How about a little song from "Romeo and Juliet"
but I had to fix it up, a bit
My bounty is as boundless, as the sea.
My love as deep—
The more I give to Thee, the more I have.
for both are "infini."

Want a laugh?
History teacher asks the class, what does the word the "Rialto" stand for?
Little girl answers, "the business end of Venice."
PAR AVION
Welles Bosworth
Villa Marietta
Vaucresson (s.a.o.)
OCTOBRE
BIennALE DE PAris
Manifest des Internationales des Jeunes Artistes
50¢
50¢
10¢
FRANCAIS

Frederick G. Fasset Jr.
R.F.D. #1
1163
Oakland
Maine
U.S.A.
Seeing that you are near Sidney, do you know this jingle? There was an old fellow named Sidney. He drank so he ruined a kidney. It shrivelled and shrunk as he sat there and drank. But he had a good time after DUDNEY?

And your account of the splendor of those wood-peckers makes one feel it must be they that inspired that song the D.K.E. boys at Harvard used to love to sing together. Did you hear it? To the tune of Dixie, "I stuck my finger in a wood-pecker's hole?"
Very dear old friend Fred:

You are an A#1 ambassador!!!

What an inspiration came to me, from the Spirit that said to us: “And the second law is like unto the first; love your fellow whom you are brought into contact with (let’s call him neighbor) well enough, to treat him just as you would wish him to treat you.”

That Spirit, to whom I’ve learned to listen in both big & little matters. It kept telling me Dr. Stratton will not like the feeling you must create about the statue, which has always been the “neck-tie” of your great court picture, when — to prove to him that from first to last, it has been approved by the Corporation, to the medal they paid for, called “The Alumni Medal” to commemorate the moving to Cambridge, which made the statue, more prominent than the Donor’s Colonnade. And poor man! He wrote Allen Adams, he’d never heard of the idea of a statue there!

Pardon me, dear boy, for repeating all that, but it brings out the central idea in this letter. A statue of the Spirit of Learning. To make “visible”, as it were, the Rogers definition of education, which I proposed, by cable, through Harry Shepley) to have graven in the wall above the Main Entrance Portico, to commemorate the Founder, at this centennial. The idea came to me, on reading Reo. Stratton’s 1960 Report, where he eulogizes it, used it on the cover.

You may imagine the pleasure it gave me, when he assured me that so soon as some uncertain words are determined, they will proceed. And, though he & I did not talk of the statue, he
I did write Reenie a pleasant letter, or the
hold one, but why not give a Missisquoi
that not. I only heard from古代, it is no longer
antique, not because the worst then takes
of an antique, so why not a Clifton?
template. That's why I performed to give a Clifton:
just an antique. Figure it. So why not a Clifton?

my best friend Paul Montague who has made
should do it most remarkably. It perfectly well.

The very mad about the modern part and Poole.

of which made recognition of the picture of
the columns are
down a great leading platform, with taste to

important monumnet and that's supposed to
impeccably what Beacon, American in Boston.
Dear Welles:

And as I remember it, that letter I sent you at the epicycular intersection preceding this one was in my own sad calligraphy; suspecting that, and conscious of its implications of eyestrain if not indeed of incomprehensibility, I here avail myself of this mechanical amanuensis. Who shall say that the long interval in our exchanges may not be attributed to the inadvertent unintelligibility of the last full-length epistle emanating from Cambridge? We shall this time avoid that hazard.

Your multi-dated rich letter begun May 20 says so many inspiring things and recalls so many more that I am hard put to settle on how best to launch this reply. Of one thing I'm certain, as I reread that letter: Orville Prescott of the New York times was flatly wrong when, a few weeks ago, reviewing another of the multifarious volmes of Horace Walpole's correspondence as edited by Wilmarth Lewis, he bewailed the thesis that the art of the letter ceased with Walpole. We must not castigate Prescott; he has not had the fortune of letters dated "Marietta." If he had had, he would have better criteria for his pronouncements.

I suppose there is an Oakland in at least forty-eight of the states. Maine's small town of that name is distinguished principally by the fact that its postoffice serves the adjoining smaller (numerically) town of Sidney, within whose ample bounds is contained the structure wherein I write—what at the seashore would be known as a cottage, but is in lake or forest country known as a camp. Sidney, which sent far more than its share of men to the Civil War, and never recovered from the loss, is an old township. It
was an established settlement when Benedict Arnold journeyed up the Kennebec (our eastern boundary) on his expedition against Quebec in 1776. It is a long township, stretched north and south between the river and Snow's Pond, which washes the stones about thirty feet from this room, and which, named for one Snow who hunted and trapped about it in the 1760's for the successors to the Plymouth Company, is now officially publicized as Messalonskee Lake, after some putative Injun about whom no one knows anything, but whose name supposedly conjures up romance. Romance we don't need; the town was named for Sir Philip Sidney. Robert Frost has told me that to the best of his knowledge only Raleigh, North Carolina, shares the honor of having been named for a poet.

From poets to Cambridge is a short step, and a logical. And in Cambridge in April there was an event to delight you. The 397th birthday of William Shakespeare was signalized by an al fresco performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" given by members of the Senior House and assisting artists, in Bosworth Court. Bosworth Court is the name given by members of the Senior House to the courtyard which that House--the Faculty Houses of old and the most satisfying and effective student residence that we have--and the wall of the President's garden enclose. The wall of the garden served admirably as the mysterious region where Oberon and Mab and the others held forth--the group including two charming Stratton daughters who admirably enacted the role of fairies even though their costumes were slight and the evening was one of Cambridge's best chilly spring ones. The whole thing was delightful. It has significance beyond the accolade to the Bard.

The Senior House has its name, as has Bosworth Court, at the behest of the members of the House. It once was in fact used only by fourth-year men, though nowadays it houses a cross-section of
the undergraduate body, our philosophy being that this pattern makes for the best in educational residential living. It is also in fact the senior house on campus. Among its members, especially since in recent years we have been able to establish with them a Master, Senior Tutor, and Tutors in residence, there has grown up a solidarity, a spirit, a feeling of identity, which echoes, which indeed is, the kind of love of goodness and love of all other men of which you speak so truly in the opening of your multiplex letter. It is a strange blend of pride, humility, fellow-feeling, community, and idiosyncrasy. It brought about the name of the House, the name of the Court, the celebration for Shakespeare, (and, a year earlier, a similar one for Beethoven), even the production of one issue of a House [name] literary magazine of rather high quality, entitled, you may I trust be pleased to know, "The Bosworthian." Dittoed, not printed, it is true, and rather poorly dittoed at that, and loosely stapled, but, by Jove, the House's magazine, written and published by the members thereof.

This entire development, to my mind, is proof again—if proof were needed—of the subtle ways in which architecture shapes not only space, but the lives lived therein. The human scale of the Senior House and the expression which it gives to and of taste and style are fundamental to the good things that are happening there. Let us note in passing that the student impresario of the Shakespeare evening worked so hard on it that people feared he might be disqualified academically; actually, he had one of the best terms of his undergraduate career thus far. This is what esprit de corps can mean. You and I know that that esprit derives in the last analysis from the genius loci.

—There has been a pause here, during which I watched song sparrows protest the passage of chipmunks toward not too distant
peanuts. Let no man tell me that such small deer don't remember; we year when we return, they take up the piratical role within twenty-four hours. Of course, we are still too far north for the redbirds, though they are becoming established in Massachusetts and are not infrequent visitors to Cumberland County. Someday I hope to be able to write you that one has invaded Sidney. For the present, the best I can do is to report observing yesterday a pair of pileated woodpeckers in the high hemlocks a few hundred yards from the house—the architecture of which, may I add, is a highly individualistic blend of fin de siecle and High Travesty (I built most of it). These woodpeckers are as big as a crow, which an enormous flaming crest, white stripes against black on the neck, white patches against black on the wings in flight. They are truly the spirit of the forest, the king of the woods.—

I should not wish to imply that other Houses at the Institute are lagging. On the contrary, there is an upsurge throughout the student body, and in the main an upsurge toward the good. There are a master and tutors in Burton House; Tutors will join the Faculty Resident in Baker House in the autumn. Each place in its way is working toward betterment. But I did want to be detailed in talking about the Senior House, for that is truly yours. I should add that a grilled wall has been built along Amherst street to shield the House from the factories and the traffic, and that it has contributed to life there something of the sort that the fence surrounding it contributes to the Harvard Yard, or the forecourt contributes to the Sorbonne.

As I think that about a day or two after this letter reaches Marietta you will be seeing Dr. Stratton and that you and he will have opportunity to talk about the Institute and all it means, I have feelings of both joy and satisfaction. I say, as no ambas-
sador in this instance (though that brevet by you I hold precious and honorable) that you will find in him a fellow spirit, as he will in you.

Longfellow said "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." Quite so; those of the ripen years are longer and better, and their will is not the wind's will. So, my friend since boyhood, adieu for the nonce.

With every good wish, and with warmest regard and affection to you and Renee, in which Julie joins,

Sincerely yours,
Dear Good "Old Friend"

Fred! I am sure of two things, in this "crumbling" world (which, after a moment's consideration, is a good sign!) for, did not Jesus Christ say, "My kingdom", is not this, your human kind of universe? That must crumble, "keen away"! before you can image what I represent & talk about to you? And — to enjoy life, two "legs" are required to stand on. 1st Love goodness (ou mercy) with ALL your heart, soul & strength, and 2nd (just this little easy natural law) love everyone you come in contact with, as though you were in his SKIN: White, Black — half-breed or yellow. — — — How much & where, do you find that spirit today? Have you, by the way, read G.K. Chesterton's life of St. Francis of Assisi? It is so humorous, in spots, that I found it very amusing! But this letter is a "split infinitive" if ever there was one! The first thing I am sure of is, that every time you've thought of me, & of my seeming loss of interest in you, you've said, "Welles is far too deeply attached to me ..." and what I stand for, in these adorable legs of boyhood, when he lived on State Street in Portland, Me. + Foster Stephens built a house for his (3rd) grandson, Thomas Shaw — that he spent his summers in at the Cape! near the twin lights. Where his great-grandfather Nathan Welles had a large estate. His wife was a daughter of Henry of Mount Vernon,
I say, it is not knowing him which
the designing of the President's house
from the top floor directly to the ground.
To have the necessary alterations and
rooms in the house, I must do it.

3) My respect at not seeing him this
visit. To announce them to him about
the design of the President's house.

I say, it is not knowing him which
the designing of the President's house
from the top floor directly to the ground.
To have the necessary alterations and
rooms in the house, I must do it.
my Marietta connections. Charles Whitney (the famous engineer who designed and constructed the Knessel Auditorium, "architected" by Aero Saarinen, I'm told,) got so worked up over, by me, the last time he came to see me here, before he died, that in largeness of heart, he offered to start a subscription to carry into execution before my death -- (I've entered, May 8th, my 93rd year) -- the feature I've always shown, on every presentation of my design of the New M.I.T. A statue of the "Spirit of Learning," or "Minerva," as used by Greeks and Romans, who always used sculpture to complete architecture, to stand on a noble circular pedestal, in about the centre of the main court.

To any one, who has made a study of great compositions, that feature of interest there, is now as striking as Dr. Stanton, or Churchill or McMillen would be, if addressing the public without a neck-tie! Speaking of it, the four pedestals in the Rogers vestibule, to Mortimer @ Compton, the last time he was here, I said to him, "You now are talking of the importance of teaching humanities to M.I.T. students; will you please tell me what intimation you give them, of the value of sculpture in human life?"

He smiled & took out his note book & wrote down my words, saying "that's a good phrase! I'll use that." I tried to persuade dear Jeanie Webster to make the statues for those pedestals, of the four great founders of our learning, Aristotle, Archimedes, St. Thomas & Callicrates standing together on one pedestal & looking at a scrol or which is shown the plan of the Parthenon. The elevation of it, is engraved on the pier behind them & gilded; as would also be shown the water-wheel of Archimedes, & certain words of Socrates. I showed, left in a table drawer, with Jim Killian, a small model I had made of a great, Aristotle say, with a drawing of a pier at same scale, showing lettering etc., & I asked him to have the drawing pinned to a board & the statue in front of it, to publish in the Review. But he slammed the drawer, showing me that he had no interest in such things. You & I know that any student who used that vestibule, if completed with those memorials to the Greek founders of what he came to M.I.T. To learn, would say to himself "may be some day I'll discover some law that will be so useful to humanity that they'll set up a statue of me like that."
5) But, of course they all told Mrs Webster that Ned's name would be better preserved "on a chair". So there it is. She asked me to make a perspective picture, showing how it would look, which of course I did promptly, but so far as I remember I was not even thanked for my pains, & it was not returned to me. Not a statutory statue story, she? But Killian was raised so high, by my dear neighbor here, to whom I took the Comte de Paris, to tell "so that they might know each other" (you know that if France reverted to a dynasty of a Royal Family, as Belgium did with Leopold, the Count-Nevre, a great-grandson of Louis Philippe, would be the King. He & I are good friends because my great-great-grandfather, Wynnant Van Zandt, entertained him, for fifteen days at his home on Wall St, when Louis was a young man, & came over to see what the U.S. looked like) (of course I refer to "him")

But to return to "my dear neighbor here", & raising Killian so high - that he just forgot me - very comfortably & I'd wager he never gave some unfinished business with me, another thought. But you dear Fred can tell me. A story - Karl Compton asked me to act as consulting architect with Ralph Walker on the Hayden Memorial Library, so I did. I went several times to see his scheme. In relations to the main group it also extended on the Avenue that leads up to Harvard Sq. (which were completely

6) ignored. I think the lack of lines of attachment, of the laboratory (by The Power House that I designed) to the prolongation of the new buildings on the avenue, which I showed in detail. The men in Walker's office how to do it, very incuriously & easily, were completely ignored! Though Walker, of whom I have come to know better ever since, & have a sincere affection for him, doesn't know anything about the matter. Sunday P.M. 4.45. Writing in my long table, before the big plate glass window, making me feel that I am out on the deep balcony & looking at the lovely view of the house, in a wall of high trees of great variety of form & color, shutting out all else but sky & great sunshine panel with pool & fountain, & a tumble jet - 15 minutes from the centre of the best place in the world to enjoy living - is it any wonder that I've lived a month (almost) of my 93rd year?

But so many interruptions, have made me lose the thread of my discourse, Jim. & what he forgot about me. He wrote long after the Hayden Library was finished, without giving it us I sketched out...
MARIELTA
VAUCRESSON
(B.O.)

TELEPHONE: 926-03-80

Report of 1960 (on the cover of which he printed Pres. Rogers' definition of education; which was the basic ideal on which M.O.T. was realized) that I called my dear friend Harry Shepley to ask Dr. Stratton why this Commencement would not be a good time to engrave that inscription in the attic wall over the colonnade? & that if they will agree to have it done, I will make, & contribute, the full-size detail of the letters & I'm waiting to hear, but you know the value of the word - especially in a cell of an institution of learning.

Now, to finish with Jim K. high level., I wrote him that I had always felt the lack of the big important-looking benches I had detailed long ago, for the long vestibule behind the colonnade of the main entrance & that students would naturally make that place the place of rendezvous if there were a place to sit while waiting or talking together. I said, if you will have them made according to my detail, I'll forgive you for my expenses & on the Hayden Memorial. He got Mr. Proctor of the Vt Marble Co. to make an estimate. They said weight would require supports going down to floor of basement. I replied. Well, make them of oak & I made (myself) a new detail for oak, & sent it to Jim. He ascended & of course I've never heard a word from anyone. Do you know dear Fred, if there any seats there?

This little piece of history may amuse you. At the time I took the
Mon cher vieil ami,

Pour nous autres dont l'amitié saute depuis la jeunesse--ah, Welles, the idiom eludes me, but I want it to say that we who have been friends since boyhood never doubt one another. Your delightful letter which reached me via Dr. Stratton is the best thing that has happened in a year. By the bye, I observe with interest that you began writing it May 20 last, which was the anniversary, I believe, of my preceding letter to you. Thus it seems that May is a period of congruence in our epicycles. How's that for astrology?

I did have opportunity for a word with Dr. Stratton, and cannot tell you how glad we are--Julie and I--that the Strattons are to have the rejoicement of a meeting with you anon.

In another day, I shall be once again in camp in Maine. I shall then have the pleasure of writing you at length in response to your valued screed.

With warmest regard and affection, in which Julie joins, to you and Renee,

Truly yours,
This letter was written to Frederick J. Fassett Jr. Esq.

Moore House - 100 Memorial Drive, Cambridge.

But if he has already left for his vacation, or for any reason it is too late for him to Dr. Stratton, then I beg Dr. Stratton, or Vannevar Bush, to read it.

Welles B. Birdworth.
Dear Old Friend Fred:

Your lovely red bird in the snow. Christmas card is still giving me joy as I turn over my box of unanswered letters.

I like to see it there so much, that I'm not going to file it away with specially lovely cards as I always do; but keep it there to whistle to me — as long as any Christmas cards remain.

It seems to me that you said something about coming to Paris last time you wrote me, but since so many now cross the ocean without touching or seeing water (how do you like the idea of that?) they come & go as if it were not worth mentioning.

I'd love an afternoon with you, in "cliff cottage"

The house your father & Stevens built on Cape Elizabeth & watching ships & trigs. & schooners go by. & Cushing's Island just opposite.

By the way — I greatly enjoyed a Bostonian of high quality who came here last Sunday to tea. Cushing Goodhue. Have you ever heard of him? Also John Wilson. P.S. The M.I.T. Alumni Assn. a very fine fellow.

By the way. Erwin Schell, whom I used to see & like very much, (also his wife) sent me a very nice Christmas greeting. If when you meet him, will you please tell him from me how much I appreciated it.
As I lay down last night, I had no thought of your letter and its contents. I was in a dream-like state, not feeling the reality of the situation. This morning, upon waking, I found myself filled with a deep sense of sadness and longing. I do not know why I feel this way, but I cannot shake it.

I was planning to write you today, but I feel overwhelmed by the weight of my emotions. I do not know what to say or how to express myself. I feel as though I am lost and without direction.

I am not sure what to expect from you, but I hope that you will understand my feelings. I do not want to burden you with my worries, but I am not sure what else to do. I feel as though I am alone and without support.

I do not know how long I will be in Paris, but I will try to write to you as often as possible. I hope that you will write to me as well. I am looking forward to hearing from you.

With love,

[Signature]
A Hymn, for
"Old" Architects, still inspired by Greek Beauty.
With apologies to Nathan Beecher Stone.

Mine eyes have seen with sadness
All this "cutting out" of Art;
They have ceased to teach young students
To make Beauty, play chief part.
"As we go marching on."

But we who know the laws of beauty,
That one very rarely knows,
Can find them spread before us
When we study a full-blown Rose.
"Glory, glory Hallelujah.
As we go marching on."

Welles Bosworth.

Composed in a letter
To Edgar J. Williams, about young architects,
written Oct 6th '61 (it still unanswered).

N.B.
The chief law seems there, is the attracting of the eye
to the one chief centre of interest; which in this case
of the rose,
(or example) is of course, the centre; the petals are the
smallest, the tiny pistils, are greatly refined, of different
color. Example: The richly sculptured door to a Romanesque Church.
A Hymn, for
“Old” Architects, still inspired by Great Beauty,
with apologies to Henry Beecher Stowe.
And “The Battle Hymn of the Republic.”

Mine eyes have seen with sadness
All this “cutting out” of Art—
They have ceased to teach young students
To make Beauty, play chief part—
“As we go marching on.”

But we who know the laws of beauty;
That one very rarely knows,
Can find them spread before us
When we study a — full — Boston Rose —
“Glory, glory Hallelu — i a —
“As we go marching on.”

Welles Bosworth.

Composed in a letter
To Edgar D. Williams, about young architects;
written Oct 6th 61. Still unanswered!

N. B.
The chief law seem there is the attracting of the eye
To the one chief center of interest, which in this case
(or example) is of course.
The centers where the feature are the
smallest, the tiny pictures are greatly refined of different
colors.
Examples — The richly sculptured door to a Romanesque Church.
Frederick G. Fessitt Esq.
Moore House -
362 7th St. Memorial Drive
Cambridge
Mass.

U.S.A.
December 26, 1962

Mr. Welles Bosworth
Marietta
Vaucresson
Paris, France

My dear Well,

As this remarkable year comes to a close, I want you to know that you are very much in our thoughts and that I wish greatly that you might be here to see with your own eyes the M.I.T. to which you have contributed so much and which you have loved so well.

It is now fifty years since you and Richard Maclaurin first began to plan the great buildings that were to arise on the marshlands across the Charles. I am sure that nothing again could ever quite equal the hopes and excitement of that time, but M.I.T. is once more in a great period of forward movement, new buildings will rise on the campus, and as I have tried to convey in my reports, there is throughout the whole Institute a wonderful ferment of ideas and plans. With the years the views and the designs of architects change, but the great plan and style was set by your own work. We are enormously proud of that plan.

I am happy to know that this has been for you, too, a fine year. To be so loved and honored by your friends and fellow citizens of Vaucresson must have given you much pleasure. Immediately after the New Year Catherine and I set off on a five-week visit to Nigeria and East Africa and India. Our time will be all too short, and the trip will be strenuous but immensely interesting. I only wish that we might have gone through Paris to pay you even a short call. The Stratton family still remembers with delight our visit to Vaucresson and Versailles, and Catherine, Cary, and Laurie join me in the warmest of good wishes to you and Mrs. Bosworth.

Most sincerely,

J. A. Stratton
President

JAS md

Fred: You might like to see this letter. I am trying very hard to find some way of establishing an appropriate honor for Welles--anything except a statue of Minerva!

JAS
Dear Old Friend Welles:

Setting out on this chill New Year's Day to start the new year right by writing to you, friend since boyhood, I should like to assert first off that had I even a touch of the beautiful calligraphy of which you are master, I should not be hammering this mechanical amanuensis. But my fist gets worse and worse, and has come so near to utter illegibility that it affrights me and must at the most tolerant be regarded as an insult to my correspondents. Moreover, the mechanical monster talks back with a clatter as I write, and a pen won't do that.

There are no redbirds in the snow hereabouts this holiday season. In fact, there's no snow for them to be in of they were about. Instead, clear skies and a howling gale and temperatures well below zero have demonstrated again that New England can be counted on to chill the blood and make it flow faster. In our memoried Maine, however, the drifts are reported twenty feet high, with Bangor isolated and even sacrosanct Portland pretty well immobilized.

I echo most warmly from your treasured letter of May 5 the wish that we might sit by the Shaw house on Cape Elizabeth and watch the ships go by, with Cushing's Island for a backdrop. Failing that, let me report that during the Thanksgiving holidays, Julie and I being encamped in the Lafayette while on a househunting tour of part of Maine, I did have me a stroll through State Street to Danforth, and so on to Spring and Thomas and Pine, and can report that the ancient trees and the brick walks and the quiet houses have still their charm. It was a Sunday, and down Brackett street on his way to church strolled, with his wife, a most
cit, complete with gold-headed straight stick and brilliant tall silk topper. No Easter parade, this, but simple Portland on its way to the sermon. Let us continue to have faith, of many sorts.

Your "Hymn for 'Old' Architects" is a gem. I like to think of a pageant wherein mantled masters of the board go marching around and around the Octagon, chanting it as they go. I should fancy that Sullivan would applaud, and that Frank Lloyd Wright would be completely bamboozled. That last would be a sort of poetic justice, or do you not think so? The next scene in the pageant would have swept the whole entourage home aloft on large pink clouds and swept swiftly through the respectful skies to Dallas, down upon which they would peer for a moment before throwing the clouds into reverse gear and tearing for dear life back East.

As I am sure you surmise, life at the Institute continues full to the full, with manifold and varied interests old and new. The place confounds all notions of the static, with new ideas and new projects at every hand. The great magnet facility is the most recent, and promises spectacular doings during the year ahead.

I hope that for you and yours that year ahead will be one of unalloyed joy and serenity. Julie joins me in love to you and Renee (I'll bet it was a handsome new hairdo!), and in all the good wishes of the season.

Yours as ever.
Very dear old Friend Fred,

Your delightful letter of 7/16th has stood in front of me here where I write, making me a mute appeal to promptly reply, almost as eloquent as your thoughtful choice of words. And my choice of "delightful" was not lost on you. Delight has come to me, first, at having such a deeply comprehending, & sympathetic friend as a link, connecting me so charmingly, with those very students I dreamed of, in creating the only "dormitory court," worthy of M.I.T., when the very nice men of paper bag fortune, came along, giving dormitories, in which the chief idea was to have them cost less than any other college dormitories in America! Is that Culture? If so, surely only a MITE of it.

So, dear Fred, I beg you to be my "interpoets," & tell those boys that if anything could tempt me to come "home" again, it would be to go with you to a "Barbara" in the Bowditch Court, to look at the soft curve of the Main Court colonnade.

Your description of our going together to see the M.E. Mutual Hall, with that "gypsea," has amused me ever since your letter came, & another curve! Those steps to the Raynor Entrance, if built parallel with the building, would have run over the street line.

They took a word me to M.E. just as I was returning there. So explained, curve the steps in plan, starting with first step tangent with street line, & reversing the curve at the South end. No one has ever spoken of it to me.

But now for the big idea of sculpture! I don't recall just how much I've said about that to you. These four pedestals, one against each pier, on which is engraved (gilded) the name of the great man portrayed in the statue, with an outline of his chief discovery, like Archimedes water screw, you know, a great tube, cover and in the river, & upper on the funnel, draining the water from the great screw, turned in the tube.
2) That would stand for Engineering, of course.

...Compton & I planned the four pedestals for the four great founders of Greece, of our today's learning.

Artesia, Learning, Science, Humanities, Architecture.

Greece and Classical. Together, are our shoulders and looking at a view of the Parthenon, with its elevation, stucco on the hier.

And while I was planning Engineering,

Then, as I wrote you — Dr. Stratton was convinced that a hence statue of Alma Mater, or "The Spirit of Learning," in the main court, of Learning. (as was represented by Minerva to the Greeks & Romans, but "gay" said he would not like HER)

But the said Renie did help about the statue & the landing at the water front. I also add the fringes in each stone in the DuPont's Lowell Court. The little photo, received of an early study, shows how important the landing will be. as seen from — anywhere.

Of course nothing could interest me more than the article you write, & I'll see that it is correct.

Here is one more thing. Letting's add intelligence to any monument. Dr. MacKinnon was working over inscriptions of sort of phrases, discovered by great men - to fill the fringes all round. The great court, when he died.

And I feel so strongly that to celebrate the 15th Century, they should call to Rogers' (or a better) definition of Education, in the panel over the columns. I called to "gay" and asked Henry Shaefer. Gay said it liked & approved the idea, but first quite ready yet. It will come and they will do it. I know some joy, & and some fellow, but I can well imagine your stimulated night sessions.

3) Ha ha! I forgot I had another page. & very

Harder for writing so small — "Gibb of trees."

On dear old State street — How well I remember those huge roots. Your description of Damariscotta Mills, is delightful (for summer)

& having it so well planned for retirement years is creating chance & joy — for you & your family.

"Marie the Ohio, the first town west of the Allegheny" by Geo. Washington —

May " representatives as the best seat, & potential by his giving land there "as back pay" owing to a group of his generals — Putnam, Van R. m. &. Named for General Marie Shaw, who gave them the land for the Court house. In view of my building the house, when I was ordering her furniture. "Putnam's Inn" & the "little theatre" it seemed doubly appropriate for me to call it as I did. Eh?

"Renie has just told one of her heart pains — & it makes my hand tremble."

Her mother had telephoned that day is coming out here & going to desk to be married by Renie — & all the relatives left Aug. 1^st for their legal actions —

"Oui fait de son mieux —

Juin — On decide des parties, a Dieu —"

Tell let you know how things turn out.

The Renie would join me, see love & best wishes, to Julie & you. God bless you both — Wells —
Frederick G. Fasset
372 Memorial Drive
Cambridge, Mass.
U.S.A.
Please forward.
My dear old friend Fred:

Did you ever hear this "Bonet"?

"Why did Abraham rend his garments, on hearing of the death of Absalom?" Answer, "Why? to show his great concern!" I was about to start this Christmas letter to you, by saying that as I look within, I see a great concern about you! For your letter to me, told me about the new property - why you were moving to it - etc...

But that's so many months ago, that Spring's not far behind now. The new "booklet" of the Alumni of M.I.T. came to me with my breakfast tray - I was delighted, to see two names I knew best in my long occupation there - Howells Ford & Walter Humbley - I saw a lot of - & liked immensely! It gave me a pleasure of course - to see my name there, as "Honorary Fellow" of the Club of M.I.T. of Paris - I'll look to see if yours is there.

I suppose (I hope) you are looking for a Christmas card with at least one Kentucky Cardinal in the snow, eh? I kept a box full of cards from friends last Christmas - it's fun! to look them over, especially when one hasn't seen the dear friends for so many years - yours is there - "Jeannie" Webster, Nettie's wife, (you know, of Stone & Webster, the builder of NY M.I.T.) is still as keenly alive as she always was - we are both communicants, live in New York.

I'm planning to answer a fine letter from her, with a photo of a new dormitory for girls - I was much amused to see that the whole facade is covered with a sort of bird-cage of heavy "logs of wood," framing the windows. So conveniently for Romans -! Did you hear what the school-girls' answer was, to her teacher's question "What was the henpecked?"? "I know - it's the name of the hill on which a female wolf, nourished Romeo & Juliet." Romans & uncle Taurus!
Now I must stop amusing myself much more than you, but to you. (a fine point) I must tell you two outbursts of my love of the arts before I go to the board meeting of the Ford Memorial Hospital - a splendid great hospital, mostly for soldiers, of which I controlled the design, by organizing a competition - at the request of my most enjoyable friend Cornelia Vanderbilt, daughter of W. H. V. Hill, and who married the Duke of Marlborough, had to divorce him. Then began to enjoy life for the first time, with a charming handsome Colonel Jacques Balsam. If you have not read her own story of her life, called "The Gutter in the Gold," I want to start reading for the fun of it, for a half hour at a time. Get her book at any library. They all have it. Now you know to tell how the architecture of a great stadium was astonishingly ARTISTIC. And it was they who gave me the desire to be an architect! About chosen, I mean. No longer to be found in buildings. I wrote this to the Secretary of the A.I.A. when they chose Dallas, Texas as the city in which to hold their annual Convention. "Why did you choose a town where there is not one beautiful building in it?" - The new capital of the state.

To the A.I.A. Convention in Dallas, Texas, with apologies to Aunt Bessie, etc.

Mine eyes have seen with sadness the writing out of ART. They have ceased to teach young students, where beauty plays a part, well. "As we go marching on."

But I who know what not everybody knows,

Can see all the marks of beauty on the heart of a full-bloom rose! As we go marching on.

I'll show you how I discovered that, next time we get together.

Now I've strained your eyes, as well as mine!

We must have eleven grand children, of which only one is a girl. Renee joins me in wishing for you all a consciousness of the grace of God. Love present.

Affectionately, as forever, I am, very truly.

Welles Bosworth

[Sketch of a tree and a squirrel]

Apologies for this awful letter. I have not found a pen that suite me since a big beautiful Parker pen broke when we discharged. Took it into line!
Ah, mon copain, how you have overwhelmed me, and what pleasure it is to be thus overwhelmed!

It had been my plan and intention to make Christmas Day the merrier by devoting much of it to responding to your welcomed letter of July 29, which had brought me much of interest and satisfaction. And, behold, in comes your letter of December 13, and I am doubly enriched, and completely comblé! Hence, instead of writing, I sat for a bit of a while remembering our many exchanges, our all too few meetings, and the many common concerns with which we have been engaged. That process made it a very glad Yule, but it did not produce a response. Hence, here goes.

Let me first say that yours of December 13 carries great implicit good news, for I deduce from it that the heart pains which Renée had suffered have no longer bothered her. Please tell me that this is a valid deduction, and please tell her that it is the greatest wish of Julia and me.

The pace hereabouts has intensified vastly since my letter of June 16 last. New buildings are coming to completion, and other new buildings are just being begun. Over two hundred student families are in residence in the new apartments at the west end of the campus. Nearly a hundred women are living in the hall which Mrs. McCormick so generously made possible, and which Herbert Beckwith so ably designed. It is a very impressive and nonetheless homelike building, with possibilities of future expansion, and notable, I think, for the advantage which it takes of the site and the views of the Basin. With it and the quarters for
married students, we have increased the campus population by some six hundred souls. All of these of course are welcome, but to my mind none more so than the young wives and their babies; it is a very heartwarming thing to see them once more in and out of the Great Court and strolling back and forth along Memorial Drive, as they had not been since we had to tear down the earlier "temporary" village some five or six years ago. They are truly leaven in the lump.

Thus far, however, the rush of construction has not been able to include some of the things of which we have dreamed. I regret this fact, agreeing with you in your estimate of what Columbia gains by the presence of Alma Mater enthroned before the Low Library—and enthroned in all the greater majesty since the University was able to prevail upon the City of New York to convert 116th street between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue into a landscaped plaza of great beauty and great calm, an enclave of poise, pause, and reflection in the midst of the metropolis. Would that something comparable could be done with Massachusetts Avenue in Cambridge as it pours its traffic along past the steps of the—of your—Rogers Building. Let us hope that both the sculpture and the inscription in the panel over the colonnade will yet come to pass. As you so rightly say:

"On fait de son mieux--Puis, on laisse le reste, à Dieu."

We—Julie and I—have been having a busy year as usual, with many students in and out of Moore House each week, so that we are given the good fortune of absorbing some youth by osmosis. In the summer we spent a month at Damariscotta Mills and had the blessing of a visit from our architect daughter and son-in-law and their youngsters from San Francisco, for the first time in a lustrum. It was all too short, but a delightful interlude. Some progress has been made on the job of bringing the house there somewhat nearer to the heart's desire, most of it thus far the correction of structural troubles owed to neglect in the past.
The core of the house was put up in about 1835. There are two elms at the front which in girth and stature match those on State Street in Portland—really substantial old-timers which, I am glad to say, have been well cared for and are thriving. I hope that one day we may all sit in their quiet shade and reminisce. Since our last visit there—over Thanksgiving—we have begun to conduct by remote or epistolary control a new phase of the rehabilitation. This is the opening up of walls giving a greater view over fields and through a grove to the gleaming water of Damariscotta Lake which is the westerly bound of the property.

You may, I believe, find a certain reassurance in a fact I am about to recite. I speak of "reassurance" because you have so often and so graciously expressed concern for the moral and spiritual wellbeing of boyhood companions. Know, then, that to the east we are neighbored by the priest of the local Catholic Church and by the relict of a former Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, to the south by the burying ground and 1808 church of the R.C. Parish of St. Patrick, second oldest of that persuasion in New England, and to the north by the estate of Kavanagh which now is held by Rear Admiral (Ret) F. G. Richards, a most amiable and congenial man. May it not be said that what with the odor of sanctity and the valor of the Navy we may look forward to a life of rectitude, at least in time to come?

To come back to Cambridge: One of the very best things that could happen did happen a short while ago. At a meeting of the senior honorary society everybody rejoiced at seeing Horace Ford in attendance. He had not been very well for quite a while and had been more or less out of touch with things. But his health is restored, his spirit is superb, he was merry as a grig, and quite patently he had the time of his life in being with the crowd one again. We had opportunity for quite a chat, during which there was naturally talk of you, whereat he
adjured me to send you his warm remembrances. This I here do, with much satisfaction. Few are the people who have been so much to the life of the M.I.T. as Horace has, and so to see him obviously relishing the gathering was a joy.

As I have been writing this, your urbane gaze is upon me from that photograph which you sent a year since. It recalls vividly the pleasant time you gave us at "Marietta" and the stimulation of that special tour of Versailles now--good heavens!--more than a decade ago. Pray give Audrey our congratulations and ask her to say a special welcome for us to the new and surely handsome young man. Julie joins me, dear old friend, in love and every good wish to Renée and always to you.

Affectionately yours,
Prof. Frederick G. Fasset Jr.

Moore House

3rd 100. Memorial Drive

Cambridge, Mass.

U.S.A.
MARIETTA

XII. 18. '62 + now 1.8.63

"My dear old friend "Fred"

I'm trying to write you from my knees, in bed, in the Mark Twain. But I am not "fixed" at all right for it. The muscles of my neck are strained to the breaking point.

So I'm up after a good red hot bath, scrubbed all over for circulation, followed, or would you say "polled," with a long rubber hose, running ice water all over, closing every sweat or pour? But it takes physical courage--not that a good thing to cultivate.

It seems a very long time since the last letter from you. But you'd be surprised if you knew how often I've thought of it. Because you showed in it, what a true host you are! You told me how coming by the great hosties of columns in the great court, at midnight, with some boys, one said to the others: "Isn't it strange how "friendly" it feels around here? You'd
Now I'll tell you a great secret, Fred. To avoid that feeling of machine-made, "hardness" or lack of the softness of all beauty in objective creations: whether in nature, like the best example of all, a full-blown rose - (or a girl's body) - or in soft curves, even as invisible, yet so rigid as the "intact" of a great column. Do you know what that is?

Now the stonework of that court are none of them straight, horizontally; especially those columns, stand on a line nine inches, bulged forwards at the centre. No one has ever asked me about it, and I've waited for a moment like this one. To explain its

(Dec. 8, 1943) Pressure of all sorts has forced me to post home finishing this letter till now, and writing at 2 A.M. to do it. Your fine letter of Jan. 12 has come, also a splendid letter from President Straton, of which I'll have a copy made to send you. Turning to your letter, I see you speak of my clear writing - it looks at this crowded little page. To finish I'll now take a full-size sheet.
You no doubt, saw the enclosed first page of the M.I.T. Technology Review Nov 1922, which the Editor sent me 'Marked Copy' & a charming letter, which I'll try to find & enclose - the subject is so related to what I've written here, that I saw the entusiasm for the Editor to continue your experience with the student who responded to the 'Greek Refinements' I used in the court & entrance to M.I.T., which I believe have been used nowhere else since a very little on the Pantheon in time. So I suppose that you make an appointment with Mrs. Ruth King, Assistant to the Editor, from 1-281 M.I.T. Cambridge (39) Mass. See clipping.

Then, as from me, to make the almost conventional 'news' announcement cutout of flattery ignored, or at least abandoned, principles of charm in giving slight curves to what appear to be straight lines - in the best period of architecture in Greece - or 500 B.C. at the 'Parthenon'.

It was revived in Italy, especially at & around Pisa, the most straight of the Cathedral, forming a slight S in plan. 

Prof. Godfrey, Curator of the Brooklyn Art Museum made profound studies of the subject & published a book on 'Architectural Refinements' about 1910 - he here asked the well-behaved Bosworth to meet him in Pisa, where he convinced him that avoiding all perfect geometrical forms, such as rectangle, for a small church, gives a softness or charm, which mathematical exactness makes machine-like & without vibration.

So Bosworth made all the parapet lines against the sky incline upwards toward the culminating feature, the dome. But the particularly stood the great colonnade set, not on a straight line from end to end, but a curved line where the center is nine inches further forward from straightness.

Mrs. Stanley Robertson whose husband is Curator of ancient Greek coins in the British Museum (in London) is herself a fine
A week was waiting while her husband attended a meeting at Harvard in the summer of 1962 or 63. Went to sit and write letters, under the trees near the Folger entrance. She wrote a letter to a friend of Mrs Bosworth eulogizing the shell of great great beauty “like a Busch symphony.” Every touch of enriched detail, seemed restrained & expanded like music’s laws. She lives in a stone house, right next to the iron railing of the British Museum, of the same style of Architecture but without political sentiment.

Her comment reminds one of the old definition, “good architecture is like a frozen music.” or of David McCord’s saying in his book about the sense of the power felt in my Mt. I.T. because I’ve read the laws of silence in its construction. 

Of course it comes back to Vanessa Bush’s saying that “first culture” as analyzed by him, is non-existent, as culture, as second culture, which I call the study & appreciating of Beauty & its laws & inspiring one to go forward to a life of accomplishment & satisfaction & beyond this to a life of joy in living as she ends this admirable article.

So, just now, will the American public ever learn why the “Morality” is so exhilarated? What is spiritual uplift? An act of giving with no thought of self? A little primrose, on a river’s bank — A primrose was to him, & nothing more,” dear Frederick can not be said of you or me.

Beauty — is my great work & its study to achieve, some culture — So let’s remember that a century cardinal,whistling in a pocket, white show, is our trademark. The Minerva protecting the flame of learning. That University also, is the book of human; the engraver, Alber Denain — Ministre de l’Instruction. You may remember that I formed the I. C. of Paris in 1935 & have for always been its President. You can print copies of my song, if you like, from the origami enclosed; love to your dear wife & children — Come soon to Paris.

Happy New Year — yours effy — Welled
MARIETTA

VACATION.

IV. S. '62

Sir Lyman, for
"Old" Architects, still inspired by Greek Beauty
With apologies to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

* * *

My eyes have seen with sadness—
All this "cutting out" of Art;
They have ceased to teach young students,
To make Beauty, play chief part.
"As we go marching on..."

* * *

But we who know the laws of beauty,
That one very rarely knows—
Can find them spread before us
When we study a full-blown Rose. N.B.
"Glory, glory, Hallelu-jah!"
"As we go marching on..."

Welles Bosworth.

Composed in a letter
To Edgar J. Williams, about young architects
Written October 6. Still unanswered—

N.B.

The chief law seen there is the attracting of the eye
to the one chief centre of interest, which in this case
of the rose, or example, is of course, the centre, where the petals are the
smallest; the tiny pistils, are greatly refined of different
Examples—The richly sculptured door to a Romanesque church—
the University Club of Paris

To my dear friend Fred. Fessell Jr. from William Bosworth. 1923.
Dean Frederick Fussett Jr., Esq.
Moore House
100 Memorial Drive
Cambridge, Mass.

U.S.A.

370
326
215

Com 31

PAR AVION
From Welles Bosworth.

Villa Marietta

Vancover

(Sto)

France
It has given me much pleasure in months past to think of the composition of our last epistolary exchange. There you were in the midst of a continuing flow of thought, setting it down as time and occasion offered, and here was I, thinking of you and our friendship since boyhood, and sending along a letter that arrived to serve as a mid-point to that which you were inscribing. This sort of unpremeditated parallelism I find pleasing. I hope that the same thing may be occurring again as I sit down to this machine to take advantage of the freedom of the end of the academic year to thank you for your letter and especially for letting me into the secret of the Great Court's majesty and warmth.

In times past we had written about the entasis of the parapets that surround the Great Court. But the placement of the mighty columns I had never surmised. I have gone out to the portico many times since last January to see and to admire. What a privilege it is to have been enabled to look with instructed eyes!

As Commencement went forward this year, I thought many a time of Commencement in 1938, a quarter-century ago, when your admirable Rogers Building came into being, and you and I wandered over the Institute and over Boston (to look to New England Mutual Hall, where a gazelle instructed us), and when we had, I think, our first talk about Portland and Maine. You would have been glad and proud to see the throng in the Rogers rotunda this June, and to see how, whether they really were conscious of it or not, the calm and majesty of the building were reflected in their faces and their voices. I wish very greatly that you and I might have wandered together among them this time.
Though that we could not do, I am solaced by the presence on my desk of the photograph you sent me. It is framed in gold, and as I write I glance over to enjoy the combination of benignity, nonchalance, and panache which speaks from it. My warmest thanks for it, and for the memento of the University Club which has for so long been so fortunate in its praises.

I have talked with Volta Torrey, the editor of the Review, about his publishing a piece discussing the "Greek Refinements," and am glad to say that he is much interested. I should like to draft a piece and send it over for you to review and criticize to make sure that it says things rightly. What I draft will of course be based on your latest letter. It will be on its way as soon as I can make it.

This past year, I must confess, has left me without much bounce. The deficit results from the fact that at the instance of a group of students I went back into the classroom for the first time in twenty years, to teach a course in James Joyce—_Ulysses_ and his earlier work the first term, and _Finnegans Wake_ (in part, of course) the second. I never enjoyed anything more in my life. I was blessed with a group of keen, hardworking minds, and they were a stimulus and a zest all year. But because of scheduling troubles we had to meet from 7 to 10 at night. An unforeseen occupational hazard was that, when we broke up about 10:30, I was so much stimulated and elated by the session that when I got home and to bed I didn't sleep. Who would have thought of that as an academic hurdle? Next year I shall be doing tutorials only, rather than a class, for the joy of it.

When I last wrote I reported on Portland in the light of a brief stay Julie and I made there about Thanksgiving. We were househunting, and have acquired a place in Damariscotta Mills, in the township of Newcastle, which we shall use a summer spot for the next few years and then as home for the years of retirement. About four acres of land,
an unpretentious but foursquare and comfortable house dating from about 1850, with a barn, plenty of opportunity for flowers and other gardening, frontage on the final cove of Damariscotta Lake, and some elms as great in girth as those on State Street. Our neighbors are quiet folk, and there is no prospect of M. Claude's infernal neon ever invading our repose. Our predecessor there was a retired admiral, who called the place "Bird in Hand." This we like not, and are pondering a new cognomen—a pondering that can be very leisurely and may never be concluded. Tell me sometime the provenance of your "Marietta." Has it an Ohio reference?

You will be amused by the enclosed invitation to a barbecue. They actually did it, using a metal pan for the fire. The title of "Bosworth Court" was given to the courtyard by the boys themselves, of their own initiative, and they take much pride in it. When you built that dormitory, it was known as the Faculty Houses. The change to "The Senior House" was made at the boys' desire, and is also a prideful thing. There is an esprit there which is nearly unique on the campus, and much of which I believe attributable to the warmth and dignity of the house in which it arises.

Julie joins me in love and best wishes to Renee and to you,

As always,
The M.I.T. dome has long appeared on The Review's letterhead as shown below. Welles Bosworth, '89, the architect, recommended in a recent letter to The Review's editors, from his home in France, that it be changed to appear as shown above. Mr. Bosworth's explanation was in part as follows:

"Your letter of the 15th interested me very much—especially at the first glance! I felt that the 'letter-head' looked very poor and un-decorative! Before reading the letter, I took my pen and roughly drew a line around the little sketch of my dome and portico; to give it a sort of frame, like a picture, or like the gold setting of the stone of a ring. But that was not enough. It had to be 'supported' and balanced, by those two 'dots' ° °. And I'm sure you will agree with me that it looks much happier, and the expense to do this very slight.

"It's like that small date-tab, on the drum of the dome. I insisted on it! It has enormous value there, for without it, the dome would seem to rotate. I also weakened the lines in the sky; they make it too dark and gloomy. They can be rubbed down on the plate."
Professor of mathematics, Educated at Purdue and the University of Chicago, he was Higgins Lecturer at Princeton in 1955-56, has contributed to mathematical journals, and recently was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Franco Modigliani, from Northwestern University, as a professor in the School of Industrial Management. He is president of the Econometric Society, has been a visiting professor at both Harvard and M.I.T., and formerly taught at the Carnegie Institute of Technology and the University of Illinois.

Captain William M. Nicholson, USN, ’48, from the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard, as professor in the Department of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering. He was graduated with honors from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1941, and will assume the duties of Captain Edward S. Arentzen, ’43, who is retiring from the Navy.

F. K. Morris: 1885-1962

An authority on the geology of Asia, Professor Emeritus Frederick K. Morris died last October 5 at his home in Montgomery, Ala. Educated at the College of the City of New York and Columbia University, Dr. Morris taught at Columbia and at Pei Yang University in Tientsin before coming to M.I.T. in 1927. He was a member of the American Museum of Natural History’s Central Asiatic Expeditions in the 1920’s and continued his association with the museum for many years. After retiring from the M.I.T. faculty in 1950, he became chief of the Tropic Section of the Arctic-Desert-Tropic Information Center at Maxwell Air Force Base in Alabama.

Professor Morris was a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. His wife survives.
Villa Marietta

Correspondance

Poste de Vauresson

Tel. 976-03-80

(Letto)

Welles Bosworth

Membre de l'Institut de France

Dear Fred:

Will you please give my best re-

gards for health and

harmony.

To Miss King, She might

like to add, in '89 notes of classes

that I've just received the gold medal

of honor of The Société des Architec-
	es. Diploma from the Government. I

have also been made Citizen of Honor,

with bronze medal of the City of Reims

as four years ago. Welles
Une manifestation de reconnaissance et d'amitié

HOMMAGE

A

W. BOSWORTH

A reprint of an article in the last March number of the S. A. D. G. Magazine.

I didn't see it but Harry Shepley wrote to congratulate me on it.

Extrait n° 104 du
«Bulletin de la Société des Architectes diplômés par le Gouvernement»
100, rue du Cherche-Midi, Paris-6e
Le 27 janvier, notre camarade Welles Bosworth a été nommé citoyen d'honneur de Vaucresson. En même temps, le nom du frère de Mme Bosworth, Jean Oberlé (qui a joué un si grand rôle à la B.B.C. de Londres pendant la dernière guerre) a été donné à une rue de la commune.

A cette cérémonie la S.A.D.G. était représentée par notre président Stéphane Claude, l'Institut (dont Welles Bosworth est membre associé) par son président le comte Doria et nos confrères Tournon, Laprade et Lucius. De nombreuses personnalités avaient voulu témoigner à Welles Bosworth leur amitié : M. François-Poncet, de l'Académie française, chancelier de l'Institut, le Secrétaire général de Seine-et-Oise, l'Ambassadeur des États-Unis, M. Bonnefous, ancien ministre et membre de l'Académie des sciences morales et politiques, M. Jean-Paul Palewski, député de Seine-et-Oise, M. Van der Kemp, conservateur du Musée de Versailles, notre confrère Saltet, architecte et conservateur du Domaine de Versailles, les représentants de la ville de Reims et de l'archevêque de Reims, le représentant du Ministère des Affaires culturelles, etc.

Le maire de Vaucresson, M. Yves Bertrand, a prononcé à la mairie une allocution dont nous reproduisons certains passages retraçant la carrière de notre camarade auquel la France doit une très grande reconnaissance :

« ... Descendant vous-même d'un « Mayflower », lequel débarqua en l'année 1620, si mes renseignements sont exacts, en « Nova-Francia » (devenue depuis New England), vous étiez, par votre sang, naturellement attiré vers notre continent, et par l'histoire biséculaire de « Muskingum » (aujourd'hui Marietta) vers notre France. Il m'a été rapporté, en effet, que ce fut en reconnaissance de l'action du général de La Fayette, dans cette région de l'Ohio, que fut décidée en 1788 l'appellation de Marietta, corruption à l'époque du nom de Marie-Antoinette, reine de France. Et puis, beaucoup de ses édifices datant du début du XVIIe siècle, Marietta vous avait plu dès votre enfance, par son mélange des styles gothique et Tudor. Vous faites vos études secondaires au collège de cette ville, qui forma d'autres grands amis de la France, comme Son Excellence... »
l'Ambassadeur Myron T. Herrick, mais ce fut à l'Institut de Technologie du Massachusetts qu'apparut votre passion pour les grandes réalisations architecturales.

« Votre excellent ami, le docteur Morris B. Sanders, qui m'a prié de l'excuser aujourd'hui, en vous disant qu'il est de cœur avec nous par la pensée, et se propose de faire le voyage pour fêter vos cent ans, m'a raconté que votre manteau vous ayant été volé au début d'un hiver, lorsque vous étiez étudiant, et, comme il était de règle, sans argent, vous aviez longtemps souffert du froid, puisqu'il vous fallait, pour passer d'un bâtiment de classe à l'autre, traverser des cours glaciales, vous mettant au régime de la douche écossaise.

« De cela, vous vous êtes souvenu, aussi lorsque vous êtes par la suite chargé de reconstruire cet immense établissement qu'est aujourd'hui le « Massachusetts Institute of Technology », vous l'avez conçu en un fort harmonieux ensemble de bâtiments d'un seul tenant, qui est l'une des gloires de l'architecture moderne. Vous vous êtes inspiré du plus pur art grec, que vous avez peut-être été le premier à bien comprendre, en artiste, sans le copier servilement.

« Mais vous ne vous êtes pas contenté de cet enseignement, vous avez tenu par la suite à suivre les cours de notre École des Beaux-Arts, rue Bonaparte, où vous vous êtes créé de si solides amitiés qu'en 1927, après votre ami Rockefeller, vos confrères vous ont demandé de venir siéger avec eux à l'Académie des Beaux-Arts.

« Votre œuvre d'architecte est considérable à travers le monde. Ce fut d'abord la conception du village de Leitchworth dans l'État de New York, puis le tracé de la propriété de John D. Rockefeller à Pocantico Hills, l'Institut de Technologie du Massachusetts, le siège social de l'American Telephone & Telegraph Co. à New York City, beaucoup d'immeubles pour cette puissante Compagnie, l'hôtel particulier de John D. Rockefeller à New York, le projet d'une nouvelle École de guerre au Pentagone, le Monument de l'Enfant au cimetière d'Arlington, et combien d'autres réalisations mémorables aux États-Unis, en Égypte, avec le Musée Rockefeller, et ailleurs.

« Mais, aujourd'hui, ce sont surtout vos bienfaits pour la France que nous devons célébrer, en rappelant votre action pour la remise en état de la cathédrale de Reims, au lendemain de sa mutilation barbare par les artilleurs allemands, véritable crime, qu'en homme de cœur vous avez voulu venger.

« Cette illustre cathédrale n'avait pas été prévue dans le plan initial de M. John D. Rockefeller. Ce fut au lendemain d'une visite à Reims que vous avez appris que les crédits annuels alloués par le Sous-Secrétariat aux Beaux-Arts ne permettraient pas, avant 40 années, d'arriver jusqu'au toit. Vous avez-même raconté qu'entre
temps la population s'habituerait à cet édifice sans toit, lequel sans
doute ne serait jamais reconstruit. Vous fites alors un voyage à
New York tout exprès, pour demander à M. Rockefeller l'autoris-
tion de distraire de sa donation les fonds nécessaires pour réparer
la cathédrale. Ce seul titre vous vaudrait, avec la reconnaissance
des Français, celle de tous les pays civilisés.

« En qualité de Secrétaire général permanent du magnanime
Comité Rockefeller pour la restauration des palais nationaux, vous
vous êtes d'abord attaqué à Fontainebleau. Le réservoir qui alimente
les grands bassins était à tel point percé que les jardins étaient
complètement inondés, toutes les marches de pierre étaient à rem-
placer, le grand canal était à refaire, l'aile de l'ancienne Comédie
avait été détruite par le feu et constituait un affreux trou noir qui
gâchait complètement le plus joli panorama de Fontainebleau.
Tout cela vous l'avez reconstruit, poussant le souci de la perfection
jusqu'à reproduire les statues qui garnissaient les niches en recher-
chant les modèles dans les trésors du Louvre.

« A Versailles, vous avez largement contribué à réparer en trente ans
une partie du mal que l'incurie de gouvernements successifs avait
causé en plus d'un siècle. Ce palais, qui avait été abandonné à la
Révolution de 1789, ne fut créé en musée que cinquante ans plus
tard, par un bourgeois, le roi Louis-Philippe, mais sa généreuse
idée ne fut que bien timidement appliquée pendant soixante-dix ans
et c'est à la famille Rockefeller, et à vous-même, M. Welles Bosworth,
que l'on doit le succès mondial que connait maintenant la visite du
palais de Versailles et de ses jardins. De cela, nous avons l'agréable
devoir de vous dire un grand Merci. Votre présence honore notre
ville et la France. »

A ces aimables paroles notre camarade a répondu avec beaucoup
de gentillesse, mettant particulièrement l'accent sur la gratitude
qu'il avait vouée à la France, notamment pour sa formation
architecturale à l'École des Beaux-Arts de Paris dont Bosworth
fit le plus grand éloge.
NB Summer 1963
Office of the President.


My dear, Deke,

As I write this I am looking out onto the Great Court and the Charles River Basin. The lawn is green, and the rhododendrons are in full bloom. The trees have grown very tall these last few years, and the whole scene is one of quiet and beauty. Many things have changed about this M.I.T. that you have loved so much since that Commencement Day seventy-five years ago when you received your diploma, but these magnificent buildings will remain for generations to come as a mark of your genius and a reminder of your loyalty.

On this coming twelfth of June, alumni will gather here from near and far as they have done year after year in the past. There will be class reunions and receptions and banquets and an evening of music in Kelsey Auditorium. We wish greatly that you might be with us to take part and to honor us with your presence, but since you are to be far away in Vaucresson, we have wanted to send you a testimonial of our affection and respect. Today I am sending to you
WB - Summer 1963
under separate cover a resolution from the Corporation and the Faculty of the Institute on the occasion of this seventy-fifth anniversary of your graduation. I hope it brings you much pleasure. We shall have you very much in our thoughts as I read a copy of the inscription to your fellow alumni this coming June 15.
And so now it is October, and the trees are a blaze of color, and I
re-read the joyous letter you wrote me in June, and am dashed at the swif-
teness of time, but then reassured by the consciousness that friendship knows
not time, nor distance, but, rather, is and does, constant, integral, sure.

One of the finest expressions of this spirit, I do believe, is to be
found in Jay Stratton's letter to you, which carries his characteristic warmth
of expression, and is replete with the quality of love for the Institute that
has made his administration such a good one. That letter strikes me as the
best possible sort of precursor to the statement of homage from Corporation and
Faculty which it announced and which I hope pleased you as much as the idea
of it pleased your friends in Cambridge.

You know that I was dashed by the news of that severe chill and its
consequences. I hope that your recovery was swift and easeful, and that you
are now fully restored to vim and zest. Certain it is that Renee's marvelous
nourishment is the best prescription one could have, and I am sure it must
have been efficacious to the full.

Let me tell you just a bit about affairs at Damariscotta Mills in the
summer. The local craftsmen had done quite a lot of work on the house, so that
one begins now to sense what it will be to live there permanently--where the
cherished things shall go, how oddments shall be disposed, and in what new paths
the customary rounds shall be followed. The elms flourish, and are safeguarded
as far as may be against the blight by the ministrations of small, wiry, catlike
individuals who materialize with trucks, cables, ladders, saws, hooks, pumps,
siphons, sprays, and Heaven knows what other paraphernalia. The raccoons visit
in the evening to receive their rations. A Baltimore Oriole chants from above.
We mortals labor. Julie gardens and plans and polishes, and plans and dreams.
In this latter I join, save when building pantries to foster culinary bliss in
time to come. Before we know it, the summer interlude has sped, and we are on the way back to Cambridge, where youth awaits being served. And youth this fall seems truly more engaging than ever. Is this because youth has improved? Or because we are more deeply acquainted with it? Or are we becoming mellowly prejudiced? I don't dare guess. And it really doesn't matter.

There is a garden spot beyond the living room at the Damariscotta Mills house, where a background of honeysuckle (in need of pruning and care soon to be rendered) suggests the background of the photographs of your good self which accompanied your letter, and which I treasure. I shall see you in my mind's eye in that garden when we next venture north, and in the meantime I look with a smile and a salute to these two so honest representations of you, where gaiety and reflectiveness so admirably merge.

In past months, the wardens of the Institute's physical wellbeing have been repointing masonry which as you know suffers in the miasma of industrial Cambridge. The Great Dome has been ministered to, and in the process has been freed of scut and dust so that at night it glisters above the Great Court in great majesty and greater beauty. The days being crowded as they are, I am about the place often in the evenings, and pause always where the main axis of the Court intersects the Memorial Drive sidewalk, to commune for a little while, and to say a word of thanks for taste and style, for beauty and for friendship.

God bless you, dear old friend since boyhood. Julie joins me in love and good wishes to Renee and to you,

Tibi, semper,
Memorandum from the
PRESIDENT’S OFFICE
M. I. T.

Fred:

We would like to borrow
back some time later this
summer (at your convenience)
to make a copy for Jay’s
file.

Walter W.

W::

Hyah ‘tis.

F
Recommande

WELLES-BOLWORTH
VILLA MARIETTA
VAUCRESSON (S & O.)

FRANCE

REPUBLIC OF FRANCE

PAR AVION

FREDERICK F. G. FISHER, JR., ESQ.
DEAN OF RESIDENCE
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
CAMBRIDGE 39, MASSACHUSETTS
U.S.A.
My Very Dear Fred,

Your charming letter of the 5th May gave me joyful satisfaction. Just when most needed, yes I was badly exposed and took a severe chill in the stomach at a recent church club dinner, (three horrible days) feel better as though I have been passed through the wringer (marvellously nourished by Renée).

Thinking often of you, when your letter arrived to crown my hopes. You can tell Volta Laury that you beautiful poem absolutely marks a highly significant event in the history of American architecture.

You may find better terms to describe it, but it should be recorded, as you have done, in the same spirit of grace and elegance.

I have a great many more things to write to you about completing the vibrations of the coast. My beautiful statue of a woman holding a scroll, and crowned with laurel, looking benignly down, representing the spirit of knowledge.
That is taught at M.I.T.

President Backeman and all the
Committee accepted my a proposal, and it was shown
from my preliminary sketch, all the way down,
even to the point when a medal was issued,
and paid for by M.I.T., showing the figure as
the unadorned chief feature of the medal. They
asked me to design and have made by a
good sculptor in New York to commemorate
the departure from Boston, and for the first
occupation of the new buildings in Cambridge,
and called the "Alumni medal," sold to all the students.

I will now add something I have
not heretofore referred to in print, that when the
question of reducing the costs of building the new
M.I.T. arose, they asked me to omit the curved
dome, and make it a rectangle library above
the colonnade, and I objected so strenuously,
they asked me to reduce the commissions by
excluding from them the costs of the piling under-
ground of the whole structure. I agreed, and it
was done.

I asked the chief engineer of
Stone and Webster to come over to New York
To study with me just what amount that pile represented, and he assured me that it reduced my commission by 200,000 dollars. I was happy to feel that I could stand it, but Mr. Cass Gilbert told me that I had just every architect member of the American Institute of Architects, and that he felt that I had fought the job of being made architect of the M.I.T. by accepting their demands, that is, that I do it for 5 per cent commission, instead of the usual 7 per cent, which he would have charged.

I explained to President J. Morton that it is an insult to the institute, as seen from Boston, that that ugly masonry wall goes along right before the façade, which has made so much interest to all the Boston people, resident in the back-bay section. The little wall should be broken down, and rebuilt in the form of steps descending at each end to a boat landing the width of the main court, as I have always shown it in my drawings. It is a part of the main court, of course these little trees on the avenue should be removed where they are in front of the court. The road for vehicles does not show from Boston.
I will, of course, finish scale drawings, in case I should no longer be available, the MIT Architectural Dept. can easily find all the detail needed from my drawings with Stone and Water.

I have a "birds eye view" drawing here, showing the statue, and the landing, which President Stratton looked at with great interest. As soon as I feel able, I will look up the photographs I had made of it, and send them to you, and if Volta Learoyd wishes to make use of it for another article which, you would be the best person to write, I will send them to you.

I think this is the most important architectural letter I have ever written, and I feel very thankful to have tried to write it, and to send it to you, as my intermediary.

It was about that time that I had the thought of going to take a look at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, which I had never seen, so I dropped in there one day, and had the pleasure of meeting the director, who was Mr. William B. Goodyear (if I remember correctly). He asked me if I had ever made a study of the St. Isaac Leaning Tower with its
abundance, compared to what is to be found of
the principal they were seeking to apply at that
time in Italy. I, of course, told him no, and he
said I am going to Italy next summer to make
a research to see how and where they applied
the theory of making rectangles irregular (as is
found now in many small Italian churches),
and I am going to check up the extent to which
the Greeks went in the Pantheon. I intend to
write a book on the subject. I told him I
was too busy, but would like to study it, and
he afterwards persuaded me to meet him at Pisa.
I was so convinced that I even climbed in Rome
in Rome to the level of the Pantheon in a boarding
house, and found that the pediment carved forward
considerably at the center.
I tried it on many other Roman
structures and returned to New York thoroughly
convinced.
You will be deeply interested to
see a copy of the birthday letter which
President Eliot has so charmingly written to
me. It is certainly unique in the annals of
M.I.T., and I know will not soon be expunged.
I have not yet been able to write him how deeply I appreciate it, and now I await the testimonial he has promised to send me. I hope you will tell him that he could not have done anything to so fill my cup with overflowing goodness and mercy.

You are fully conscious of what the name Renee & Julia mean to me, and I send the cross-cousin pattern of thoughts as they go between our families, and my blessings to you all as well as my young friend whose name is Pamela, who has been so patient and helpful to me in getting these words off to you.

Titi

P.S. I have just discovered these two snapshots; they are the most recent photograph taken of me, if you need more, I can send them to you.
Mr. William W. Seary  
20 Farm Road  
Wayne, Pennsylvania  

Dear Bill:  

I am very grateful for your letter of June 7, for the kind things which it says, for the thoughtfulness which prompted it and for the many very pleasant memories of our activities years ago which it recalls.  

With every good wish,  

Very truly yours,  

F. G. Fassett, Jr.  
Dean of Residence  

FGF:em
June 7, 1964
Wayne, Penna.

Dear Fred,

The Technology Review has always served as a kind of communication for alumni of M.I.T. In addition to this usage, one of my principal interests has been news of the Faculty members.

The June issue of T.R. contains your notable essay - "A Note on Excellence" concerning the great court and Welles Bosworth. This is a masterpiece in the Fassett style.

I read this essay with the deepest interest and admiration for the use of the English language at its best.

It so happens that you, Fred Fassett,
conducted English classes in my freshman year, 1931-1932, and impressed
me very much in those days.

In looking back on those years, my memory says that the English classes,
and Modern European History, with Theodore Smith’s were bright spots in
a pretty dreary picture.

Also, it is good to see that you are Dean of Residence - many freshmen
and upperclassmen surely appreciate you in that position - as I did in our
limited acquaintance in the classroom.

Sincerely, with best regards

William W. Seavy

XVI ’35
May 5, 1964

Welles Bosworth, Esq.
"Marietta"
S. et O., France

If memory serves this is a day to be celebrated at "Marietta." If memory is shaky and this is not the day that day does fall about this time. Hence, there is double joy for me in sending you this note, friend since boyhood, to wish you well and to thank you for the cablegram and the subsequent letter which truly had me walking on air. Volta Torrey since then has shown me proof of our brief essay which I must confess seems to withstand fairly well the crucial test of type and ink. We shall know more about that in three weeks. Meanwhile, Julie and I greet Renée and you with affection and fond memories,

As ever,

F. G. Fassett, Jr.
Dean of Residence

FGF:em
Murietta

April 1st

My dear old boy Freddie -

On receipt of your letter

with the two articles, one to be changed, if need be, I was exalted. I sent by Western Union Cable these words. Rave by your fearless superstitiously judicial appreciation - love - Wells.

Over the telephone, I have an amplifier, & the operator a dear lady, Mrs. Mertshenn, who has taken my calls for 25 years, seemed to have it all, right, so I thought the words, would show you that I saw not a word to change.

As I had to write President Jay Statham an appreciation of his is report, and as I do always feel, I might be at times, a connecting link of greater interest to you. If it is known you more a to do.

Also, I had wanted to speak to Pres. Jay & see if some day all those kilometers of blank fringe, can be turned into eloquent words to rejoin the reader. Words that tickle both ear & brain. True poetry - I hope you will thrill the many poets who have been there. by what come to you -

Old Ben Franklin's Poor Richard may give some - George Washington's advice to young man learn very young to run your P.R.R. or it will ruin you?
W. B.
"MARIETTA"
Vancover
(S. J. O) FRANCE
By this Resolution
The Corporation and the Faculty of the
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Send greetings to

William Welles Bosworth '89

To commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of his graduation
And to renew their homage for the gifts of his genius

Architect whose creative vision half a century ago endowed the
Institute with a grand and timeless design

Central to its purposes
Favorable to growth and flexible in its mobility
Symbolic of its aims and accomplishments

Chairman

President

Date
235P EST MAR 23 64 BB105
B CDU433 PSX222 17 PD INTL CD VAUGRESSON SETO VIA WUCABLES 23 1516
LT FREDERICK SASSET JR (DLR CARE DEAN OF RESIDENCE (MASS) MIT
RAVI BY YOUR FAULTLESS SUPREMELY POETICAL APPRECIATION BLESSINGS
WELLES BOSWORTH (23)
March 18, 1964

Welles Bosworth, Esq.
"Marietta"
Vaucresson
S. et O., France

This letter, it seems to me, should properly commence not with "Dear old friend Welles," nor with "Friend since boyhood," but with "Mon cher maitre," because this letter is addressed to you as architect, artist, and creator. Herewith in duplicate is an humble essay which I hope may not displease you and which I hope Volta Torrey may be inclined to publish in the Review in June, should it meet with your approval. For that issue he must have final copy in early April. I send it in duplicate so that if you wish to amend or emend, to alter, rectify or reshape, one copy may come back to me with changes or additions or both indicated in your classic calligraphy.

We have here today an unannounced blizzard, and the crocuses which bloomed on February 29 are for the third time hidden by snow. I wish there were a redbird to make up for the loss of their color. (I am told, by the way, that some benefactor proposes to release a number of redbirds in the Arena where the impending Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society is to be held. Supererogatory?)

With affection and every good wish to Renee and as ever, mon vieux, to you,

Sincerely,

F. G. Fassett, Jr.
Dean of Residence

FGF:em

bcc: Mr. Torrey
COPY

A Note on Excellence

Of a springtime morning, a summer noontide, an autumn twilight, a moonlit winter eve, the Great Court of the Institute is a place of peace and beauty. A quality of warmth and friendliness invests it, and a sense of pause and poise, and its scale is human and humane, whether the lawns are filled with recumbent valetudinarians or a single sojourner is strolling the walks. I find pleasure in the fact that these things are so, and interest in pondering why. What are the subtleties that, melting, consummate in beauty? To ask this is to ask what excellence is, for excellence and beauty are reciprocals.

Grass, bushes, trees--these are the raw elements of forest or jungle, yet a subtlety may be compounded from them. Alone and scattered at random, they may combine to form Thoreau's "shaggy wilderness" where man has really no place of his own and where brute nature may yield a certain tingling thrill of terror to
the sensitive observer, but where the civil soul finds little lasting joy. The evocation of subtleties from them demands the interposition of mind, of sensibility, of aesthetic expression and response.

When this is given, grass becomes terraced greensward; bushes, shaped hedge and flowering shrub; trees at random, ranges of pattern and stately comity; chaos, the beginning of cosmos. Visual cacophony has yielded then to motif, a theme suggested in the march of oak and elm, a counterpoint of flowering crabs, and melodies of rhododendrons blooming—a simple subtlety has been achieved, the human scale has been approached.

Approached, yet not attained. We ask, demand, more. This simple subtlety is not a whole. At best, it can no more than repeat itself on and on to the horizon, melding never, becom- ing restless through recurrence. For a whole to be requires a limit, and man seeking wholeness is expressing the paradoxicality of his being, which at once demands that it be untrammelled and
pleads that it be contained. The mountain lake, cupped by curves that blend as hill and valley, offers a whole that a coup d'oeil comprehends, and so speaks to man as the insensate repetitions of the vast and empty ocean never can.

The Great Court has its beauty because it is a whole, where the contained and the containing merge in excellence. Structure and site complement and sustain one another. The containing masses, strong in stylobate and entablature, soaring in pilaster and panel, are at one with the terraces and the trees they embrace. The colonnade of the entrance portico gives the full theme central emphasis. Rising above, it, the Great Dome orients the whole.

Many are the subtleties that contribute to this achievement of beauty. The great architect who accomplished it, and who from far-away Vaucrestons looks back with memory's eye to Cambridge has told already of one— the date-tab on the drum of the dome, of "enormous value there, for without it, the dome would seem to
rotate." Lately he has told of others: Nature does not design with square and plumb-line. Her subtle nuances can be traced and echoes in the refinements of which architecture is capable.

In the court and entrance of the Institute, the architect has made all the parapet lines—against-the-sky incline gently, subtly, upward toward the culminating feature, the dome. Entasis marks the parapet edge, and flows into the upward lift that persuades the eye of the observer. The columns of the great colonnade he has set, not on a straight line from end to end, but on a curved line where the center is nine inches forward of the end points. Such subtleties, melding, consummate in beauty.

At the dedication of the Institute's Cambridge home in 1917, the role of Merlin the Enchanter was enacted in the inaugural pageant that filled the Great Court with dancers, personages, and symbolism. Pageantry and pomp have paled into the past. The enchantment remains. It is the enchantment of beauty, of excellence, which we owe to the artistry and the humane per-
ception of the architect of the Institute: Welles Bosworth.

COPY

--F. G. Fassett, Jr.
March 18, 1964

Mr. Volta Torrey
Editor
The Technology Review
Room 1-281

Dear Volta:

Hereewith is a short piece about the Great Court together with a blind copy of my letter to Welles seeking his approval. Naturally I very greatly hope he will find the thing acceptable. I will report just as soon as I hear from him. I thought that in the meanwhile you might want to have a look at it so as to think about layout if he does give it his assent. I do not want to trespass, but I should like to suggest that a proper shot taken the long way of the colonnade from somewhere around the northwest corner of the walk in the Great Court might be an effective concomitant and might by a skilful photographer be enabled to suggest if not actually to show the curve which those mighty bases describe.

With all good wishes,

Very truly yours,

F. G. Fassett, Jr.
Dean of Residence

FGF:sm
Dr. Morris B. Sanders
8 Marmion Way
Rockport, Massachusetts

Dear Dr. Sanders:

I am shamefully remiss in this response to your multiplex letter of January 25. The fact is that the end of one term, the beginning of another, and the usual circumambient chaos conspired against me. I write now to say that the essay, medicinal or not, is at least done and on its way to France. I hope and trust that there is no need in Vaucresson for any therapy but that if there is, that brief bit of prose may have the Aesculapian value which you so generously impute to it.

With all good wishes,

Very truly yours,

F. G. Fassett, Jr.
Dean of Residence

FGF:em
F.G. Fassett, Jr.
Dean of Residence

Dear Dean Fassett:

I was so pleased to get your good letter of Jan. 23rd. The letter appeared to me to be a written confirmation of the impression I gained of you, in our one telephonic conversation relative to Welles Bosworth.

I am delighted that you took exception to my impression concerning Welles because it apparently led you to write me about your brief essay on the one subject which would have both a medicinal and stimulating effect on Welles' mind at this time.

Your impression: "that the joy of living is as strong in him as ever" is, to my way of thinking, quite correct providing his mind is appealed to professionally. That is the medicine and functioning of that "global mind that you are administering when appealing for his review and emendation.

Thank you so much for your letter and for your gift of two useful words to add to my vocabulary: "recondite" and "emendation". I quite naturally sensed their meaning, but was surprised when I looked them up in the dictionary to find that I had been writing without the use of two words which so concisely express things that I had been in the habit of "walking around Robin Hood's barn" (is this so-called quote correct?) to express.

I have just casually glanced over the special file of my Welles Bosworth correspondence to see if there was anything else besides the enclosures to Volta Torrey which could have any graphic interest to you in your essay on recondite qualities.

I do have two photostats which Welles sent me of:

1) The original design of The Tech buildings, the grounds of which went right down to the shore of The Charles River, with a huge statue of Minerva in the center of the grounds. (I have a suspicion that the statue was to have been executed by Welles' and my mutual friend, Paul Manship);

2) A design for the remodelling of Copley Square, the original, I believe, is in the Archives of the City Hall of Boston.

I should judge from a letter of Welles that it was a terrifically hard-fought battle to have the accepted design of the buildings as they now stand to be accepted
by a then very practical group of trustees, as over against a group of single buildings such as on almost any university campus.

It is an interesting aside to note that, if the original plan for the statue of Minerva had been accepted and carried out (assuming that it would have been Paul Manship to execute it), as well as the Copley Square plan, three close friends—Welles Bosworth, Paul Manship and Charles Hoffbauer (the New England historical murals of Hoffbauer are in the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company at Clarendon and Boylston streets)—would have had permanent (as permanent as anything is today in non-traditional civic planning) memorials of their works not far from one another in Boston.

A copy of my letter to Volta Torrey was also sent to two other M.I.T. friends of mine: Philip Bourne of Beverly and Donald Monell of Gloucester.

What a number of interesting incidents have grown out of an invitation to attend the 45th reunion of M.I.T. 1916!

Alas, not being able to afford it, I sent a letter in my place, the more strictly M.I.T. parts of it being published in The Technology Review of January 1962.

This led back to coming into contact with Volta Torrey once more. Some of us in Rockport had so hoped that Volta would become a commuting M.I.T. (just previous to his finding a home in Lincoln) as were then Miss Emily Wick and, formerly, was Mrs. Lester Hornby (I forget her Tech secretarial name) who had been during her long service at Tech. a secretary at one time or another to Professors Vannevar Bush and Norbert Wiener.

Here's to the progress of the "medicinal" essay!

Sincerely,

Morris B. Sanders

Morris B. Sanders, M.D.

P.S. after signing this letter last evening, I went to what might be termed a ship-modeling dinner at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Brewington of the Peabody Museum of Salem; Mr. and Mrs. Baker of the M.I.T. museum of Naval Architecture; Miss Emily Wick, mentioned above; our hosts Mr. and Mrs. Eric Roynart of the future Marine Museum of Rockport. I was in the present at such a gathering in part, with Mr. Charles Hoffbauer also mentioned above, as a more or less friendly go-between in the sale of a
January 23, 1964

Dr. Morris B. Sanders
Marmion Way
Rockport, Massachusetts

Dear Dr. Sanders:

Mr. Torrey was so kind as to let me see your very interesting letter of January 10. I echo your hope that Welles Bosworth may be able to be here in June on the 75th anniversary of his graduation. My most recent exchange of letters with him was a few weeks ago, and I have the impression -- which does not quite agree with yours -- that the joy of living is as strong in him as ever. Possibly this is wishful thinking on my part, but in all truth I don't believe so.

The opportunities for truly contemplative activity in my chaotic existence are rather few and far between. I am nevertheless bit by bit working up a brief essay sort of thing on some of the more recondite qualities of the architecture of the main M.I.T. buildings, particularly those surrounding the Great Court. The draft I shall, of course, send to Welles for his review and emendation. I hope that ultimately Volta may be able to find a place for the piece in his eminent journal.

With every good wish,

Very truly yours,

F. G. Fassett, Jr.
Dean of Residence

FGF:em

cc: Mr. Volta Torrey
June 23, 1964

Mr. H. Arthur Zimmerman
970 East 64th Street
Cleveland 3, Ohio

Dear Art:

I thank you for your note of June 18. You are a generous hearted fellow.

With all good wishes,

Very truly yours,

F. G. Fassett, Jr.
Dean of Residence

FGF:em
June 18, 1964

Mr. F. G. Fasset, Jr.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Fred:

Your essay on "Excellence" in the June issue of The Review is a beautiful piece. I enjoyed reading it especially because it carries your by-line.

Sincerely,

HAZ:at
26th Nov. 1968

Marieetta
35. Rue du Prof. Paulet,
Varese 8760
Varese

My dear "blue friend, Fred,-"

Your charming letter of Oct. 23rd gave me great pleasure, and something shot of the tiny weapon, assuring me all the springs of activity, where you again would start with your poetical eloquence on "no less a person than Ty Snatson!"

You may have seen a long article in this weeks "Time" magazine about a new attack on old Philadelphia, and it ends by giving the names and photographs of two fine Britonians who are to make up designs and reports on clearing out the ugly places in Boston and rebuilding them with the thought of happier appearances.

You may not remember that I started my first office in Boston on the top story of the Hotel Handlee. It was facing Trinity Church (now, from the South, the view also included Copley Square with the rarely beautiful building, for America, of the Boston Public Library.

When I first went to M.I.T.
2) the architectural dept was in the 3rd story of a new brick building at the corner of Bayston St and Clarendon St. (I think) but my work table was placed where I had a fine view of Trinity Church, Sunday school, and Love behind. I also was that Copley Square was ruined by a diagonal street from my corner there, cutting straight across a big place plot by leading to Huntington Ave at Dartmouth St and the corner of the public library. It always shocked me to see the circularity of cutting that fine big square in two halves of green grass.

After living many years in Europe and coming home to design a new M.I.T. that bakery of Copley Square outraged me so that I took the time to go up on the roof of the Copley ski hotel and make a plan of what should be done in Europe in any full-grown city, make the circulations around a centre, thus forming ample spaces for cars to wait, and making possible for seniors corners for beautiful shaped trees, with two diagonal pavements, like a letter X, so that the foot passengers could cut across diagonally without disturbing the place.

Of course, arranged a centre for a historical monument, it was a somewhat complicated problem to make a proper
do anything further. Now, however, the time has come. You may have heard of the architect, Mr. Charles St. Cooledge who was Mr. Richardson's right hand man in designing the Trinity Church, Boston.

His daughter, Miss Julia Dennis, was always so kind in sending me printed papers, etc., of anything concerning Mr. Richardson, that realizing the complication of anything concerning with me, I wrote her a letter giving her the right to demand from the Chamberlain's office all the documents and designs for Copley Square that I had left, though no such thing has happened since, they would have let me know, she has a good recent photograph of the charcoal perspective. I think, but there isn't a photograph of a small print which for you to use with your letter. Are you sending it to you, in a proper tone?

Now you know the story and my thought is that the only way to get in line with a very first class treatment was to get out and illustrate, is to have my designs shown to these two gentlemen who have been officially appointed to make a study of his to identify Boston. My thought has been that if Mr. Julian Stratton could be inspired because of his tribute to me, to send you to these gentlemen to show them and to say that it would seem as if I had given without any question of recompense and therefore without having my designs investigated by them, and resolved in so far as you and I achieved by our...
face of center with Linley Church, and at the same time with the public library. (I even proposed a new street going through to Commonwealth Ave. on that West side.)

I made a perspective as seen from an aeroplane, and got Otto Eggers to render it with his charming shading, and an old friend of mine, an efficient member of the St. Botolph Clu, named William Chester Chase, of Newbury st., secured information about lands of circulatia, and so forth from the city Chamberlain's office. He was told there were 72 designs already on file, which had been submitted by architects from time to time, Chase saw them and said there were none of them good, but mine should he kept there for safe keeping, and right given to the Chamberlain to act in my absence, if necessary.

My friend, Chris Kester, since his childhood led me to have some little photos of the design, when he was Governor, he showed to somebody who might be in a position to do something about it. He wrote he knew that he liked it but that the only man whom he knew who took any interest in it was the Vermont marble Company men, and that I ought really to take the matter up with the Mayor. But I got so busy over the M.I.T., and the A.T. & T. Co., that I was not able to
In the University and the Public library and a good monument with fountain that square will be famous the world over.

Somebody has been working with his tape-recorder, and my young English girl has shown a beautiful co-operative spirit in helping me launch this little new boat, may I stay into Bank Bay?

I will enclose a card of introduction for you to see Mrs. J. Deane. Her cousin Harry Shapley had promised to work with me over my scheme, which he liked very much. I regret exceedingly that he died. In his last letter to me I was particularly touched by his writing to congratulate me on the recent honours, a gold medal of merit, and so forth, the French Academy of Architects had confided upon me, and how respectful it was that so few American Architects had so well merited these honours they gave me.

Now dear Ted, it is time for you to rest your neck, after reading such a long letter from me.

I am happy to tell you that my
There has been so complete a change in the day after tomorrow that I have planned to provide the opening new season for the University Club. Some old fellows asked me what I did to keep so young, I answered, "It's what I don't do that does it."

I have ordered an enlargement of a little photograph I had, which will be forwarded to you in a few days. In a letter to

I send you and Julia, my love and devoted friendship, in which bright join me.

and my profound devotion

to my best friend, next to you.

Jay Stratton  Welles Bosworth.

P.S. Having found the "Fine Magazine" while of Nov. 6th in which it gives the name of The new mayor and the late senator, the Loge of The Collins, who have been appointed to make a study of what to do to beautify Boston and "That should certainly commence with the Coppelcy."

I can tell they have seized Scollay Square, by building a city office building in imitation of prehistoric Mexican architecture.

If you could persuade Jay Stratton to sincerely consider the solution that Welles Bosworth has created from plans in the Chamberlain's Office, as from the Dean it would be in direct line with his tribute to Welles.
Take a break...enjoy a Kent!
Kent combines the famous MICRONITE filter with the world's finest "Flavor-blended" tobaccos...so, for the best combination of filter and good taste...

KENT SATISFIES BEST
Early. His senior thesis, as an architectural student at Cornell in 1932, was on "Plans for a Philadelphia Center City." After graduation, he used a $1,000 legacy to bicycle through Europe, walk through Greece and sail up the Nile. He got his architectural start working as a designer under Architect Henry Killam Murphy in Shanghai. "It's a good idea to cut your teeth where the product won't be around to haunt you later," says Bacon. Back in the U.S. after a year, he wrote to the late great architect and city planner, Eliel Saarinen, asking for a fellowship at Saarinen's Cranbrook Academy of Art in Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

"Eliel Saarinen was my great master and teacher," says Bacon. "He emphasized design as the relationship of form and mass; so the real design problem is the city. Saarinen taught that harmony of form and mass doesn't stop at property lines but continues." The Bacon generation at Cranbrook included such notables of arts and architecture as Designer Charles Eames, Sculptor Harry Bertoia, Eliel's late son Eero, and Designer Florence Knoll.

"At Cranbrook in our time, everybody was talking about what a wonderful thing the suburbs were going to be—discussing civic centers, working, shopping and living centers—that sort of thing," recalls Eames. "It was all quite new, and we were full of hope for the pastures. We were all gliding out of town on the freeways. But Ed Bacon looked at the first seep of city rot and saw the real crisis."

After leaving Cranbrook in 1936, Bacon served for two years as a city planner in nearby Flint, then landed a job back in Philadelphia as managing director of the Philadelphia Housing Authority. He recognized that Philadelphia was a city in a state of collapse, to use Bacon's phrase. Industries were beginning to move out, sales in the center city were declining, and stores were moving to the suburbs, or talking about it.

The businessmen did not wait for the Federal Government. They organized themselves into the Citizens Council on City Planning, Bacon and Architect Oscar Stonorov mounted an elaborate display of their notions for reconverting downtown Philadelphia in a complete-scale model with animated parts. The exhibit drew 385,000 people when put on display at a downtown department store. Bacon personally visited 13 public schools and encouraged schoolchildren to work up models of how they would like their local districts to look. Result was a climate of enthusiasm for improvement and change that ranged through the whole community, from self-interested businesspeople to self-interested slum dwellers.

In 1949 Bacon was named executive director of the Philadelphia City Planning Commission.

Fallen Wall. But Bacon's breakthrough happened only by chance—or at least by the kind of chance that only total preparation makes into a real breakthrough. The 1952 election installed a new, reform-minded mayor, Democrat Joseph Clark, and a new city charter, in which the planning commission was given real authority. A few months later came an announcement from the Pennsylvania Railroad that it had at last decided to tear down the inner city's historic eyesore: the Old Broad Street station and the mile-long stretch of elevated tracks behind it that had been known as "the Chinese Wall."

At the same luncheon when the railroad announced its decision, Bacon pre-
sented what he called "a challenging proposal" for development of the entire area. "If you wait until someone else does a plan, you're licked," says Bacon. "We always have a proposal ready." The plan, worked out with a young architect named Vincent Kling, called for a sunken garden concourse three blocks long, lined with shops, bridged by the cross streets and underd- dled by three 20-story office buildings.

In those less planning-conscious days, this scheme seemed like something out of Jules Verne—after all, the railroad owned the land, which was already zoned for profitable high-rise office buildings. But prestigious Robert W. Dowling of New York, successful developer of Pittsburgh's Gateway Center and Manhattan's Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village, came to the rescue. Called in by the railroad as a consultant, he approved the superblock with underground connections to the rail transit outlets—the Pennsylvania suburban station and a stop on the Market Street subway—and added the idea of a bus terminal at the west end of Penn Center to anchor it.

Respect for Dowling's business acumen carried the day. But Dowling felt the office buildings would have to cover 45% of the ground space to produce enough rent to make them pay, instead of the 30% envisioned by the Bacon-Kling plan. The extra 15% would not permit the office buildings to be oriented on a north-south axis across the sunken esplanade, and the concourse would have to be covered. "We were very crushed by this," says Bacon, "but instead of sulking, we tried to figure out how much we could salvage."

In the end, he managed to get a series of holes punched through to the underground. A skating rink fills one of them; a pleasant garden facing a subterranean restaurant occupies another. The city is now filling a third with a landscaped garden next to the Penn Center subway station. Subway passengers will step out into a garden as their entrance into the central city.

The Idea. Penn Center was not everything Bacon had wanted it to be. But it was a great beginning, a source of what he calls—capitalizing the words as he says them—the Power of an Idea. A valid planning idea, he feels, has a life of its own. His hero is Pope Sixtus V (1585-90), who was inspired to erect an obelisk before three of Rome's churches of obligation for pilgrims and to connect them with roads. These obelisks established axes and "thrusts of space" that hundreds of years after its death were still shaping the ideas and actions of Rome's architects and builders. Bernini constructed his marvelous colonnade around the one that Sixtus had planted outside St. Peter's.

Axis for the Old. Old Philadelphia begins with a vision and a memory. His memory is of William Petrie's "greene countrie towne." It was laid out on a grid at the narrowest point between Philadelphia's two rivers (see map) and anchored by an axial crossing of the two central arteries, Market and Broad streets, where City Hall now stands. In each of the resultant quadrants Penn placed a park. Latter-day developers enhanced this basic plan with the dynamic diagonal Benjamin Franklin Parkway, leading from City Hall to the 4,076-acre Fairmount Park.

Bacon's vision cherishes the old and adapts it to the new. He particularly likes the baroque City Hall as the pivot of the city. His planned vistas swing from it; his planned parks set it off. He gazes with delight, bouncing up on his toes with excitement, as he looks through a two-story-high window in Kling's new Municipal Services Building at City Hall and the complementary façade of the Masonic Temple.

His new plan keeps Penn's axis and provides new anchors. One anchor is the three Pei towers on Society Hill, which he thinks of as an equivalent of Pope Sixtus' obelisks. Another, still un-built, will be the Port Tower at the Delaware River. The tower will command the eye of any traveler down Market Street, and also provide the focus for a redevelopment area, which Bacon hopes will restore the waterfront to Philadelphia as a place to saunter, sun themselves, or just watch the bustle of a busy harbor.

Back to Feet. The inner city, he is convinced, as are most planners, must be restored to the pedestrian, and there are plans for parking garages at the center's edge. Unlike some city theorists, Bacon does not try to talk the automobile out of existence. "The automobile must be treated as an honored guest," says Bacon. But he does feel that the entrance to the city must be attractive, and the vistas must be visually exciting, designed to lead the visitor into the heart of the city. He cites the expansion of the spirit that any walker experiences in Venice, emerging from the crowded alleyways into the huge open space of St. Mark's Square. It is these shared experiences, says Bacon, that give citizens a sense of belonging to and concern for their city. And without them, the city withers.

To bring Philadelphians back from suburban shopping centers to the big stores and little shops in the center of town, Bacon is promoting a $200 million plan for a gigantic terminal east of City Hall on Market Street, which will unite the city's two suburban railroads in a single terminal, and also achieve one of the basic goals of city planning—the separation of wheeled traffic from pedestrian. Bacon's plan also includes widening the sidewalks of Chestnut Street, the city's other main shopping thoroughfare, and making a traffic-free mall of it, with little electric trolleys to carry shoppers.

Renewers of the city want not only to bring people back from the suburbs to shop, but back to town to live. Philadelphia is now devoting 50% of its renewal outlay to residential work not involving major demolition, and some of Bacon's most interesting labor on this level is to be found in Society Hill—so-called after the Free Society of Traders, which originally bought 20,000 acres there from William Penn, rather than the Social Register. Society Hill is studded with 18th century houses and historic landmarks, and Bacon opened up vistas around them by clearing out factories and dingy warehouses, threading greenery through them and building new houses in harmony with the 18th century beauties.

Philadelphia's $593,000 yearly budget for its planning commission provides Bacon with a $20,000 salary and a staff of 65, including 14 architects, seven engineers, three economists, three experts in social science or government, a landscape architect and a mathematician expert. Appropriately enough, Bacon lives in a four-story brick row house in mid-town, a 15-minute walk from his office. His outside activities are not exactly wide-ranging. During winter term he conducts an evening course (Historic Examples of Civic Design) at the University of Pennsylvania. Several nights a week he talks to local gatherings.

As a result of Bacon's highly articulate proselytizing, Philadelphia's urban renewal commission can count on a variety of voluntary civic groups to pitch in on specific aspects of the multifarious job. Says Banker Gustave Amsterdam, chairman of the Redevelopment Authority: "It's fashionable in Philadelphia to be interested in the city. I'm only one of dozens of men getting a passion for the city's problems. It's a delight to see them inspire one another."
On the Table. Across the U.S., planners are carving up other U.S. cities, with varying degrees of success but invariably accompanied by cries of civic outrage (the cheers may come later). “After all, you are operating on a live patient,” says one planner. “And the longer you keep him on the operating table, the worse it is for him.”

In Boston the patient almost died on the table. In 1960, when newly elected Mayor John F. Collins called Edward J. Logue to be the head of Boston’s redevelopment, the city was clearly in a bad way. Its symptoms included: 1) a central business district tottering toward skid row, where 14,000 jobs and $78 million of taxable assessment had evaporated in a decade; 2) a moribund waterfront; and 3) two fumbling attempts at renewal by Collins’ predecessor that had turned out to be unmitigated disasters.

One disaster was the bulldozing of a 38-block, 41-acre low-rent neighborhood to put up a tasteless cluster of disasters. The other was the John F. Fitzgerald Expressway built by the state. This concrete homage to the automobile effectively screened the city from its historic waterfront, as though the sight of running water were something obscene.

Logue, who began life as a lawyer, made his mark in urban renewal by running New Haven’s topnotch, $200 million program for Mayor Richard Lee. He is an expert at using the ins and outs of the Federal Housing Act to finance a big program with a little cash. The public cost of the projects he now has in the works will come to about $180 million, of which the Federal Government will put up about $120 million and the state of Massachusetts about $30 million. Boston’s share is the other $30 million, and the city is getting a considerable run for its money.

Items:

- A multimillion-dollar Government Center to replace the flophouses, burlesque theaters, bordellos and tattoo parlors of the Scollay Square area with a complex of handsome federal, state, city and private office buildings.
- The rehabilitation of many of the century-old granite buildings on the waterfront, converting them into handsomely designed apartments which command a superlative view.
- Like most planners, Logue blames many of the city’s woes on the automobile—aided and abetted by federal construction of highways and superhighways that encouraged people to move out of town. But he feels that automobile overcrowding at shopping centers, commuter stations and the approaches to town will bring them back to their own two feet and the city again, if the planners play their cards right. “They’ll never solve the traffic jams,” opines Logue. “What we lack is in open space, we will make up in convenience.”

Two Stories High. The third of the three top urban renewal men in the U.S. is San Francisco’s pragmatic, perceptive and somewhat excitable M. Justin Herman. San Franciscoians were shocked into action by the state-built Embarcadero Freeway, which they discovered was barreling along the edge of town, cutting off the view of their cherished waterfront. The resultant outcry halted the expressway (which now leads to nowhere in particular), and incidentally aroused the city’s leaders into more organized and enlightened planning. Herman presides over 991 acres of new projects that total $657 million in private investment, $81,720,400 in federal grants, $79,996,000 in noncash grants-in-aid and tax credits from the city.

Herman’s most sweeping project is the “Western Addition” just west of the downtown business district, where a Negro slum, eleven by four blocks, is being leveled and replaced by apartment houses, office buildings, a hospital, a medical building, garages, a Japanese Cultural and Trade Center and a Roman Catholic cathedral, and a 299-unit, successfully integrated cooperative. But more conspicuous is the Golden Gateway project at the foot of Telegraph Hill. On the site of the fragrant old Central Market, which was moved, like Philadelphia’s, to more efficient, truck-oriented quarters far from the center of town, three high-rise apartment houses have gone up with a cluster of little blue-roofed town houses in between. Both the houses and the apartment buildings rise from a platform two stories high; the covered area underneath will be used for parking, and will also serve as a pedestrian galeria of shops. San Francisco also has its own conservation program for neighborhoods of old houses that are going downhill, though not yet seriously substandard. In the first of these, the Pacific Heights area, almost all of 146 bight-touched buildings are now completely restored.

Mid-Century Urbanity. Spending the taxpayers’ money is a heady pastime, and no town is too small to hanker after a bit of sprucing up when the price is as right as the URA makes it. Cape May City, N.J., for instance, has applied for funds to restore the old Victorian mansions that were built in the 19th century when the place was a stylish summer resort. Portsmouth, N.H., has a grant to restore the town’s colonial atmosphere. But certain cities can be taken as exemplary.

HARTFORD has recently completed what may well be, in a relatively small compass, the most successful redevelopment of a central city area. Constitution Plaza is a complex of five office buildings and a hotel surrounding a pedestrian terrace—an arrangement that produces a pleasantly cloistered effect. But it almost did not come off. There was considerable opposition to reclaiming the area, which was not really substandard, though a number of flop-houses there were attracting more and more derelicts. Then there was trouble raising the money to develop the land after buying and clearing it with URA assistance. At this point, the Travelers Insurance Co. stepped in to bankroll the whole $35 million needed. Its motives were solidly self-interested; Travelers’ own nearby building, the tallest in town, gave the company a stake in the central city area, which had been rapidly losing business of all kinds to the suburbs.

Constitution Plaza has successfully reversed this desertion. Hartford’s biggest retailer, G. Fox, added a $12 million annex to its store just across the street, and Korvette’s decided to occupy a long-vacant store near by. The Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., which had been planning to move to the suburb of West Hartford, changed its mind and built a graceful, green-glass ship of a building, connected to the plaza by a bridge, that is the handsomest.
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Don’t be vague ask for Haig

BRITAIN’S LARGEST SELLING ‘SCOTCH’ ... enjoyed all over the world
store that had just spent a million dollars on redecoration. But Wallace's plan was voted unanimously, and even though it is still about five years from completion, its presence has brought a new atmosphere of optimism to the business community.

Baltimore has also worked a small miracle of rehabilitation in a Negro district, 32 blocks of 2,000 dilapidated houses known as Harlem Park. By cleaning out old shacks and what were once servants' quarters, the city gave each block the choice of whether it wanted to use the liberated space as a playground for children or as a postage-stamp park for adults. House owners were given expert advice and help in floating loans and making repairs and improvements. The result has been dramatic. "Harlem Park is no Georgetown," says Richard L. Steiner, director of the Baltimore Renewal and Housing Agency. "Generally speaking, these are still poor people. But there is a great change. In the past it was an area for a person to get out of, if he could afford it. Now it's a place to stay in."

The Beautiful Cities. The urban renewal operation, always painful and not always a success, requires a solid consensus of civic opinion and energy. In Buffalo, for instance, a $15 million renewal program has been stalled in its tracks for a year and a half while politicians bicker over which developers should get the job. But most renewal is still slum clearance, and slum clearance has critics aplenty. The far political right naturally attacks it as a new kind of Communist takeover. The left attacks it as displacement of the poor. "Urban renewal," the slogan goes, "is Negro removal."

On the financial level, critics think the bulldozer has been overworked. They note that Pei's towers on Society Hill are still only 21% rented. In San Francisco's Western Addition, some apartments are still tottering along, and the reason is clear enough. They are surrounded by slums, and tenants hesitate to settle in a depressed area and send their children to a school that is 35% Negro.

Last Chance. But a start has to be made somewhere—it all takes time. A new development in a slum area will only slowly inspire reconstruction of the other slums around it. And it has been 30 years or more for instance, since Philadelphia's upper- and middle-class families considered living in the center of town. Until Bacon started its renewal, there was precious little reason why they should. But Bacon and other U.S. planners are, and properly should be, thinking in terms of the long future, to make the city attractive and stimulating again—creating new neighborhoods, bringing old ones back to life, seeding the streets with sudden green, opening up unexpected views, and giving men room to work and stroll and play and talk. To rediscover, in short, the pleasures of urbanity.
democratic, says President John W. Atherton, "that the only way I can refrain myself from yelling is to walk out with great dignity."

Destruction of Innocence. Endowed by Orange Grower Russell K. Pitzer with a $1.2 million trust, the school nestles on a plain beneath the rugged San Gabriel Mountains 35 miles from Los Angeles. Dedicated this week, Pitzer is the sixth sibling in the distinguished cooperative family of Claremont Colleges* and the first independent U.S. college for women since Bennington was founded in 1932.

The school is sure of its goal—the study of the behavioral and social sciences—but in its first hectic weeks it is engagingly unsure of how to get there. Pitzer's 156 students and ten faculty members are alternately merry and moody as they strive to reduce chaos to confusion. "I'm just completely, totally in ecstasy over this whole thing," bubbles Student Taffy Squires. "But the hardest part is that there is nothing concrete to hold on to."

The most concrete aspect of Pitzer is its first two buildings, a dormitory and a combination administration-classroom building, which are wired for closed-circuit television and tape recordings designed to transmit lectures, panel discussions and dramatic productions right into the girls' rooms. Teaching methods are mostly experimental. Anthropologist George Park has set out to prove that "education is the destruction of innocence," envisions a race-relations course that will generate an understanding of the motivations behind the White Citizens Councils, Psychologist Ruth Munroe is enthusiastic about a student who is analyzing novels according to whether they observe the Ten Commandments. "I don't know if she'll come out with a statistical study," says Teacher Munroe, "but she will have a different view of social behavior and, perhaps, literature." Until that happy day, instruction is backed up by established courses at other Claremont colleges, which "Pitzies," as the new breed is known, can attend.

Instant Tradition. Pitzer aims to expand its enrollment to 600 girls within five years. In the meantime, students and faculty have formed a unique partnership to produce an instant tradition. At weekly "Town-Hall Meetings" they debate issues that range from whether the girls should be required to wear skirts at meals to writing a school constitution. On the theory that a college ought to be a model democracy, Pitzer has demolished the sanctity of faculty meetings and invited elected student representatives to take part. Few checks and balances remain, however. Dean Charlotte Elmott recently vetoed a unanimous student vote for a midnight curfew on dormitory visits; conforming to the deadline at all-girl Scripps, the witching hour for Pitzies is 11 p.m.

Pitzer's biggest asset is that its own inventive enthusiasm is teamed in comforting alliance with the Claremont Colleges, which "Pitzies," as the new breed is known, can attend. In the words of Classics Scholar Stephen Glass, a Pomona graduate: "There is newness here without risk."

STUDENTS

Success on the Oval Campus

Ernest Dahlman Jr. has rare scholarly attributes: a tenacious memory, a sense of judgment, a knack for making fast decisions, a willingness to study hard, and a near-perfect attendance record. So Dahlman, 21, dropped out of New York City's Wagner College this fall and began to devote full time to the pari-mutuel teaching machines on the oval campus of Yonkers Raceway. His discriminating bets on the trotters soon put him $15,000 ahead, surely enough to make him an honor student among dropouts. Then, fortuitously, he broke the record at Yonkers U., picking twin-double winners two nights in succession and walking off with $176,482.20 in prize money (half the lifetime earnings of the average college graduate).

Dahlman, a former economics major, at once got a lesson in Government tax policies, which will leave him with only about $42,000. But at the same time, he has neatly solved the commonest problem of the dropout: unemployment. Last week he became a professional twin-double handicapper for the New York Post. Dahlman picked one set of winners (out of four races) on his first day, which among the more scholarly students of racing psychology earns him a very respectable B.

COLLEGES

Claremont's Sixth

"She's a big, tall, strong blonde," a Pitzer College admissions officer scrawled enthusiastically, in summing up the qualifications of a bright and idealistic student applicant. Personal evaluations count heavily at California's intensely informal Pitzer, where the teachers lecture in shirtsleeves, barefoot girls pad into class carrying Cokes, and the janitor speaks his mind at faculty-student meetings so tumultuously

* The others: Pomona, Scripps, Claremont, Harvey Mudd, and a jointly run graduate school.


PITZER "TOWN MEETING"
Moody and merry on a first blind date.

EDUCATION

PITZER "TOWN MEETING"
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