equipped with the crane then lifted the palms from their holes and loaded the other trucks with 2 and sometimes 3 palms and finally picked up and carried one of the larger palms. The balls were in front and the fronds and upper part of the trunks trailing out of the rear.

When arriving at Cotton Bay the truck with the crane unloaded its tree into its hole which immediately was filled, guy wires attached and then heavily watered. Then this truck unloaded the balance of the trees into their holes from the rest of the trucks. We thus were able to move about 20 palms at a time about twice a day. The result was a complete change in the landscape of the club and golf course. Incidentally, we only lost 5 palms in the operation.

A few years after the club had been opened, all of the properties on the water and beach had been sold and several houses completed. A Few of the lovely interior lots that had good views of the sea, or on the hills overlooking the golf course had been sold to members. Two prominent businessmen wanted to have waterfront property and Juan Trippe showed them the Jack's Bay beach some 3 miles north of the Cotton Bay club property, and said they could purchase land for their two lots there. We, in our report on the development of the entire 36000 acres, had planned Jacks Bay and its surrounding land as a separate development to be sold in its entirety for a second ocean and beach front development. At the directors meeting when the proposal for the sale of these two lots at Jacks Bay came up, I spoke stating that it would be a grave mistake to sell any part of Jacks Bay because any developer wishing to purchase this area would wish to have full control of all the property and certainly would object to two houses belonging to others in the middle of the beach. I also stated that to construct a road, run water, telephone and electric lines from Cotton Bay to the two lots would cost almost as much as the money received for their sale. Thanks to a couple of other directors, who strongly backed me, the motion was defeated.

At the following directors meeting at which I was not present, Juan Trippe succeeded in getting approval of the sale of the two properties. I am sure that if the sale of the properties on Jacks Bay had been refused the two men involved would have purchased property on the actual cotton Bay Club properties.

Shortly after that I resigned from my directorship and Vice Presidency. The end result of stupidity in the running of the Cotton Bay Club over the years was the recent abandonment of the private club and the change to a hotel operation open to all. I have felt very sorry for the 7 or 8 people for whom we designed houses at Cotton Bay who no longer have the advantages of an attractive private club.

My second wife, Dorothy, after a long illness of some six months, died in October 1960 in our house at Mill Reef. Two of her children, both married, were living in Antigua and her eldest girl, resident in Bermuda, came to Antigua during the end of her mother's illness so that at the end of Dorothy's life she had the pleasure of having her family nearby. She was buried in the graveyard nearby of St. Philips church. Dorothy, who with her son Amos, together with Ronald Tree and myself, had been doing the interior decorating and furnishings of the Sandy Lane Hotel in Barbados, unfortunately did not live to view the finished job, nor to be present at the final opening of the hotel in early 1961. I know that this was a great disappointment to her.

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Early in the winter of 1961 I engaged in a large development in Bercuit, a suburb of Bruxelles, Belgium, for a group headed by the Baron Rollin, and travelled to Europe in the early spring of that year. Just before leaving Mill Reef I had received a letter addressed to my wife Dorothy, with her husband's name, from Dolores Selborne whom I had met in Mallorca in the summer of 1954. In her letter she told me of her husband's death and was enquiring about the possibility of coming out to Mill Reef for a holiday. She did not know of my wife's death. When I arrived in London on my way to Belgium I called her by telephone and as she was giving a cocktail party the next day or so, I was invited to attend. At this party I again was struck by her beauty, charm and gaiety and in the following few days of my visit was lucky enough to meet her several times.

Following my trip to Bruxelles, I again stopped in London to see her. Before I left we became semi-engaged and on the plane back to New York I think I spent most of the time writing long love letters to Dolly as she was called. After a continuing correspondence during the rest of the summer we decided to marry and I returned to London early in the fall and we were married on October 21st, 1961. Our wedding reception at the Carlton Towers was very gay and Bill Astor (Lord William Astor of Cliveden), who was an old friend of mine and had stayed in my house Bali-Li at Mill Reef, gave a charming speech in our honour.

Our honeymoon took us first to Paris, then to Egypt. We adored Egypt and journeyed up as far as Aswan, Luxor, Karnak, the Valley of the Kings and the royal tombs there, all were most fascinating. We descended into King Tutankamen's tomb, that extraordinary find by Lord Carven. Dolores, who did not like deep and enclosed areas, waited outside while I went down into the adjoining very deeply constructed tomb of King Seti. In this tomb it was interesting to find one section that had not been completed, with drawing on the stonework for the carvings which had not yet been finished. In Cairo we loved the lateen rigged sailing cargo boats on the Nile and our visit to the Pyramids at Giza was very thrilling. While there, we listened in the dark to a wonderful "Sound and Light" story of the pyramids. In Cairo the magnificent relics of the Pharaohs in the museum made us realise what an amazing civilisation had been created and developed by the ancient Egyptians.

On to Delhi, India, by plane and we were fascinated when flying over the oil fields of the middle east in the nighttime to see the hundreds of flares burning gas from the wells. We felt that this was such a waste of the decreasing amount of energy left in the world. In Delhi at the Ashoka Hotel, we were sitting in the lounge having tea but wishing it were a scotch and soda, due to prohibition in India, when Dolly spotted a friend whom she knew in London, who was the newly appointed Jordanian Ambassador to India.

They greeted each other with great surprise and pleasure. He was staying in the hotel as his Embassy was being redecorated and he was waiting for his family when it was finished. He explained that he was invited by the doyen Brazilian Ambassador to a party in his honour and would we go with him.

For us it was a fantastic experience, suddenly not knowing anyone in India to be amongst all the Ambassadors from the different countries and their lovely ladies; an evening we will always remember.

Just before leaving New Delhi, I took a sizeable package of undeveloped films of the many photographs we had taken in Egypt to the Concierge at the Ashoka Hotel and paid him for the postage to a developer of photographs in London. When we returned to London this company told me that they had never received the negatives. The Concierge or his assistant had pocketed the money for the postage. Later, when in Hong Kong, we purchased and mailed two top grade briar pipes as a present for our friend, the Ambassador, but unfortunately, he never received them.

The Taj Mahal at Agra is probably the most outstanding monument that Dolly and I have ever seen. Everybody has seen photographs of this beautiful building, but unless one has visited the site, no one has any conception of its breathtaking surroundings.

One approaches, without seeing the tomb, down a short avenue with a lovely small mosque of red sandstone on one side, then between arcaded and beautifully proportioned two storey buildings, all in the same stone with some details in white marble, to an open square with a much more important building on the left hand side. This building with its decorated roofs and a magnificent archway in the centre has still the red sandstone as the main material, but the arch is entirely of richly carved white marble. The decorative lamp posts around this square are also beautifully designed.

The archway as one enters frames the Taj Mahal in the distance beyond the very long line of water pools and jetting streams from the fountains which lead

from this entrance to the terrace of the white marble tomb. On the sides of this enormous garden are walls and buildings of the red sandstone which emphasises beautifully the glowing white of the tomb and its four minaretttes. The tomb and its minaretttes are so placed on their raised platform that no land nor other buildings are visible from this garden and thus are silhouetted against the blue sky. When one finally, at the end of the line of fountains, ascends to the main terrace, one realises that the placing, immediately on the edge of possibly a 100metre drop to the river below, of the Taj Mahal, was due to the brilliant conception of the entire project by the architect, whom I believe was blinded by his client in order that nothing more magnificent could be concieved. Everyone is familiar with the beautiful details of the tomb but few realise, unless they have visited the site, that at the far ends of the terrace upon which the Taj Mahal rests, are two charming mosques.

At the hotel in Agra, we enjoyed enormously the acts of a local Indian bird trainer. He had several very small birds that performed extraordinary stunts. He perched one bird on a platform with a crank manipulating a chain and tiny bucket. Small seeds or other bird food was put into the bucket and with one of its feet the bird cranked up the bucket and picked up the food. The Indian also placed 26 small cards on the ground, each card having a different letter of the alphabet, but with only the unmarked side of the card showing. He then asked us our name. The bird hopped along the line of cards and picked up and turned over one of the cards which was a W. Then it continued back and forth along the line of cards and picked up and turned over in order the rest of our name. We knew that the Indian had some means of communicating with the tiny bird but how we never discovered. We asked the trainer how long it took to get the birds to accomplish the various tricks. He said about six months but he also said that he usually sold the birds to other exhibitors about a year later and in the meantime was occupied with the training of new birds.



We continued our journey with a stop at Jaipur to see the marvellous palace of the Maharaja of Jaipur and the ruins of temples on the top of a high hill some distance away. To reach the top of this hill we rode elephants. Dolly evidently, not having ever ridden one before,

as a result, had a very scary ride up the steep hill. Then on to Bombay, where both of us were shocked at the poverty, with people in rags with no homes, sleeping under the arcades of buildings. Ceylon was lovely. We stayed at a hotel which was located on a beach some distance from Colombo. During our first night there, we were attacked by myriads of mosquitoes and hardly got any sleep. I complained to the manager the following morning and he said that as I was an American he had had the mosquito nets, usually over the beds, removed, thinking that Americans were not used to these nets. We were lucky that we did not catch malaria.

When we had finished breakfast in our room, we had to immediately have the table upon which it was served, removed from our room due to the enormous blackbirds which would fly into the room through the open doors leading to the balcony. They would land on the table, upset cups and covers to dishes, pick up tableware and toss this to the floor, pick off the lid of the sugar bowl and in general make a complete shambles of the table in the search for food. While there I was asked by the local broadcasting company to make a speech on the subject of architecture and the man in charge later asked if we would like to make a tour of Ceylon with and his wife. This gave us the opportunity to see Ceylon under expert guidance.

The island of Ceylon is very beautiful, lovely beaches lined with tall coconut trees, valleys with terraced tea fields mounting one above the other, flanked by heavily wooded hills, primeaval jungles still inhabited by dangerous wild animals.



Ancient palaces and fortifications above precipitous cliffs and only accessible by tortuous paths cut into the cliff face and with, in places, fascinating wall paintings on the upper side. The town of Candy is particularly beautiful due to the enormous tropical trees and lovely gardens that surround it.

Our next stop was in Bangkok, the capital of Thailand, where we were fascinated by the marvellous architecture of the many temples and palaces and the river running through the city with its hundreds of boats and floating habitations for the people.

Amongst these, the palace with the adjoining temple was particularly exciting. In the temple was an enormous courtyard with a covered way around part of its perimeter. On the inside of the exterior wall of this courtyard was the most magnificent frieze depicting the religion of the country with all the Gods etc. In the courtyard also was a large scale model in tone of the Anghor Vat Temple. Other marvellous sights in Bangkok were the temples housing the Emerald Buddha and that built for the Gold Buddha. The delicacy of the architecture with its lovely curves, pinnacles and carvings rivals the architecture of the rest of the world.

Hong Kong we enjoyed immensely. We stayed at the old, lovely and very comfortable Repulse Bay Hotel above the bay of the same name and far removed from the intense activity of central Hong Kong and Kowloon. We swam in the rather chilly sea as it was now almost the beginning of winter, took walks along Repulse Bay with the lovely orchid blossom Fohenia trees bordering the road, went sightseeing into Hong Kong proper and enjoyed shopping for the inexpensive clothes and other objects available. At Chinese restaurants we had fun and good food but difficulties in ordering due to our scanty knowledge of the main dishes on the menu. One of the most picturesque areas of Hong Kong is where are moored hundreds of Chinese boats of all sizes with families living on board, and, in addition, several larger craft containing restaurants. The main harbour with Kowloon on the other shore, is one of the busiest ports in the world, with the ferries back and forth between Hong Kong and Kowloon, small and large freighters, huge ocean liners plus the picturesque sailing junks so typical of the Far East.

We made a short stop in Singapore on our way to Australia, but except for the famous old Raffles Hotel, there was little of interest. We were invited to lunch at a club where most of the Europeans spent their leisure time, playing tennis, snooker, cards and enjoying their drinks. It was amusing for us as it typified the life in the English colonies before the break-up of the Empire.

In Sydney we stayed at the old "Australia" hotel, since demolished. At that time there were no newer hotels such as the "Wentworth". Sydney is built around probably the most beautiful harbour in the world, which was formed ages ago from a sizeable river with its many tributaries which had cut valleys into the fairly level and higher land at that time, and later when the entire area dropped in level, the sea entered all these various valleys and so created Sydney Harbour. We tried to contact some very good friends of Dolly's who lived on a huge sheep and cattle station called "Bell-trees", but had no luck. We discovered later that we had been ringing the little school at the station as there were many different telephone numbers on the ranch. Happily, later on we saw our friends the White family who owned the estate. Subsequently, we spent a lot of time with them on our next trip to Sydney and at the Bell-trees also. The new Sydney Opera House was under construction at the time of our visit. I went to the site and at the construction office spoke to one of the engineers who, at the time, was calculating where the supports of the interior ceilings under the exterior vast arched roofs, could be placed. These roofs were all of prestressed concrete and it was necessary to use a calculating machine in order to place absolutely exactly each support in order that they would not weaken the prestressed concrete. Although the design from an external viewpoint is very striking, the internal planning, in my opinion, had many errors. For instance, the entrance foyer for the auditorium to be used for operas, was placed behind the stage end, thus restricting the size of the stage, and the necessary space around it for scenery, room for actors etc. Also, as the stage and the foyer were virtually at the same level, the audience was forced to climb up long flights of stairs to reach the back or entrance end of the auditorium and still more to reach balconies.

The main restaurant was at the level of the foyer at the opera auditorium which, incidently, was up two flights of stairs from the main entrance but there was no access between the foyer and this restaurant. To reach this restaurant from the foyer one needed to descend these two flights and then ascend 2 more flights. Parking of cars for people coming to the Opera House was nearly half a mile away. In regard to the design, the story I heard in Sydney was that Saarinen, the American architect, who had been chosen as a member of the jury to judge the world wide competition for the Opera House, arrived several days late and the other members of the jury had already selected a final group of schemes which did not include that of Knudsen. Upon arrival Saarinen naturally looked over all the schemes including those discarded by the jury and brought back Knudsen's scheme and through Saarinen's strong personality plus his reputation as an architect, finally induced the jury to pick the present design. A member of this jury several years later told me that there was a certain fixed limit to the cubic volume allowed for the Opera House in the information for the competition and that Knudsen's competition scheme was over double this limit. This naturally caused the enormous overrun in the cost of the Opera House. I believe that the original budget was in the neighbourhood of some ten million Australian dollars and the eventual cost amounted to 12 or 13 times this original price. However, as an advertisement for Australia it has proven outstanding!

We flew just after Christmas on to Auckland in the north island of New Zealand, particularly to visit Rotarua with its hot springs, geysers and Maori buildings. On the bus trip to Rotarua we were particularly impressed by the beauty of the landscape due to the enormous size of most of the trees. They seemed to us to be double the size and more luxurious than similar varieties of trees in other parts of the world. The geysers and hot springs were interesting but do not compare with those in Yellowstone Park.

The Maori buildings had a certain charm of their own with their carvings and other ornamentation.

When in Sydney we had been particularly impressed by the courtesy and pleasant attitude of the Australians but, unfortunately, we were almost shocked by the lack of the same in New Zealand. When we arrived by taxi from the bus station in Rotarua at the small hotel where we had made reservations, we were shown a room which was adequate, but as we were unpacking we heard a noise from an icemaking machine which seemed to adjoin our room. Periodically there would be a clatter of ice cubes falling into a metal container, then a period of the whirring noise of the motor, then another clatter. I immediately spoke to the attendant at the front desk who said not to worry as the icemaker did not run after 9 pm. It continued all through the night and, as a result, we overslept. We woke about 8.30am and I telephoned for breakfast. "Sorry, we do not serve breakfast in the rooms" was the answer, Together with "no breakfasts are served in the dining room after 8.30". I dressed, went to the front desk to enquire if there was a restaurant or coffee shop somewhere near the hotel and was informed that there was one about 2 blocks away. I then went to this restaurant and had to carry back coffee, juice and cold buttered toast for Dolly's breakfast. The day we were leaving to return to Auckland I requested a taxi to take us to the bus station following our lunch. The answer was that there was going to be a parade and so no taxis would be available. Upon finishing lunch and after we had checked out, the parade was over, still no taxi. I enquired of the porter who was at the front entrance of the hotel how we would get to the bus station with our bags, which naturally were large and heavy for a round the world trip. He, a sizeable strong young man, shrugged his shoulders and said, as he could not leave the hotel we would have to carry out bags and walk. For about 5 long blocks I, at the age of 64, struggled to the bus station with all our luggage.

from Auckland

On New Years Eve we took off for Tahiti with a stop at Fiji. It was a night flight and we arrived in Fiji about midnight and celebrated the New Year on the plane. Then we crossed the International Date Line so that we arrived at Papeete Airport in the morning of a second New Years Day. The air terminal in Tahiti at that time was a simple rambling structure and after passing through customs and immigration, we were greeted by Tahitian girls in typical Polynesian costumes, who showered the arriving passengers with beautiful flowered leis.

The Hotel Tahiti, not far from the airport, was completely polynesian, bamboo thatched roofs, carved native supporting posts and all beautifully decorated and furnished in local materials. Our Fare, or cottage, out in a garden next to the sea, had a thatched roof whose eaves projected some 3 or 4 ft. from the walls and hung down to about 5'6" above the floor, so that the windows never needed to be closed even during heavy showers. This allowed the cooling breezes at all times to flow through the bedroom. Food was excellent in a combination of French and local character.

We were lucky to have arrived on New Years Eve as the celebration that evening was stupendous. At dinner all the tables were covered with flowers, fruit and delicious native snacks. The waitresses, who always wore native costumes, had flowers in their hair and leis around their necks. Following dinner, a large and excellent native orchestra, all seated in a semicircle around a dance floor, played superbly. From time to time there were a dozen Tahitian dancers in their grass skirts and bare feet enthusiastically enjoying and interpreting the music. All this enjoyable activity set in the lovely polynesian background of the large and open rooms, made us all feel as if we were back in the time of the early explorers like Bougainville. The party continued until the early morning with a peak in activity at midnight.

The next few days we enjoyed exploring the island watching the natives bathing in the lower reaches of the many streams flowing down from the mountains to the sea, visiting and shopping in Papaete - swimming in the clear water at the end of the long pier which stretched out to the edge of the barrier reef and looking at the marine life in the shallow areas behind this reef. We also flew in an old seaplane to Bora Bora, landing at the dock near the main village. The men idling about the square, the women with their children squatting here and there, girls with baskets on their heads and all in native costumes against a background of mature tropical vegetation, made us realise how superbly the painter Gauguin portrayed these people. In Bora Bora we stayed at a small hotel on a beach which was also like the Tahiti Hotel, built in the native style. One evening Dolly and I swam in the sea between the beach and the bordering coral reefs. The following day in speaking to the owner of the hotel and after mentioning how much we had enjoyed this swim he showed us a photograph of the same beach with about 30 dead sharks which natives had killed, lying on this beach.

Some eight or nine years later my firm was commissioned to design a large hotel at Pointe Tataa in Tahiti. Remembering the character of these smaller hotels, I designed as far as was possible a truly Polynesian hotel, even with many small thatched farés, jutting out over the sea from the 2 small islands we had created. We used the fascinating carved wooden posts, the large overhanging eaves, wall coverings of woven reed and Tapa cloth throughout the building. It is now considered the most beautiful hotel in the South Pacific.

We flew on from Tahiti to the Hawaiian islands, staying in Waikiki Beach in the charming older hotel, The Royal Hawaiian, with some old friends of mine for whom I had designed, several years back, an attractive stone house in Darien, Connecticut.

We chartered a plane and flew to Maui and stayed in their house at the Hana Maui Club. There we first saw the magnificent blossoms of the hybrid hibiscus which had been developed by the Hawaiiin nursery people. We arranged to ship several of these plants to Antigua, which I believe were the first hybrid hibiscus introduced into the Caribbean area. A couple of days later on a sightseeing motor trip around Oahu, we were stopped by a policeman on a motorbike because I had crossed a white line on a turn. He asked for my driving licence and I showed him my international driving licence issued in New York. He was impressed by the pages of different languages, including Japanese in Japanese lettering and handed it back with a smile and let us go. Fortunately, he did not know of the licence being invalid in U.S. territory.

We enjoyed San Francisco as we had several friends there and we were invited to a lovely sinner party given in a beautiful house for the departure of the French Ambassador and his wife. The city had changed enormously since my first visit in 1915. On one occasion, in visiting

friends who lived at a considerable distance from the city, we woke up in the morning and noticed that the light coming through the windows was very cold and almost blue. I looked out of the window to find that the ground was covered with snow. It was a sight which happened possibly once in twenty five years.

After a short stop in New York we flew on down to Antigua to spend part of that winter at our house at Mill Reef. Then back to London where I opened our firm's new office, as this was needed for the handling of several projects, that of Bercuit in Belgium, and a large development on the West Coast of the Peleponese in Greece. At about this time we had decided to move to France and made several exploratory trips to Paris in order to find a place in the country and yet not too far from Paris. After much exploring of different areas around Paris we were looking over property in the area of Milly-La-Foret and Barbizon.



The agent had shown us several properties, none of which we liked, and then said there was an old ruined village farmhouse in Moigny, but exclaimed "I am sure you will not like it". This property was at the junction of the main road from Paris to Milly-La-Forêt and a small dirt road leading into the country. It covered less than an acre but was surrounded by high stone walls. It was located about two hundred yards from the old and lovely church of the village, which was reputed to have been visited by Joan of Arc. The moment we entered, from the small road, through the farmhouse gates, we knew it was the answer to our search. The house itself was very dilapidated and several of the roofs of the farm buildings were almost completely gone. The roof of the main barn was held up by two enormous trusses of oak with the lower members sixteen inches square. No running water in the house but a hand pump and well, but we could see the great advantage of the property, that with all the stone buildings and the walls around the property we could have complete privacy and protection in the middle of a charming village. Following lengthy discussions with the owners, we purchased the property. Then made careful measured drawings of every building and redesigned the group into a most convenient and very lovely country house. The great barn was turned into a living and dining room, the original house into more of a service building with kitchen, maids quarters and a delightful studio for my work on the upper floor. The bedrooms were located in what probably used to be the cow barn and we constructed a lovely swimming pool in the main courtyard.

For access to my studio we built a beautifully proportioned circular stairs in a stone tower which now looks as if it had been part of the original farm buildings and was the reason for the naming of the house "La Tourelle".

Articles and photographs of the group have twice been published in magazines devoted to architecture and decorating, such as House and Garden. We moved into La Tourelle early in January 1964 and the house was finally completed by that fall. I had found an excellent contractor for the work, named Valedon, who was the nephew of the famous painter, Susanne Valadon.

Dolly had always been, and still was, very busy with the promotion and organisation of charity balls in London. She had, previous to our marriage, organised and run several balls for the "Guide Dogs for the Blind" and also for "Dockland Settlements". Charity balls in London are frequently run by professionals for a fee, but Dolly's work had always been and was entirely on a voluntary basis. She arranged that prior to a ball, many cocktail parties were given for the purpose of interesting important people in helping with these balls, some in private homes and some in clubs. Dolly also persuaded a number of top musical and theatrical stars to entertain at the charity balls without remuneration. She always had the ballrooms beautifully decorated with soft and warm lighting which made the evening outstanding. Bryan Epstein was a good friend and often helped with the cabaret. She also arranged for a separate but adjoining ballroom to be a nightclub where a large number of guests attending the ball would congregate after midnight where there would be a cabaret.

The Princess Marie Louise and later Princess Margaret were the presidents of the Docklands Settlements. Even after our moving to France she organised and ran a final ball for Dockland Settlements.

In 1966 I made an extended three month trip to Australia to see what the prospects there were for opening an office. On the way back I had a very close call. Just before leaving Australia I had returned from a long and tiring exploratory trip from Cooktown in Norther Queensland and down to Newcastle in N.S. Wales, and during that trip had located a superb area for a seaside resort, just below Yamba, N.S. Wales. The day before I returned to Sydney I was exploring another site near Port Macguarie in heavy rain and evidently I got a chill. In Sydney I had two or three tiring conferences with Government officials and flew to New Caledonia the following day. I spent the next day and night on the Ile des Pins some 80 miles to the south of New Caledonia. The Ile des Pins is a lovely small island with almost perfect white sand beaches, with, at that time, a charming hotel built in the polynesian style. Before going to the Ile des Pins I had invited a couple to whom I had an introduction, for dinner for the evening of my return from the Ile des Pins. At about 4 pm that day I suddenly had terrible chills and fever almost like malaria. At 7.30 I got dressed, feeling very weak and sick and went downstairs to meet my guests. They arrived about 8 pm and we went into the bar for drinks. I ordered a cognac hoping that strong drink would help. I then ordered dinner for them but not for me as I explained that I felt so sick that I would not be able to stay for dinner. I said goodbye and evidently staggered across to the front desk for my key and that is the last I remember for three days.

Fortunately for me, my new friends were so worried about my condition they spoke to the Hotel Manager who then rang my room but got no reply. They then came to my room, unlocked the door and found me unconscious on the bed. A doctor was called and a nurse was then assigned to stay with me and early in the morning I was taken to a clinic in an ambulance. Two days later I regained consciousness and had fortunately survived.

It was then explained to me that I had caught virus pneumonia in both lungs and later the doctor told me that due to the fact I had never been treated with antibiotics I was saved by massive doses of penecillin. I then had to stay in Noomea for about a month before the physician would permit me to fly home.

Later in 1967 we opened the office in Sydney in a charming victorian building in Paddington that we had purchased, and immediately started design work on the site that I had found on the coast below Yamba. This site covered 3000 acres with 4 miles of lovely beach frontage. A large lake called Lake Aragon, in the middle and bordered by a large body of water, Lake Woolaweya, which was an estuary of the Clarence River on the inland side of the property. The entire site was well wooded and there were hills running up to a height of 1000 ft. on the property. I was able to persuade "Travelodge" of Australia to sponsor the entire development, thanks to my friendship with Mr Alan Greenway, its President. They acquired an option to buy <sup>the lease on</sup> all the land for \$200,000 Australian dollars, and we commenced designing the project. In order to conserve the natural beauty of the site, I conceived the idea of a series of 5 or 6 centres, concentrating all the necessary accommodations within these centres or villages as some turned out to be, leaving all the intervening land in its natural state except for the golf courses wandering through the natural forest, and the necessary connecting roads. I also based the design and character of each centre on certain periods of Australian history. The first was on Lake Aragon, the lake in the centre of the property. This was designed as a replica of a small area of the waterfront of Plymouth, England at the time of Captain Cook's departure in 1770, with a reproduction of "Endeavour" Captain Cook's ship on the quay side.

The second centre was a duplication of an early 19th century "station" with ample area for the grazing of horses, sheep and cattle, to be run as a "dude" ranch.

The actual Station Home and barns treated as a museum with the guests accommodation a bit removed from this central area. Activities to be riding, polo, wrangling etc. The third was to be based on the so-called Georgian period of 1810 to 1830 and was designed as a small town with a central square and all the buildings to be duplications of old existing buildings of the period in different parts of Australia or in that same style. This village was located on the shore front. The fourth village was to be in the very pleasant style of the mid-Victorian period, at which time the trade in the fast sailing clipper ships was at its height. This was the period of the elaborate cast iron balconies and ornamentation which are still to be seen throughout the older towns and cities of seaboard Australia. This village was also to be on the beach.

The fifth and last of the historically based centres was to be a duplication of a town of the gold rush period of the late 19th century. There were to be three other areas developed, one a mile away from any of the above centres, mentioned, which was to be a well designed and controlled camping and caravanning site on the beach with its own shopping centre. The second, again away from the historically based centres, which was to be a residential development for those Australians who wished to have and use secondary homes on the seashore. The last, near the entrance to the property was a small village for employees of the entire development.

No automobiles could enter the centres of the historical groupings but access roads to their perimeters were planned with ample parking facilities. A narrow gauge railway was planned to connect all the areas to the main entrance, using ancient locomotives and open coaches. Sports facilities, tennis courts, two 18 hole championship and one 9 hole par 3 golf courses were located at strategic points throughout the property, but carefully designed so as not to conflict with the character of the 5 historically based centres and also to preserve the natural woodland and forests.

This entire project was all ready to go when one well known New South Wales politician who had an ambition to become Premier of that state, heard about the venture and also of several thousand acres south of its location. He, in order to obtain popularity and votes, decided to appeal to the conservationists of his state by arranging with the Department of National Parks to "resume" all of this property plus some 60,000 acres further to the south. "Resume" is the Australian term for forced expropriation. Since this resumption they have allowed Rutile mining of the entire shore frontage which destroyed all the beautiful dunes and forests along the area. Nothing else has been done with the property and it is now overrun by bushwalkers, campers and caravanners with no control whatsoever, resulting in forest fires and the destruction of wild life.

Following this great disappointment, we discovered another site of about 100 acres with the opportunity to double that area, just south and bordering on the Myall Lakes.

We spent a great deal of time on development plans for this site and again the Department of National Parks resumed this area.

I was very disappointed with the loss of both of these sites due to the killing of an ambition which was very dear to me. I wanted very much to give Australia a model of good touristic development such as we had produced in the West Indies. There is not one resort area in the whole of Australia that even approaches the character of the better developments in America and the West Indies. The lovely shore front of the East Coast of Australia is dotted with developments with unattractive houses on lots of 50 and 60 foot frontages and ugly hotels, shops and bars across a car filled road from lovely beaches. There are no hotels from which one can walk through pretty gardens to the beach, golf courses or tennis courts. Visitors from overseas on business or pleasure have no attractive area they can visit to relax after a strenuous trip there and a tremendous number of Australians go away from Australia, for their holidays.

In about 1969 or 1970, during a visit to New York, Dolly and I drove to Connecticut to locate and arrange for the photographing of many houses in Connecticut and Long Island for publication in House and Garden for an article to be called "30 years after". The purpose of the article, unfortunately never published, was to show the superiority of residential architecture thirty years old compared to the work of the present time. During the trip we finally managed to find the Wagoner House, about which I have already told part of the story. It was winter with snow on the ground and as we approached the entrance gates to the property we were surprised that the driveway was cleared. We drove in and with some nervousness I rang the doorbell which was answered by a man in his shirt sleeves looking a bit annoyed. I quickly said that I was the architect of the house. He answered with a great smile on his face, "are you Robertson Ward?" I answered "yes". Then he told us he was a Mr Hornbilt and the owner of the house and insisted we come in. He showed us all over the house and told us the story of its purchase. He said when he bought the property due to no maintenance for 18 years, he was very uncertain as to the condition of all the various mechanical apparatus such as the elevator, built in refrigeration, pumps, oil burner etc. He was delighted that following visits from the various maintenance people for these machines that they were all in perfectly workable condition. He also told us that the interior of the house after some 36 years, still had the original paint on walls and ceilings. When built, 6 coats of paint plus glazing had been applied. The only damage was a blister the size of a dinner plate in the plaster of a wall in one of the maids rooms in the attic. This probably had been due to some water having leaked in during a severe storm and then freezing in very cold weather. Mr Hornbilt was head of the Grolier Club and a great collector of rare books and manuscripts. He had one of the largest basement areas lined with fireproof cabinets for all of these, with a large table in the centre of the room. To our amazement he had a set of prints of my working drawings of the house on this table and upstairs he had on the walls several framed sketches of details of the house drawn by me.



We had a drink before leaving and I also received permission from him to have photographs taken of the house.

In the winter we generally went to Mill Reef, but found out that it was very necessary for me, due to the volume of work there, to be in Barbados. We sold our house "Bali-Li" to Jay Holmes in 1965 and from then on spent part of each winter first in rented houses then in our own house "Aquarius" which was finished in 1969.

Following the opening of our Sydney, Australia, office, we spent 2 or 3 months each year in Sydney for the purpose of promoting new work for that office. We both enjoyed immensely our trips to Australia and made many close friends. Unfortunately, work in that office became very slack following the election of Gough Whitlam and his leftish party, and recovered / <sup>slightly</sup> through the able administration of Mr Fraser, with the result that for the past few years our voyages to Australia have been omitted.

At this point it might be interesting to review the progress of my firm over the past years. In 1956 we opened an office in St. Johns, Antigua to handle an ever increasing load of architectural work on that island. In 1957 we began operations in Nassau, Bahamas. This office was opened primarily to design the Cotton Bay Club in Eleuthera for Juan T. Trippe of Pan American Airways, the additions and alterations to the Royal Victoria Hotel in Nassau for its 100th anniversary of 1960, and for many private residences. F. Taylor Gates became head of the Nassau office and continued until his death in January 1978.

The Barbados office was opened in 1959 for the supervision of the development of Sandy Lane properties and the hotel. This, over the years since, has continued to grow and today the office is in its own new building, finished in January 1980.

The two partners managing this office are Colin S. Jones and David Senior. I am in Barbados for generally five months during the winter and do a large proportion of the designing of the many projects handled by that office.

Our St. Lucia office was established a few years later. Amongst projects in St. Lucia is the development of Cap estate, of 1500 acres on the north tip of the island, with its golf course, many houses and the lovely Caribblue Hotel which belongs to the Stiegenberger syndicate of Germany. Other work done by this office in co-operation with the Barbados office is the Holiday Inn, additions to the Caribbean Beach Hotel, now part of the Holiday Inn, and the development of La Toc with its 160 room hotel, a village containing many apartments and a golf course. This operation is owned by Trafalgar of London.

Another office, which has now been closed on account of the present political situation, was opened in Kingston, Jamaica around 1970. Our firm was in charge of the huge development of the Kingston Mall for an English syndicate, but the most exciting group of buildings handled by this office, but entirely designed by me, is Sans Souci, a condominium and hotel group near Ocho Rios on the north shore of Jamaica. By many people, this is considered one of the most beautiful group of buildings on the waterfront in the world.

Another very successful operation was the now very well known and lovely hotel in French St. Martin, "La Samanna". This I designed while in Barbados about 1972.

The activity continued in most of our offices until 1973 when the world depression started to affect general business and thus architecture.

We were forced to reduce staff and were worried about the future. There were, besides myself, six junior partners in the firm, Colin Jones and David Senior in charge of Barbados and that area, Paul Thomas and John Leigh in London. A few years later Paul Thomas retired from the firm and John Lewis was elected to take his place; Alan Potter in Australia and John Paine in the Bahamas.

Early in 1974 Dolly and I made a trip to Caracas, Venezuela, to talk to an English group about a vague development in Venezuela. While there Dolly suggested that I call up old friends of mine, Alberto Phelps and his wife Jeanne Hope. Alberto, nicknamed "Dada" immediately asked us for dinner and during that evening spoke of his niece, Patsy Cisneros, whose husband Gustavo was interested in a possible development on the Venezuelan coast near Barcelona. The next day Gustavo called me and invited us to dinner with his associate, Jose Loreto Arismendi, and their wives. The Gustavo Cisneros had spent their honeymoon at the Sandy Lane Hotel in Barbados and knew of our work. The dinner party led to our firms being commissioned as architects for this new and very large development at Puerto Morro. As a result we were able to keep most of our staff in Barbados and also in London as our decorating division, headed by John Leigh, was commissioned to do all the interior furnishings and design for Puerto Morro, as it was named. I spent several months on the design of this resort and the offices worked on the drawings for nearly a year. Unfortunately, the project was abandoned due, partly to the site for the development being on filled land with a considerable underlying area of clay which finally resulted in the engineers requiring the expensive need of piling for all the foundations. Three different groups of engineers were consulted for a solution to this problem. The final straw that killed the operation was a new law passed by the Government of Venezuela restricting the sales prices of any development to costs of land and construction and a very limited profit. This law came into being about the time when, due to the need for piling, the venture was problematical and this restriction on possible profits forced the abandonment of a project that would have put Venezuelan resorts on the map.

The promoters were very fair and our firm was well compensated for the several years of work involved. We have also designed and completed a charming residence in Caracas for Jose Arismendi. He has invited Dolly and me several times to visit him and his wife Mariella in their new house and we had hoped that during the winter of 1984 we could have that pleasure.

Due to the need to be more closely in touch with our London office we sold La Tourelle, our house in France, to an English couple and <sup>them</sup>for/ made considerable changes and additions to it. We searched and finally Dolly found the house at 27 Wilton Place in London where we lived for about 5 months each summer. We purchased a long lease on the house and after extensive redecoration moved in in 1976. The combination of living in our house "Aquarius" in Barbados for about 5 months and the summer here in Belgravia plus some travel and holidays between the two made for an agreeable arrangement.

About 1975 I had the honour of becoming a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. My wife and I, my daughter Sheila and my son Bob, all went to San Francisco for the presentation of the award. My son Bob who is also an architect, had received the same honour several years before. At the great dinner party given for all the Fellows at this annual conference of the A.I.A., the President asked Bob and myself to stand up because we two were the only father and son fellows of the Institute. Needless to say, we received a very pleasant ovation.

Living in London and Barbados has the great advantage of my being closely in touch with two of our main offices. About this time my firm was commissioned to design a new Holiday Village on the old Heywood Estate on a lovely stretch of beach called "Golden Mile" in Barbados. The designing of this village consisted of 5 separate hotels, 2 apartment hotels, a large shopping area, a village centre for conferences etc, and movies, a beach arts and crafts thatched roof group.

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There was also a large restaurant, night club, 3 swimming pools and a marine centre, 6 tennis courts and a nine hole par 3 golf course. It took me several months for the initial scheme. I have since been checking and sometimes modifying the working drawings and details. This village was financed by the Barbados Government and the World Bank and the original Government idea was to build individual hotels to be managed by Barbados citizens. That was the reason for 7 separate units being incorporated in the scheme. Nearing the termination of construction the Government realised that there were not 7 good hotel operators available and, as a result, leased the entire development to British Caledonian Airlines. This company has since modified parts of the group, eliminating some of the restaurants and kitchens and reducing the dining facilities to about 4. The Heywood Village as it is called, has been a tremendous success as guests have every facility on the site and frequently stay for one or two weeks, never leaving the property except for a possible sightseeing visit to the town.

In 1978 the firm had also been fortunate to be commissioned by the Hotel Corporation of the Bahamas for a huge project on Cable Beach in Nassau. The two east wings of the old Emerald Beach Hotel, totalling 162 rooms, were altered and made into a new hotel with new office, public facilities etc., and is now called the "Emerald Beach". This was completed by our Nassau office in early 1979. The balance of the Emerald Beach Hotel was demolished and on the site has been constructed a new hotel called "Cable Beach", of 735 rooms, plus extensive public facilities and a large conference centre on all of which our offices have for some time been very busy. This hotel was the centre for the Commonwealth Conference at the beginning of 1986.

The Cable beach area which is a few miles west of the city of Nassau will now have some two thousand or more rooms in the 6 or more hotels in that area. An additional gambling casino is also being constructed. With the very large number of hotel bedrooms on Paradise Island, including the original casino plus the new Cable Beach complex, Nassau is, in my opinion, being made into a new Las Vegas.

This is a continuation of the destruction of charming resort areas all over the world. Nassau, before the last war, was one of the lovely holiday areas of that time, catering for people from Europe, and America, who sought and enjoyed the pleasant climate, good beaches, sailing, fishing and served by the friendly population of New Providence Island. Fortunately, the out islands of the Bahamas still will be able to cater for that group.

St. Martin, of which I have mentioned earlier, is following in the same pattern and I pray that at least a few of the other island resorts in the West Indies will refrain from allowing gambling and the resultant loss of this local charm and beauty.

About five years ago the Mill Reef Club built, from my designs, a new main lounge on the seaside of the old lounge. When completed, the club held a ceremony with the top government officials, including the Prime Minister, the Hon. Vere Bird, plus the officers of the club and many members, to dedicate this new lounge to me. At the entrance to this room is a bronze plaque naming it the "Ward Room" and stating that I was the founder and first president of the club.

Sir Charles Forte, head of that enormous hotel chain, Trust House Forte, spoke to me about 8 years ago asking if it would be possible to add a number of deluxe suites to the Sandy Lane Hotel in Barbados. He suggested that in order to do this we could add an additional floor to the existing 3 floors of the north and south wings of the hotel. Unfortunately, this would require 2 elevators and would mean the almost complete closure of the hotel during construction. We also, through consultation with our structural engineers, found out that the existing foundations were not strong enough to support this additional floor.

One day while at the Property Owners Beach Club which adjoins the hotel property on the south, my wife Dolly suggested that there was some space at the north end of the hotel grounds adjoining a house called "Janes Harbour". We immediately checked on this and discovered that there was just sufficient area for a new wing of 3 storeys. This also had the several advantages of no need for elevators, no problems about foundations and during construction only part of the existing north wing of the hotel would need to be closed off. I then designed this new wing which is now complete, and contains some 9 very large and comfortable suites. I feel like suggesting to Sir Charles that the wing be named after Dolly, for without her perception it would never have been built.

In St. Martin on the French side, we, during the last few years, have completed charming homes, amongst them one for Mrs Rockefeller and another for Harry Belafonte. We also completed a shop and apartment building on the main street in Marigot, the capital of French St. Martin, in exactly the lovely style of the early years of that town. In a few years this building will almost certainly be considered as one of the original buildings of Marigot.

One of our most exciting projects is the Jorvick Viking Centre museum in York, England. In 1976 in Coppergate in the centre of York a company was excavating for the foundations of a new supermarket and when about 20 ft. below the street level they discovered the remains of a Viking village which had been built at the end of the 10th Century. Due to its abandonment and the eventual covering of the site by muddy silt, a great deal of the lower section of the original timber buildings had been preserved. The York Archaeological Trust headed by Magnus Magnusson immediately felt that this discovery should be preserved.



They arranged for the excavation and careful measurement of all buildings including the location of any artifacts found. The ancient timbers remaining were withdrawn from this location, treated with preservatives and then replaced in their original location. They planned to have 14 duplicates of the original structures built on the other side of a path through the ancient village as they existed in the late 10th century, with tenants, workmen, furniture, tools etc. in order to give visitors to the museum a picture of what it was like in ancient times. Four "time cars" each seating 4 people are automatically guided through the display. A commentary in one of 4 languages is relayed from each car to explain all that visitors are experiencing. A wharf and models of "faering", four oared boats, is at the end of the reconstructed village. This museum was completed in the Spring of 1984 and was opened by His Royal Highness, Charles, The Prince of Wales.

We are also doing considerable work near Marbella on the Costa del Sol, Spain, on a large complex of condominiums with a central clubhouse, another village group called Club de Sierra with eventually some 15 houses and a few houses for individual clients.

In Nassau we are designing the new central bank building for the Royal Bank of Canada. This building is being designed to fit in with the older Bahamian buildings on Broad Street. We are also desinging two very large houses at the Lyford Cay Club.

Amongst recent commissions is a 180 room hotel near Cadiz and Jerez de la Frontera in Spain, a 120 room 5 star hotel in Mijas on the Costa del Sol in Spain together with a clinic and 40 condominiums, a 350 acre development in the Turks and Caicos Islands, including a 250 room hotel, marina, 18 hole golf course, condominiums, shopping centre and residential lost, the refurnishing of the 3 major hotels in Curacao, The Caracas Plaza, Princess Beach and Las Palmas, including an additional 50 rooms to Las Palmas.

The most interesting of our new jobs is the new Saudi Arabian Embassy here in London which we are designing in association with Michael Lyle. The Saudi Arabian government purchased the beautiful 18th Century "Crewe House" on Curzon Street, plus several other buildings at the rear of Crewe House on the adjoining street. Crewe House is set back from Curzon Street and there is an open area between it and the newly acquired buildings at the back. A new connecting wing will be built through this open area. All of the original Crewe House will be redecorated and refurbished in very splendid 18th Century style with furnishings of the same period. The connecting wing will be in Arabian architecture and the rear building in modern office character.

In the West Indies we are rebuilding the old Grenada Holiday Inn with all new central facilities, service areas etc. We had designed this hotel some 12 or so years ago. All the central section was burned down through, what we believe was arson, some four years ago, and other parts were badly damaged during the United States invasion of Grenada. Approximately 50 rooms will also be added and what is left of the existing bedrooms wings will be repaired and refurnished.

In Barbados, Heywoods development managed by a subsidiary of British Caledonian Airways are considering a large and important conference centre on the land immediately adjoining the present development at the North end of the beach. This consists of a conference building for a minimum of 1,000 people, 100 de-luxe suites and an additional 9 holes to the present golf course.

We are also working on a super de-luxe hotel in Ascot, England, plus an 18 hole championship golf course and clubhouse. I have designed both the hotel, clubhouse and golf course. As the property is in the "Green Belt" we must wait for a decision from the local Planning Board.

At this time and during the past few years, architects throughout the world have had a struggle due to the worldwide recession. My firm has been fortunate in being awarded enough new work to keep on most of our large staff, but we have had to make some reductions. We now look forward to better times.

My wife, Dolly, and I continue enjoying a very pleasant and interesting life here in London and Barbados, with trips either on holiday or on business to different parts of the world. Dolly with her very charming personality makes and keeps friends all over the world. We also amuse ourselves playing golf whenever possible. I still work, usually about 40 hours each week, on my drafting board on designs for projects in various parts of the world.

Fortunately, I have been able to shelve the responsibility of running our different offices to my younger partners, but I still review and check on the design done by others in the firm. I am very insistent that the high standard of architectural design which we have carried out during 65 years shall be maintained.

Looking back at a long lifetime, I can only give thanks to my family, education and good fortune, for the enjoyment of a successful career and very happy life.