June 15, 45

My dear Fasset:

I read with mingled feelings the account of your leaving the editing of the Technology Review. I was present at its birth. When my classmates Henry D. Bates and Guild first started it (as an architectural paper), I wonder if you knew that? You have done a splendid job. I am happy to see you move to a bigger better one. It will again keep you
Close to that human phenomenon & charming fellow, Vannevar Bush. But it makes me feel forlorn to not be able to think of you there in "my buildings" – at any rate it is comforting to see that you are to be an Editorial Associate. I am sure F. Borely Dudley will fill your place admirably. Will you please give him my best wishes. I tell him I plan to come to Boston as soon as I get back from here, just how soon, depends on my wife's health (for which we came). She is progressing finely under Mine Gellhorn's scientific treatment.
HOTEL NORMANDIE
SIXTH AT NORMANDIE
LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF.

Blood analyses, dry electronic, chemical restoratives, and some form of interim radioactive radioactive, as nearly as I can make it out. You will hear more of her. She's a sort of Marie Curie or a "Cameron Foundation" person has been formed here to be able to carry on her discoveries when she passes out.

As to those drawings, I left with you. Will you kindly tell Dudley I'll see him about them on my next visit.

A cablegram has just come
Announcing my election "by overwhelming majority" as full member of the Institut de France.

There was no vacancy before, but I am to take the place of the late Whitney Warren. I was elected a "corresponding member" about 1930.

I don't suppose that item of personal news will be of much interest to Review readers, but if they'd like it I can send a fairly good photograph.

How sweet + modest this seems!

But I am really proud of it, myself, as the crowning honor for a student of the Ecole des Beaux Arts + M.I.T.

With warm regards + a kiss to old...
This characteristic letter from a rare and warm-hearted spirit says some nice things and has greetings for you.

F

Remarkable letter. There are redbirds and snow in Wash in the winter — I have never seen them before — besides you well. The red bird is a nice chump. Iowa here the native salad call him a condiment.
Dec 24, 1945

My dear Fred: Christmas Eve!

If I didn’t know what a generous and understanding nature yours is, I should never have dared to wait so long before acknowledging your greatly appreciated letter of Sept. 19th. But I wanted to answer it in the same vein and be uninterrupted with plenty of time. All of which proves to me that I have not yet lost my natural optimism, or I should have learned from what my life has been since September, that what I was looking for is as rare as a red bird in the snow!

Did you ever see one? A thrilling sight! I saw only two or three times in southern Ohio. Not in Portland! But there I need to see & hear those black & gold Baltimore Orioles, swinging on the tips of the old elm tree branches in State St.
Of course I’ve thought of you very often & been thankful in your meanness to Dr. Bush for both your sakes. So long as we have men like him (or you) looking out for wisdom & manifesting it, I know we have nothing to fear. Everything to look forward to in the useful application of atomic energy. Will you please give him my hearty congratulations on the way circumstances have permitted him to focus his leading intellect on such enormously important matters, to this damned human race as Mark Twain felicitously called us, as well as on the clearness & the strength of character, if I may put it that way — that he showed to the public. Every mention of him gave me a thrill. So I can imagine what it is to you to be there beside him.

I’ve just received such a satisfactory letter from Carl Compton (he’s another!) I had had to write him that the plans for the new laboratory at the N. end of the Mass. Ave. facade, are still only engineering, & have no sign of blossoming into architecture. They march forward with an unwholesome impudence & lack of all deference like an overgrown fly twirling his fingers at his nose...
Round the harbor door, at his mother's tea party.
There is absolutely not a line, or string
twine to tie in to make friends with that great facade. Walker was away when I called. Before
the Compton dinner, to be informed, up to date.
But Mr. Smith, a nice new partner, who showed me
the designs, appreciated at once the rightness of
my criticisms, & assured me that new studies
would be made to carry them out. I don't at all
expect to see pilasters or continued on around
the corner, but some consideration given to lines
+ shadows — Forgive me for this depression.
Walker would not like my writing you like this.
I'm writing to Carl. I asked him not to hurt Walker's
feelings — for our relations are very cordial — I only
do this with you & Carl so that you may realize
that so long as I am around, I can do a lot to

save the picture. — The plans for the library are
moving along well. + many good ideas are developing.
I've not yet got to the study of facades —
Mrs. B. about whose health you spoke so kindly, is now well enough to begin packing up here. We plan to go to N.Y. in January (about the 15th) and stay there with our trunks tags around us, until a good foot starts. We engaged rooms at the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo. A fine place to be in France. Sunshine, quite warmish and reasonable food, they say. Then in the spring we can go back to our home near Paris. I do hope you and your family may come there to see us. You would see why my wife has been so homesick.

I'm sending herewith a little book which seems to me to have unusual value. Won't you please tell me what you think of it?

With best wishes to you and your family for the New Year — I am as ever

Yours cordially, Welles Bosworth.
My dear Fred:

I've been thinking about a real poetical letter to you, ever since that rare treat of a beauty from you; chewing the thought like a cud—when all of a heap! along comes a young chap & persuades our elder daughter to go half way with him & meet at the altar! We are all delighted. He's one of the most likeable tall blond blue-eyed types you ever saw. Yale '48, with a first war record. Navy. It's barely possible you may know something of his father, Wm. Eagleston—now living in Washington & serving the Navy in some way.

Anyhow, the boy's about as lucky as the girl. Francine is a rare specimen. She is really bilingual, & highly educated—a perfect
encyclopedia of general knowledge. He is studying for the diplomatic service, & knows she is the kind to help him in that kind of life. We are especially glad she didn't take for a Frenchman. These days, she?

But now about you, dear boy. How is your health? Do you keep a balance of the five essentials of life - in each twenty-four hours?

1. Right food. 2. Enough sleep. 3. Enough water. 4. Enough oxygen. 5. Enough exercise. I should add a sixt. Enough fun?

If so. I'm sure you'll live happily until we can meet again - & next time I hope that rare creature Vanveren Bush may be with us. Can't you both make it necessary for you to come to Paris? We'll put you up here & give you a happy time —

With affectionate regards to you both.

I am ever sincerely your friend, Welles.
Frederick J. Fassett Jr. Esp
Carnegie Institution
1530 P. St N.W.
Washington D.C.
U.S.A.
Wishing you a Happy New Year in 1949.

from

Renee & Welles Bosworth.
My dear Fred:—

Although your fine letter and the copy of the Review with your admirable and delightful poem on Gauden, were sent first class, it didn’t come until we had left for a short trip to New York, it only came to my hand and eye on our return. I went at once to call at the Hotel L’ouverture, only to find that Dr. Lane was away. But he wrote on his return — I have had the great pleasure of having him out here for tea and dinner—

He is, as you promised, an altogether delightful fellow — with a mind that is both philosophic and artistic, as well as richly informed. Entirely worthy of the Institute in Princeton.

I feel deeply indebted to you for bringing us together — my only regret was that you were not with us. But I treat the future to ‘fix that up.’

As to your not finding time for fantasy, you must treat time as you do your budget — apportion each 24 hours so that some, even some small part of it, is sacrely given to creative
"Vibrations." They keep the circulation in equilibrium.

The German soldiers here, stretched wires between many of our young trees. I ordered them cut away so as not to damage the trees, but several were so deeply imbedded beneath the bark that they were overlooked. Those trees died.

Such is the effect of trying to keep one's desk clean of unanswered mail matter.

With Vannevar Bush perfects some way of doing it mentally - Forestalls will jump!

Billy Chase has learned (or was born) to look sadly at a heap of work, hear a sigh, pour an orth mildly & then lie down & sleep. That's why he's still giving his delightful cme-kagium-think! I see the bust of Benning in the work to his friends - I was happy to see that you & he had lunched together. I was greatly disappointed not to have to go to Boston, but our trip this year was too short.

Next year, we must meet: you & he & I, in the St. B. Club.

F.S. up à toh!
Dear Fred:

I know it will interest you to see the way I keep hammering at Karl and Jim about sculpture. I know you will always keep where you can. How are things going with you + yours?
I trust all's well. The longer I live the more I enjoy life & I'm sure that's the way it is with you also—

Affectionately yours

Welles
April 19th, 1954

Dear Miss Schillaber,

Your article about the history of the architecture of the M.I.T. in the March Review has of course interested me probably more than any other of your readers, for up to a few years ago, I certainly knew more about it. I felt sorry not to have seen the manuscript before it was printed, for I could have told you a few things to make it more accurate and complete.

But first let me congratulate you on it, and the way it is written, like those "broad sweeps" you speak of leaving out unimportant detail - easy to read for the hurried reader.

Secondly, for your kind words about me. At the risk of reviewing to you some things you already know, but may not, I shall write you some of the thoughts your article stirred up in my memory.

Do you know about the celebration of moving from the old building on Boylton Street to the new group in Cambridge? How the Corporation and Faculty and prominent men connected with M.I.T. all met in caps and gowns and paraded to a wharf where we boarded a flat-boat called the "Excelsior" and decorated with white plaster ornaments from rail to water, and rowed by students I believe to the landing in Cambridge. It was designed by Ralph Adams Cram, at that time head of the Department of Architecture, who also managed the ceremonies of dedication. A detail not spoken of above the breath, was that the weight of the crowd on the barge was so much greater than calculated that it was barely above water level and caused terrible anxiety to those responsible until we got safely across. I sat just behind President Lowell of Harvard, Grovenor Coolidge and Mac Laurin of M.I.T. and knowing about the situation, with no life preservers, wondered if they could both swim.

On the way over fire works made a fine effect from the Court and dome of the new buildings where the Governor made the address of welcome from an imposing dais in front of the colonnade. A sort of theatrical performance followed with a plate glass lit from red lights in a pit below while Loie Fuller, I think, danced on the glass with flaming scarves. There were various large groups of students in costume - were they Greeks or Indians? I've forgotten,
but they danced and paraded and created a lively festive atmosphere very satisfying as a celebration.

The next day there were visits to the buildings and all that. I remember being introduced to the handsome Robert Bacon, of the Corporation. What a man! and T. Coleman Du Pont was another. You evidently do not know that the M.I.T. did not buy the land in Cambridge, as you say, but that he gave it to them, which is the reason for their naming the East Court for him. The other court, on the west, Lowell, because at that time President Lowell and Dr. Mac Laurin had combined the Engineering School that Harvard was asked by the McKay bequest to form into one equipment as it seemed absurd to have two schools so alike in the same town. Also this gave M.I.T. a large fund to draw upon to equip the new buildings, but alas! the McKay heirs brought suit on Harvard for not carrying out the terms of the bequest, and the scheme fell through "fell into the water" as the French say. M.I.T. suffered greatly in consequence, as the courts, instead of being treated with a lower level in the centre, with a road for automobiles to conduct visitors of importance on state occasions, up to the portico, and terraces leading from the front on the Charles River Road up around in front of the colonnade, leaving the smaller courts on a higher level, had to be abandoned, and courts all leveled off just filled up with gravel!

Can you see how much finer the effect would have been? with more height of additional steps along in front of the colonnade, and a green terrace with a double alley of formal trees bordering a path along the facades of the buildings?

All these things are so quickly forgotten. A complete set of drawings showing all this which Jacques Greber the famous French urbanist and landscape gardener helped me work out, is surely still on file at the Institute.

So also should be my complete drawings for the facade of the gap - now so sadly empty - on Massachusetts Avenue. I designed it with an incline and basement passage for autos, to go under an archway, thus making the parking space back of the dome just as serviceable. The central feature of that facade has always shown some columns, to break the long monotony that would otherwise be felt there. My earliest designs, approved by Dr. Mac Laurin show this.
I also made designs for a classical style chapel, to be built on the plot between the Walker Memorial and the President's house, in collaboration with Professor Schell. He had the designs placed on file. John Sargent told me he thought the appearance from Boston required a tall campanile, in contrast to the domes and flat roofs. I agreed at once, and showed one in connection with the chapel.

I must go back to the main Eastman Court and say I felt you should have given more credit to George Eastman than you did, for he not only gave the laboratory building, but the money with which the whole new group was originally built. You remember how secretly he was referred to as Mr. Smith. Many thought it was my friend and client Mr. Rockefeller because of the fact that I was selected as the architect, but I knew it was not, though I did not know who it was.

Another thing. The grouping of a lot of separate departments into one great building was my own, original idea, and I had to fight with many of the corporation to win them over to it. I knew from experience of just going from the old Walker building to the old main building, for different classes, without an overcoat, in winter, was cruel. Also that one great building would be so much more impressive. How I had also to fight to get them to use limestone, instead of red brick, which they thought so much more appropriate. You should also know that the President's mansion was a gift to M.I.T. from Charles A. Stone and Edwin S. Webster, of '88, who were the builders of M.I.T.

Now, for the sake of truth, I must speak of your saying that I was assisted in the "design" of the Rogers building by Carlson. He will confirm that I brought the complete design, even with a model, from Paris, just as it was built, before he had anything to do with it, and that when at President Compton's request I accepted him as associate for the execution of my designs (which he did admirably) it was recorded that I was solely responsible for "everything that had to do with the appearance of things". I never had a partner, following H.H. Richardson and R.M. Hunt, for I feel that architecture is an art.

Now, to finish I must tell you about the Rogers building and the statues, which those four pedestals are so patiently waiting for.
I have a high regard for the eloquence of sculpture in connection with architecture. I showed on my first project for the M.I.T. group a great heroic-size statue, representing the spirit of knowledge, on the axis of the Main Court. I have shown it on every drawing and painted it on air plane photos since the beginning, and I hope keenly to see it realized, for it would be so fine there as a key note to the whole institution, like the statue of Athene was on the Acropolis, or the Alma Mater at Columbia in New York. It would also be a great example of how to use sculpture to the whole country. But so far, committees always think the easiest way to cut down cost in building is to leave off sculpture.

I well remember Dr. Compton's writing me asking me to describe to him how I visualized the new Rogers entrance and vestibule to M.I.T. from Massachusetts Avenue, and my telling him there ought to be four statues of the great Greek founders of modern learning in it. He and I later agreed on them as Aristotle for the Sciences, Archimedes for Engineering, Ictinus, (and Callicrates looking over his shoulder at a plan of the Parthenon) for Architecture. Seeing these statues would certainly inspire every student and teacher of M.I.T. to follow their example and hope to become "great". The pier of masonry back of each statue was to bear incized outlines illustrating their inventions, like the water screw of Archimedes and the Parthenon of Ictinus, or famous words of theirs. The cost of this sculpture was relatively small, as the statues could well be made of artificial stone cut from plaster models. What fine memorials these would make, of distinguished M.I.T. graduates! I urged Mrs. Edwin Webster to do one but she was persuaded to endow a chair. However, the idea must be continually kept alive, and I hope you may find a way of bringing it somehow into print where the Alumni will see it.

Looking forward to the pleasure of meeting you some day, and with kind regards,

I am, sincerely yours,

[Signature]

April 19th, 1954
B. Dudley Esoy  
Editor, Tech. Review.

Dear Mr. Dudley,

Your kind letter of the 6th came just as I was about to send the enclosed to Miss Shilleto. But as I see it will be too late for her to make any corrections or additions to her articles, it has occurred to me that you might make some use of it in your June issue - as a sort of "cheer"?

In any case I leave it to you. But I do feel that I owe it to honesty to do all I can to get some idealistic sculpture at M.I.T. Three blocks of concave stone over the Davenport and Lowell Court entrances, should be carved to tell a story of this day - when all printers' ink has faded out. I hope you will get something "planted" in the minds of the alumni - it revived from time to time.

That photo, you published on the crown, of Lincoln, by my friend David Cheetham French, was eloquent - as much so as anything could be, it seems to me - of the importance of sculpture in our lives today.

Of course you will eventually send my letter on to Miss Shilleto, as an appreciation of her good work, whatever else you may do with it, and thank you again for sending me the marked copies.

Very sincerely yours,

Welles Bosworth.
Dear Miss Schillaber,

Your article about the history of the architecture of the M.I.T. in the March Review has of course interested me—probably more than any other of your readers, for up to a few years ago, I certainly knew more about it. I felt sorry not to have seen the manuscript before it was printed, for I could have told you a few things to make it more accurate and complete.

But first let me congratulate you on it, and the way it is written, like those "broad sweeps" you speak of—leaving out unimportant detail—easy to read for the hurried reader.

Secondly, for your kind words about me. At the risk of reviewing to you some things you already know, but may not, I shall write you some of the thoughts your article stirred up in my memory.

Do you know about the celebration of moving from the old building on Boylston Street to the new group in Cambridge? How the Corporation and Faculty and prominent men connected with M.I.T. all met in caps and gowns and paraded to a wharf where we boarded a flat-boat called the "Bucentor" and decorated with white plaster ornaments from rail to water, and rowed by students I believe to the landing in Cambridge. It was designed by Ralph Adams Cram, at that time head of the Department of Architecture, who also managed the ceremonies of dedication. A detail not spoken of above the breath, was that the weight of the crowd on the barge was so much greater than calculated that it was barely above water level and caused terrible anxiety to those responsible until we got safely across. I sat just behind President Lowell of Harvard, Grovenor Coolidge and Pres. Maclaurin of M I.T. — not knowing about the situation, with no life preservers, wondered if they could both swim. On the way over fire works made a fine effect from the Court and dome of the new buildings where the Governor made the address of welcome from an imposing dais in front of the colonnade. A sort of theatrical performance followed with a plate glass lit from red lights in a pit below while Loie Fuller, I think, danced on the glass with flaming scarves. There were various large groups of students in costume -- were they Greeks or Indians? I've forgotten,
but they danced and paraded and created a lively festive atmosphere very satisfying as a celebration.

The next day there were visits to the buildings and all that. I remember being introduced to the handsome Robert Bacon, of the Corporation. What a man! and T. Coleman DuPont was another. You evidently do not know that the M.I.T. did not buy the land in Cambridge, as you say, but that he gave it to them, which is the reason for their naming the East Court for him. The other court, on the west, "Lowell," because at that time President Lowell and Dr. MacLaurin had combined the Engineering School that Harvard was asked by the McKay bequest to form into one equipment as it seemed absurd to have two schools so alike in the same town. Also this gave M.I.T. a large fund to draw upon to equip the new buildings, but alas! the McKay heirs brought suit on Harvard for not carrying out the terms of the bequest, and the scheme fell through "fell into the water" as the French say. M.I.T. suffered greatly in consequence, as the courts, instead of being treated with a lower level in the centre, with a road for automobiles to conduct visitors of importance on state occasions, up to the portico, and terraces leading from the front on the Charles River Road up around in front of the colonnade, leaving the smaller courts on a higher level, had to be abandoned, and courts all leveled off just filled up with gravel!

Can you see how much finer the effect would have been with more height of additional steps along in front of the colonnade, and a green terrace with a double alley of formal trees bordering a path along the facades of the buildings?

All these things are so quickly forgotten. A complete set of drawings showing all this which Jacques Greber the famous French organist and landscape gardner helped me work out, is surely still on file at the Institute.

So also should be my complete drawings for the facade of the gap -- now so sadly empty -- on Massachusetts Avenue. I designed it with an incline and basement passage for autos, to go under an archway, thus making the parking space back of the dome just as serviceable. The central feature of that facade has always shown some columns, to break the long monotony that would otherwise be felt there. My earliest designs, approved by Dr. MacLaurin show this.
I also made designs for a classical style chapel, to be built on the plot between the Walker Memorial and the President's house, in collaboration with Professor Schell. He had the designs placed on file. John Sargent told me he thought the appearance from Boston required a tall campanile, in contrast to the domes and flat roofs. I agreed at once, and showed one in connection with the chapel.

I must go back to the main Eastman Court and say I felt you should have given more credit to George Eastman than you did, for he not only gave the laboratory building, but the money with which the whole new group was originally built. You remember how secretly he was referred to as Mr. Smith. Many thought it was my friend and client Mr. Rockefeller because of the fact that I was selected as the architect, but I knew it was not, though I did not know who it was.

Another thing. The grouping of a lot of separate departments into one great building was my own, original idea, and I had to fight with many of the corporation to win them over to it. I knew from experience of just going from the old Walker building to the old main building, for different classes, without an overcoat, in winter, was cruel. Also that one great building would be so much more impressive. How I had also to fight to get them to use lime stone, instead of red brick! which they thought so much more appropriate. You should also know that the President's mansion was a gift to M.I.T. from Charles A. Stone and Edwin S. Webster, of '88, who were the builders of M.I.T.

Now, for the sake of truth, I must speak of your saying that I was assisted in the "design" of the Rogers building by Carlson. He will confirm that I brought the complete design, even with a model, from Paris, just as it was built, before he had anything to do with it, and that when at President Compton's request I accepted him as associate for the execution of my designs (which he did admirably) it was recorded that I was solely responsible for "everything that had to do with the appearance of things." I never had a partner, following H. H. Richardson and R. M. Hunt, for I feel that architecture is an art.

Now, to finish I must tell you about the Rogers building and the statues, which those four pedestals are so patiently waiting for.
I have a high regard for the eloquence of sculpture in connection with architecture. I showed on my first project for the M.I.T. group a great heroic-size statue, representing the spirit of knowledge, on the axis of the Main Court. I have shown it on every drawing and painted it on air plane photos since the beginning, and I hope keenly to see it realized, for it would be so fine there as a key note to the whole institution, like the statue of Athene was on the Acropolis, or the Alma Mater at Columbia in New York. It would also be a great example of how to use sculpture to the whole country. But so far, committees always think the easiest way to cut down cost in building is to leave off sculpture.

I well remember Dr. Compton's writing me asking me to describe to him how I visualized the new Rogers entrance and vestibule to M.I.T. from Massachusetts Avenue, and my telling him there ought to be four statues of the great Greek founders of modern learning in it. He and I later agreed on them as Aristotle for the Sciences, Archimedes for Engineering, Ictinus, (and Callicrates looking over his shoulder at a plan of the Parthenon) for Architecture. Seeing these statues would certainly inspire every student and teacher of M.I.T. to follow their example and hope to become "great." The pier of masonry back of each statue was to bear incized outlines illustrating their inventions, like the water screw of Archimedes and the Parthenon of Ictinus, or famous words of theirs. The cost of this sculpture was relatively small, as the statues could well be made of artificial stone cut from plaster models. What fine memorials these would made, of distinguished M.I.T. graduates! I urged Mrs. Edwin Webster to do one but she was persuaded to endow a chair. However, the idea must be continually kept alive, and I hope you may find a way of bringing it somehow into print where the Alumni will see it.

Looking forward to the pleasure of meeting you some day, and with kind regards,

I am, sincerely yours,

Welles Bosworth (Signed)
Frederick J. Fasset, Esq.
Dean Assistant
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Dear Fred,

You know how I value your friendship and how I counted on it to speak a good word to Killian about those marble seats, but you don't know what immense satisfaction his letter of September 9th gives me, or how much of it I feel is due to you; so I offer you a heart full of thanks. It is in a good cause, isn't it? I look forward to sitting on one of them, some day with you. Killian's account of Mr. Proctor's taking such an interest in them is just perfect. His father or maybe, grand-father knew me when I gave him a marble temple to build in the Rockefeller gardens at Pocantico Hills, N.Y. He did a perfect job and his men never had a more difficult one to do, as the Doric, monolith columns were inclined inwards at the top so that the bases and caps could not be turned normally to the centres of the columns; you see, the base and cap mouldings had to be horizontal, while the columns were slightly tipped. That is a Greek refinement which I have never before seen done in modern times - yet for the seeing eye it pays like the crown on the victor. You and I are poets. What fun it is to write to one who likes that kind of thought!

Now what do you advise about this idea? I should love to have this lettered on the outside of the arm, (near the passage door,) of one at least of those seats:

GIVEN BY WELLES BOSWORTH '89 ARCH'T

Perhaps Mr. Proctor would like to see his name on the other one?

You may remember Dwight Robinson who was the engineer partner of Stone and Webster when M. I. T. was built. He is on record for stating that when Doctor MacLaurin asked me to contribute my commissions, "Due and Payable" on the foundations of the Institute buildings and I conceded, it meant that I gave them a hundred thousand dollars. It seems to me that they can afford to do it in view of my waiving any reimbursements, for so many hours of work and considerable
expense for M. I. T. account during a long time; designing a Chapel for Professor Shell to show Sloane in case he could get him interested; an auditorium to fill the gap on Massachusetts Avenue, chiefly to go on record, showing what my ideas are as to the facade that ought to be built there eventually, with an archway under it to let vehicles go through; as well as time and visits and correspondence in connection with Walker's work on the library buildings at the rail-road end of the Massachusetts Avenue facade — "Very badly done" — I was told today by a Boston architect. The Treasury Department charged me a flat twenty thousand dollars' tax on my fees for the Rogers building. Can you believe it? Well, of course it all depends on how much the seats cost, but I wonder if you might "feel the pulse" of Killian and see if something of that sort might be done. I'm sure those seats, which will add enormously to the pleasure of the students for many decades let us believe, would not have been done, at least as well, may I say? Without me, and I don't say that from egotism, but from an impersonal judgement in which I believe you will sympathise. Am I mistaken?

Killian was indeed most kind to offer to pay me for the design, but I won't hear of that. I enclose you a copy of my letter to him.

Now one more thing I'll ask of you. It is to send me two blueprints of the drawing. I need them in getting estimates over here.

What a letter I've imposed upon you, dear Fred. I apologize, but it shows the sincerity of my admiration as well as my affection for you.

Trusting that all's well with you and your delightful family, to whom I send my cordial remembrances and best wishes. I am

As ever yours, Willow
Dear Mr. Dudley,

I like so much the black & white pen & ink drawing of Membre de l'Institut.

The main front of the dome & portico, as used on page 211. in the Nov. number of the Revues, that I wonder if I might ask you to convey my appreciation + congratulations to the author whose name is lacking. I especially like the artistic way he has given balance & grace with the foliage in the for-ground.

But, if he is modest a seeking improving
criticism, as he should be, you might say I was shocked at the grossly heavy base of the column, & that the shadow on the left of the dome is too black.

With my thanks, kind regards, & my love to Romeo Ford & Fred Forsett, when you see them, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Welles Bosworth.
Frederick G. Foster, Esq.
Director of Publications
M.I.T.
Cambridge
Mass.
U.S.A.
My dear Fred:

I was very happy to see in the M.I.T. news letter for May, just read that you are going back to them again. That makes me feel more at home here than I have been able to ever since you left. Of course Karl's going...
Going back has helped a lot too. I'm looking forward to seeing Killian over here this summer. Can't you come with him? How is my old friend Wm. Chase? All's well with us here. Renée is having a tree (over 200) for Audrey on the 11th. So things are lively here. With best wishes for second wind at M.I.T. Best regards.
Just to show you that we are thinking of you and wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Rona and Welles Bosworth.
Audrey Horton-Fawkes
Oct 2, 1954
Frederick G. Fassett Jr.
Associate Dean J. W. M. I. T.
Cambridge,
Mass.

U.S.A.
My dear Fred:

I was just on the point of writing to William to ask what had become of you, not having heard from you for such a long time. When I saw the article about you in the Febly Review, Needless to say how glad I was to be able to think of you again as back at the Institute where you seem to belong.

We had the great pleasure of getting to know the Williams pretty well. I thought, when they were here last summer, we both fell in love with both of them! To put it practically: William's announcement of your qualities is very pleasing! I know how happy you must feel about it all. What's become of C. M. Schell?

I must not write any more now, as I'm stealing time from something else, but this is just to congratulate you and wish you many happy days.

I am, as ever cordially yours,

Welles B.
2nd March 1953.

President Emeritus -
Karl T. Compton Bq.,
Mass. Inst. of Technology,
Cambridge, U.S.A.

Dear Karl,

If the magnificent photograph of French's statue of Lincoln on the February cover of the Review is a result of my question to you, "What intimation do you give to the students of the M.I.T. of the value of sculpture to human life," then I give devout thanks to your open-minded intelligence to take good suggestions and act on them.

In any case, may I ask you to convey my heartfelt congratulations and my personal thanks, as an alumnus profoundly interested in our splendid institution, to whomever did it. It revives my hope to live to see the day when we may see a great statue of the "Spirit of Learning" in the centre of the Main Court, just as the "Alma Mater" does on the steps of the Library of Columbia College. Also, that I may see those four statues of the Greek Founders of Modern Learning which you and I planned for, from the first sketches in the Rogers entrance vestibules. Couldn't you persuade the Ford Foundation to give them, as an inspiration and encouragement to the young men who are constantly passing through there? They would be impressed by them all through life.

I was with French at the dedication of this statue and (as a representative of the Art Commission of New York) was asked to wear a long coat and silk hat. French had not been warned and appeared in a straw hat and short coat. He was deeply embarrassed, the President and all the "top brass" (a phrase not known at that time) of Washington being there, even Lincoln's son. Of course I took him behind one of those great Greek columns and changed coats and hats with him, and he was delighted as they fitted him perfectly.

With warm regards to Margaret and yourself, in which Nenec joins me.

I am, as ever, very devotedly yours,

Welles
March 30, 1953

Mr. Welles Bosworth
Villa Marietta
Vaucresson,
Seine et Oise,
France

Dear Mr. Bosworth:

Dr. Compton has been good enough to let me see your letter of March 2, in which you comment on the photograph of the Lincoln Memorial on the cover of the February issue of The Technology Review. This piece of sculpture has always appealed very much to me, and I felt it was particularly appropriate for The Review for the excellence of photographic rendition, the magnificence of the memorial itself, and the lofty character of Lincoln's life.

From your relatively recent visits with Dr. Compton, you undoubtedly know much better than I do that the Institute is making a very strenuous effort to give its students a background in the humanities, as well as in the purely technical subjects for which it is so well known. Certainly the Institute of today offers many cultural advantages and outlets in student activities which did not exist prior to World War II, and I am sure that many of them must reflect the views outlined in your letter to Dr. Compton.

You may be interested to know that we have a manuscript in The Review office dealing with the development of the Institute buildings from the time the Institute was formed up to the present. This is a rather long article and will require a good deal of work for all of the illustrations which are at hand. Probably we will not be able to publish this story in The Review until next fall or winter. I think you may be interested in knowing, however, that your name figures prominently throughout all of this story. We can not yet record as facts the fulfillment of your idea to have statues in the Great Court or on the pedestals in Building 7. There is a good deal of activity at the Institute, however, and I have no doubt but that we may ultimately see these further manifestations of The Institute's interest in cultural matters.

Yours sincerely,

B. Dudley
Editor
April 6, 1954

Mr. Welles Bosworth
Villa Marietta
Vaucresson, Seine et Oise
France

Dear Mr. Bosworth:

Professor Schell was kind enough to pass on to me your brief note regarding the tribute to you which appeared on the contents page for the December and January issues of The Technology Review. This series of photographs on "Do You Know Boston" is the result of the combined efforts of Raymond E. Hanson and The Technology Review editor, and as a matter of fact, I made the photograph which appeared in the December issue. I, therefore, have to accept responsibility for this series. I am gratified you derived some satisfaction from it.

The April and May issues of The Technology Review contain an article on the architecture of the Institute's buildings from the early buildings on Boylston Street to our present structures. A marked copy of the April issue already has been sent to you and a copy of the May issue will go forward to you as soon as it comes from the printer. Of course, your own architectural work comes in for a good deal of mention, particularly in the period when the Institute buildings conformed to the classic style. The second of this series of articles will bring you up-to-date on some of the more recent buildings which have been built on our campus. The chapel has not yet been built but its construction has been approved by the Corporation and I believe work is to begin in the summer or fall.

It is my hope you may derive satisfaction from the two-part article on M.I.T. architecture which is now appearing in The Technology Review.

Sincerely yours,

B. Dudley
Editor

D/k
Cc: Prof. E. H. Schell
Dear Journ:—

I read your fine article in The M.I.T. Review. Membre de l'Institut with great interest. Did you see the charming little tribute to me in the Dec't. jail numbers, at the head of the Table of Contents? Who do you suppose did it? I wish you would tell him for me what pleasure it
Give my wife time. Do you ever regret that the chapel for meditation he planned is still lacking at the Institute? You are wondrously do into the realm of humanities perhaps we may yet build it. What a joy that would be. With kindest regards and best wishes, I am as ever yours.

Welles

J. 30. '54
From the desk of—
ERWIN H. SCHELL

To the Editor
Technology Review

REC'D
MAR 23 1954
Mass. Inst. of Tech.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
February 23rd 1954

Mr. Welles Bosworth,
Villa Marietta,
Vaucresson, Seine et Oise,
FRANCE.

My dear Mr. Bosworth:

Your note of January 30th, addressed to Professor Schell, arrived just after he had left Cambridge for a month’s absence. He is presently in Sao Paulo attending an International Management Congress and from there he will make some visitations to educators and industrialists in Latin American countries, returning to Cambridge about March 15th.

I am quite sure you can count on hearing from him soon after his return.

Yours very truly,

Secretary to Professor Schell.
BEST WISHES
FOR A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

from

Renie & Welles Bosworth
- 1953.

Mantes Cathedral, by WB
My dear Fred,

I was glad to hear from you in your letter of 2nd April, but greatly troubled in spirit at the news of your lung operation. You say that the doctors anticipate that by 1st May the bacillus will have been defeated. Since this is 7th May, I trust that by the time this reaches you, you will find that you are out of the woods.

I never knew quite how to account for the constant war that is going on between men and microbes, but it seems to me that the best way is to remember that in the days of Christ's healings, He didn't say anything that would make a man with microbes feel that it was time to give up hope or faith. I am sure you must feel that way about it too, and if you do, you will come through victoriously.

Another thought occurs to me, of something that I read the other day, as being good and true. It is that consciousness never requires of you anything that is beyond your strength to do. In other words, it is never necessary for anybody to commit what I always call the beginning of all sin, and that is getting over tired. Just call a halt when you come to the brink, and you will not only be doing all that the situation requires, but be setting a good example.

My dear friend, you see I come from a long line of Puritan preachers on one side of the house, and from a long line of liberal minded New York Dutch on the other, but devout Christians. My mother's grand-father, Wymant Van Zandt, gave an Episcopal church to the town of Douglastown, on Long Island, and is buried in the family vault under the stone pavement at the entrance to Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, so you will forgive me. In any case, I strongly recommend your reading books on Metaphysics, and imagine only health for yourself, for I feel sure that what
you gaze on mentally is what you out-picture physically.

But to return to your letter. I note that your mastery of the dictionary is, if possible, becoming even greater than of yore. The way you fling words around your head reminds me of the scintillations of the giant pin-wheels in the gardens of Versailles, at one of their Summer evening fêtes. I started to use the word "condolence," but didn't dare without being sure of its literal meaning, so got up and pulled down the "Roget's Thesaurus," and, to my surprise, I found it was not even included in the book. I therefore referred to the Universal Graphic Dictionary - one of my favourite books - and abandoned the word when I found it was "chiefly used in connection with marital difficulties." Remembering your charming wife and daughter, and their devotion to you, I am sure that no word could be more misused than that, in connection with you and your conscience.

As regards the relative values of Art and Science at M.I.T., I can only say that somebody must "peep" now and then, when Art seems entirely forgotten. You and I will agree that it is more or less like Poetry in life, and Literature, as a more practical simplification of life and education. But referring to the word "peep," you will probably know that it has two meanings. One, "to chirp or cry as young birds," and the other, "to look slyly." Old Mr. John D. Rockefeller once told me a story about a masterful woman who had a timid and hen-pecked husband. A friend was announced as a caller, so she grabbed a broom and swept the little man under the bed. During the visit, she saw him looking slyly out and took the broom to sweep him back, but as he disappeared, he was heard to say, "Whistle Butterworth, as long as I have the spirit of a man, I will peep."

You are quite right about the buorgenning of the spring here at Marietta. It is divine at this moment, and the nightingale's singing all night near the guest-room windows seems to give it perfect voice. I hope you will be coming over again soon and staying longer.

With best wishes to you and your family, in which Renée and Audrey join me,

always,

I am very sincerely yours,

Welles

Here, all the family assembled, four generations, to wish our friends a very

Happy New Year."

There is a letter going to you soon, dear Fred.

About my eternal desire to see a fine statue of

Alma Mater, or the spirit of learning in the

main court, which is always shown in my drawings,

which is needed, like a man's neck tie, to complete

the outward expression of M.I.T. I want you to

McCord to write articles about it, to keep the idea before

the alumni. I'd send you photos. Ask Wesley.
31, Avenue Georges Mandel  
Paris 16ème, France  
19 May, 1956

Dear Dean Fassett,

It has been just about two years since, in the course of a short but interesting conversation with our departed friend Dr. Compton, that I first heard the tale of the origin of the empty pedestals in the lobby of Bldg. 7. The purpose was evident but the reasons behind the lack of realization was and is not too evident.

Recently the M.J.T. club of Paris held its first meeting in over a year. The attendance was not notable, some 13 or 14 attending, but in spirit and interest the company was stimulating. By means of a skillful jeu des condes I managed to be seated next to the acknowledged dean of the group, whose name I remembered from the conversation with Dr. Compton, as you may have guessed, Mr. Wells Bosworth, of the class of 1889.

I don't know how well you personally know Mr. Bosworth; I don't hesitate to add my opinion to the totality of others I have heard, that he is one of the most charming persons that I have met, and indisputably one of the most captivating speakers that anyone has heard. I suspect he hasn't had too many disappointments in life, having always had the facility to convince people that their confidence in him would be justified. Two examples include his convincing Monroe (c. 1885) that he could satisfactorily complete the M.J.T. course in Architecture despite a marginal
aptitude in mathematics, and a similar movement amidst the severely competitive entrance exams to the Académie des Beaux Arts, where he convinced the director that he could always hire someone at $15 per week to do his mathematics provided that he had had the incomparable training of the Beaux Arts. Perhaps these amusing tales aren't true to the letter, but they exemplify his self-made good fortune and confidence.

If I may presume to name it, I think one of the most personal disappointments to Mr. Bosworth is the fact that his proposed statues were never realized. I was told that every architectural sketch that he submitted concerning the relevant area indicated the statues. Furthermore, Mr. Bosworth, at his own expense, had a model made of Archimedes and his water screw, and had photos made of this superimposed upon photos of the pertinent area, the photos sent to the Institute to Dr. Villian if I remember rightly, and the gesture was evidently not even acknowledged. Evidently there was at one time a committee on the question I believe under Prof. Schell, but the project was not carried to any significant degree.

I fully understand the difficulties according to such an undertaking as the realization of the stationary would require, but I feel the project has been dormant long enough that a renewed effort might find the inspiration and interest needed to bring fruitful results. I don't profess to have a ready solution, but I would respectfully submit that a brief comment in the Technology Review might serve as a quick poll of interest. Perhaps my revered fraternity brother Prof. Schell
could suggest a course. I suggested to Mr. Bosworth that he write the Review, and he said that he would, but despite his 86-odd years he is an extremely busy man, and the letter may not be soon coming. I believe an indication of interest in the problem, by means of the Review, would please him, and achievement would please a great many people.

At a recent University Club luncheon (Mr. Bosworth is president) the speaker was André Siegfried, of the French Academy and Le Figaro. His comments on latest American visit were interesting and quite gratifying, being primarily concerned with the realism of much of American education, exemplified by the case study, the limited participation and unwillingness to restrict or even to guide on the part of the Prof., and the competence, orderliness, and respect displayed by the students. This was contrasted to the pertinent facets of European education, where the Professor is an unapproachable irreplaceable dictator to his classes.

Mr. Siegfried's observations stemmed primarily from his experience at Harvard, but he had a few very kind words (unsolicited, I believe) apropos to the M.D.S. curriculum.

Please excuse my presumption in requesting your direct opinion or assistance. I felt that through the Review and more so through your contact with administration, student, alumni or mixed groups you may find an opening gambit.

My sincerest regards to Mrs. Fasset and yourself,

Bob Rechard

P.S. Mr. Bosworth was amused at the description of empty pedestals wrapped as huge Christmas packages under the tree, but he obviously feels a more perpetual, more culturally provocative use is to be desired.
The Greave
Luddenden
Yorkshire
Dec 12th

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Fassett,

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! — I only wish it were last year’s wishes I were sending now. I have only just this minute come across a little old note from Papa that I received the letter with my other presents after our baby was born. They sat at the customs in July! They did not expect us to write until I should see them. Then
With every sort of good wish and many thanks. Yours truly,

[Signature]
Dean
Frederick G. Fasset Jr. Esq.
37V
362 Memorial Drive, Moore House
Cambridge
Mass.
U.S.A.
January 3, 1956

Mr. Welles Bosworth
Villa Marietta
Vaucresson, Seine Et Oise
France

Dear Mr. Bosworth:

It was nice to have your card although your inquiries regarding the pen and ink drawing of the dome and portfolio of building 10 provide me with some embarrassment. I felt we needed some pictorial treatment for the announcement on page 111 of the November issue of the Review and since we were pressed for time I used a cut that had been reposing in our file for many years. Unfortunately I am unable to pass on to the artist your appreciative comments. You might be interested to know that so far as I am aware, the original drawing to which you refer dates back to the time when Fred Fassett or even Jim Killian had the editorship of the Review.

If you have the time and inclination I think I should be much interested in your comments regarding the Kresge Auditorium and the M.I.T. chapel with its new bell tower. To set you at ease, I hasten to assure you that architecturally speaking I am an old moss-back conservative.

Very truly yours,

B. Dudley
Editor
My dear Fred:

Your charming letter at Christmas has been smiling at me, from the bottom of the pile of unanswered things, waiting patiently for the time when I could indulge in poetical thoughts. You & I both love (like Kentucky Cardinals whistling on snowy branches). But tonight, in turning over last week's Time, before opening this week's number just arrived, to be sure that I hadn't missed any important news - I saw the enclosed article about the huge new Prudential Ins Co. project for Boston. It will be so near to Copley Square. That I wonder if that disgrace to Boston (The U.S.A.) couldn't be done over now?

Of course it may have been, since I submitted my scheme for it to my old & intimate friend Chas. Hertler. He liked it but said that as more Governor of the State, he had nothing to do with beautifying the Boston. You may remember that I got dear Billy Chase to cooperate with Otto Eggers & me & get our plans put on file in the Mayor's office - perhaps the square has been rebuilt by now? I've no longer any friend there to use me. You'll see by studying this photo, how well the centering is worked out, & the great booking places on Boylston St. opposite the library facade. It's a good design & very practical.

I wish you would consult with David W. Cord, who liked my work & see if now is the time for his able pen to do
Something to give it life.

How I'd enjoy working up a project like that!

Rockefeller restorations are still going on at Versailles.

Did you see an article I wrote about the Theatre in the Palace (to be opened on the visit of Queen Elizabeth in a few weeks, April 1 believe —) which I wrote for The Magazine of The Amer. Soc. of the French Legion of Honor last Autumn?

How often do you go to good old Portland?

Are there any elms left over State Street?

Thanks to John Calvin Stevens for inspiring me to want to be an architect. (Before the days of brassieres for auditoriums!) but don't quote me for saying it.

Rennie is fine as ever. + joins me in warm regards + best wishes to Gini + your good self.

Your friend always—

Welles
Marietta Vaucresson
(3 x 0)

Dear Friend Fred,

Oct. 27, 58

I’m writing, abed, on my knee—having acquired the habit during a long illness from a sudden operation in June. The Doctor took an X-ray, and said: “In architecture, you’ve done too much building in your bladder. There’s a big stone in it. We must remove without delay.” Operation “perfectly successful,” as I’m now pronounced by the Doctor: “in perfect health.”

So, I’ve taken the reins of life in hand, for “yet a little while” before I go to the Father. I’ll be go next May!

I was happy indeed to be able to represent the Rockefeller Brothers last week; I was going to say but it was Oct 14th when there was an official ceremony of inauguration of restorations, accomplished at Versailles done by means of a donation from them. None of the five were able to be there, so they very naturally, as they said, asked me to represent them. It was very agreeable to the Minister of Education and the Fine Arts, President Ex-ambassador David Bruce etc. each had to make a speech. We each were made “Commander of the Order of Art & Letters” with cravat & medal; the Minister handed me one for each of the five brothers with a letter from him to each. We had had a beautiful lunch party for 40 in a fine corner room of the Grand Trianon, radios included, as usual in France. Then about 300 were shown around to see the works.
I trust this of your days I have had your love. Also some day your love will be a monument. To your memory.

How I wish you and your family had been here with us, as you surely would have been if in Paris. They asked me for a list of my friends to invite to their cards and to over a hundred.

It occurred to me that it might just strike one's interest to see a notice in the M. I. T. Review magazine. To read something like this: Recent Honors — Welles Bosworth, of the main group of M. I. T. buildings, has recently been decorated by the Minister of Public Education and the Fine Arts in France, as Commandeur dans l'Ordre des Beaux Arts et des Lettres, for his help for many years in the restorations of the Palace of Versailles and Trianons, as well as Fontainebleau and the Cathedral of Reims. Bosworth has for many years been a Commander in the Legion of Honor, a member of the French Institute, Académie des Beaux Arts, and F. A. I. A. and N. A. at home, and a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in good old Boston.

I would like to add that she will never be happy until M. I. T. until some cultured soul is inspired enough to raise the money to place a heroic-size statue of the Spirit of Learning in the main court, as shown in his first drawings and approved by Dr. Maclean in all the others, What would Columbia College be without that lovely Alma Mater?
Frederick J. Fassett Jr., Esq.
Dean of Residence
Mass. Inst. of Technology
Cambridge, Mass.

U.S.A.
Dear Friend Fred:

Feb 9, 1959

Nothing in all the high tide of Christmas letters and cards gave me such a deep soulful pleasure as your letter of Christmas Day. I've kept it open, standing facing me on my writing table, waiting for a quiet hour in which I could forget the pressure of outer things and feel alone with you. But none has come because a very dear and important old friend called upon me to "give some distinction" to the design of a house he is starting to build for his favorite daughter. "The masons will start in a fortnight," so no time to do anything but concentrate on it. That I did; and, to my own great satisfaction, I succeeded in making "a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Both he and his daughter were delighted, but one thing led to another, and I've had no sense of leisure since Christmas, with all the complications of home life and social obligations, as well as income tax to get going on - I knew you would give me unshaken faith and tolerance, but it has grieved me, not to write you. Today came your heavy air mail letter, with the most gratifying notices due to your own activity, for me. Your graciousness and delicacy
Dear Frank,

I feel, as in all your words and thoughts, a desire to reveal my own. The main reason, of any of the moments we have had, is the first-thing-in-the-morning letter. I am so soon asleep as to make myself a little light of pleasure, alive after the letters of Dr. Edmonston and a little light of pleasure, alive after the letters of Dr. Edmonston and a little light of pleasure, alive after the letters of Dr. Edmonston.

This is not a reply to your last, for I have been ill a little light of pleasure, alive after the letters of Dr. Edmonston and a little light of pleasure, alive after the letters of Dr. Edmonston.

To become an architect, your friendship, dear friend, is the amount. That Kentucky membership is all right. My most wishes to you.

We will meet you next week. You will find your friend always.

Yours affectionately,

Walter
Frederick G. Fassett Jr. Esq.
Dean of Residence
Mass. Inst. of Technology
Cambridge 39
Mass.
U.S.A.
My dear Friend Fred:

So much time has slipped by since I wrote you a brief introduction, to this letter & that you must have thought I had forgotten you! On the contrary, I'm sure I've thought of you more often, than if I had answered, what is to me, one of my most valued letters. I'd like to send you one lately received from a great lady of English society, whose husband, Stanley Robinson, is, has been for many years, Conservator of Ancient Coins (mostly Gold) in the British Museum. She was in Cambridge, where he went for some archaeological work at Harvard, for a fortnight last autumn; one morning of Indian Summer weather, she took a book & went to sit under the trees in the great court of M.I.T. | I think it was from there that she wrote me, studying all the details of The Colonnade - as well as the ensemble, & feeling what I felt in designing it, so intimately, that I was astonished! I am not embarrassed to tell you what she said at the close of her letter, for I know you could not accuse me of being conceited! She said - "I feel here, as if I were hearing Bach music. This a noble building & the creation of a noble soul." You can imagine how that made the tears fill my eyes...

Have you read that "literary masterpiece", J.K. Chesterton's biography of "the world's one sincere democrat" and "divine demagogue", St. Francis of Assisi? Audrey has sent it to me & I'm deeply enjoying it. A new edition by Doubleday & Co. Garden City N.Y. 22. If I were sure you haven't got it, or read it, I'd order it sent to you. Not so much for religion, as for the poetic pleasure in its style!
3) keeping the niece's name, with a title

On the following morning, I was attacked
by wine. The crust of Java coffee almost
burned my heart, but French coffee
with milk was burning my throat. I
was a minute out of bed, when I looked
at the clock. It was a minute past ten.
The first draft of the article was
completed. The picture of the
foreground, through the window, was
in full bloom. The sun was all white,
and white. The other is all white.

And the sun was all white.

I need all that flaring stone, the Lord was just a
first thing.

Do you think I

Killed*

*These bunches of course, made me

When long ago in those days, I saw Portland,

Hadn't one thought to make

The picture of the foreground, through the window, was

The sun was all white.

In a word, or two words, the story of how we

In the centre of the earth, the core, there is a

In the centre of the earth.
You see that I wrote all that as a sort of "crepture" to this, just for fun! But if you wondered at all those corrections, you will think better of them when I tell you that I learned that, from a lengthy correspondence with my dear friend Lord Arthur J. Balfour, who always seemed to me, to be the highest & finest gentleman of the Victorian era.
He always did that in the wide margins of his type written letters, even to Mr. Rockefeller.
Do you know the famous note he made opposite a complaint sent him, that the monks of a certain country monastery were enraging the neighboring farmers, by "violating" their cows? He wrote, "it seems to require a Papal Bull."
You, dear friend, will be pleased to know his last words to me, from his death-bed shortly before he passed out.
As I went out the door & looked back, he waved his hand to me, & said "You are the greatest poet of them all."

But to be practical, Karl Compton asked me by letter, to act as consultant, with Ralph Walker, on the Haydon Library. I agreed & went several times for consultations with him & his daughter, & I had some special photos made of a part of the Palais de Chaillot, to send to him, etc. He didn't know me then as well as now. I'm very fond of him — Jim Kilian wrote & asked me for my tell. I replied that if he would have a good, proper seat, made for each end of the main vestibule, where students could sit & talk for a while,
I would make the design a solemn, stately, and reverent one, and I should give a close estimation to the marble. I would seek the elements of beauty in the stone, and I should strive to realize the proportions. I would make the design as simple as possible. I would not allow the marble to be marred by any unnecessary detail. I would make a design that would express the essence of the subject. I would make the design as beautiful as possible. I would seek the harmony of form and spirit.