

JULY • 1921



*Twice we see Paradise. In youth,
We name it life; in age, youth.*

AMBROSE BIERCE





FOR MANY YEARS WE HAVE PRIZED THIS PICTURE OF
LINCOLN, AND WISH NOW TO SHARE IT WITH YOU



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EDITORIAL

THE poet is right. Poets usually are, even if sometimes for the wrong reason. We pray with him, that, "having done and borne" we shall rest easily, and not care one wee mite "how much men say, or what!" Life's race, like the ancient land of the Gauls, is divided into three parts; the beginning, the continuing, and the end. The poet deals, it is true, with the end; but with the charm that is poetry, he skilfully suggests that the chief mission of life is doing and bearing. We hold with Sir John Maundeville who wrote, "It is truth, by virtue of the philosopher who saith thus: 'The virtue of all things is in the middle'." So looking squarely at life's race, we find that our part, the middle one, that of "continuing," that of "doing and bearing," is the best part. And while we agree with William Laird that when the end shall come we pray that we shall have so conducted our course that it shall matter nothing to us what men shall say; yet, in the continuing, in the doing, and in the bearing, we are exceedingly alive to what men say, and how much they say. What, and how much, men say of us is called by many different names, but in the continuance of the race we call it "Good-Will;" at the end of the race, it is named "Eulogy," providing the race be well run. We can dispense with eulogies; but we cannot dispense with Good-Will, for it is our most valuable asset, and your greatest protection.

That last statement, "your greatest

protection," is what we have been leading up to. Unless you differ greatly from your fellows, you are very little interested in the fact that we consider good-will a powerful asset. Life has been too generous to all of us with joys and troubles, assets and liabilities, for any of us to concern ourselves greatly about those of the other fellow. If, on the other hand, you become convinced that our greatest asset is also yours, you are human enough to be willing to rejoice with us and be glad with us.

*Lord God of Effort, grant me such
A grave as this. Be it my lot
Having done and borne, to sleep, nor much
To care how much men say, or what.*

WILLIAM LAIRD

The truth of the assertion is very evident—so evident, that it is easily overlooked. Our good-will is built up slowly and steadily by pleasing you, and the operation is a continuous one. Pleasing you the first time is an incident in business; pleasing you continuously is business itself. The proposition works out as smoothly and as logically as a problem in geometry, and the Q. E. D. is—unless you profit, we cannot.

So the fostering of good-will, the caring for how much men say, and what, is going to be our chief concern until the time comes when our race is run, when we hope that we shall have so done and borne that the consummation so devoutly wished by the poet shall have come to pass. May that day be long delayed for this world still holds charm for us. The opportunities of tomorrow loom large before us and nobody on earth has a better job than we nor a wider scope for service.



WILLIAMS BUILDING, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
A TERRA COTTA BUILDING—COMPARE IT WITH ITS NEIGHBORS
D. A. BOHLEN & SON, ARCHITECTS

BUTTON HOLE TALKS

W. D. GATES, PRESIDENT

THE development of the art of lying has been simply wonderful and the supply of high class liars has been actually unlimited. Recruited, as they are, from all walks of life, 'merchant, doctor, lawyer, chief,' each brings in his individual talent, and puts all the vim and vigor he has into the developing and building up of his own individual or professional lie. Not only do they do this in their business or trade, but they carry it into their pastimes and vacations, and we have the golf lie and the hunting lie and fishing lie. Probably of all kinds of lies the fishing lie is the very highest in development and the one on which is concentrated the most talent. So the man who has just returned from a Florida fishing vacation, in which he has been experimenting with seven varieties of bottled bait, and tells stories of fish with three heads and four tails, all done in yellow with red scallops and blue frills, extinguishes the lone home possessor of a tame menagerie of pink monkeys with green tails and azure eyes, that climb in over the footboard of his bed and amuse him nights.

"I've been down there myself. I've sampled those oysters you tell your oyster lies about. I've done my act fishing—yes, and lying, too. Learned one great lesson though that I'll never forget. When you're going to tell a fish lie, run it alone. Don't try to harness it up with facts. Don't trim it with tangible mementoes, but just let it go out all alone and take its chances, and it will stand a much better chance than it would with a lot of facts and accompanying circumstances, awkwardly getting in its way all the time. My lesson came thuswise:

"I went shark fishing down there and he was a nice, healthy shark, too, whose works were all in running trim, and he gave me the best fight he had and the best fight I ever had for that matter. He was about five and a half feet long

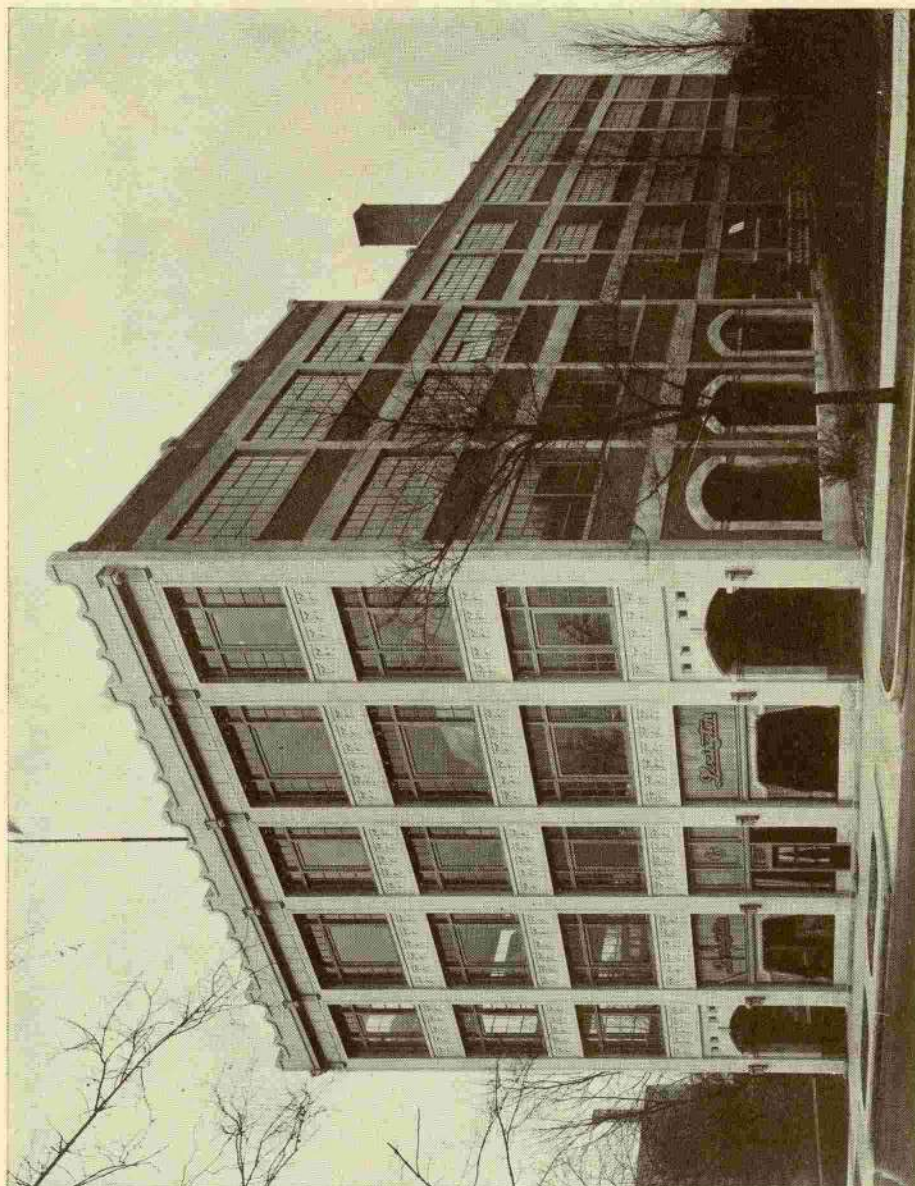
and if he had been an inch longer I would have lost him, that's all there was about that. Anyway, after a big fight, which resulted in skinned fingers, a scared nigger and general excitement, the capture was completed. Never had I captured so big a fish. Flushed with victory I gazed at my prize, fresh from the water, trim, supple and beautiful, and resolved, then and there, to skin him, and far in the north, to exhibit his skin mounted in artistic shape. In connection with him I would put up the usual bargain counter eight ounce rod and silken line to indicate what I captured him with, thinking the clothes line that really landed him would be too gross and conspicuous. Well, I skinned the shark. Long, arduous and exceedingly odoriferous was the task of preparing the skin, but I persisted, until finally dried, rubbed with arsenic and sealed up air tight I sent it north and started up myself.

"I didn't set out to lie. I just kept telling the story and the blame thing kept growing—that is—the size of the shark did. You know how it is, you look into the eyes of your listeners and you see admiration and expectation and you just can't bear to disappoint them, and you just don't disappoint them. Each time the shark was a little longer until at last I myself shivered for fear the horrible thing would eat me so enormous had he grown.

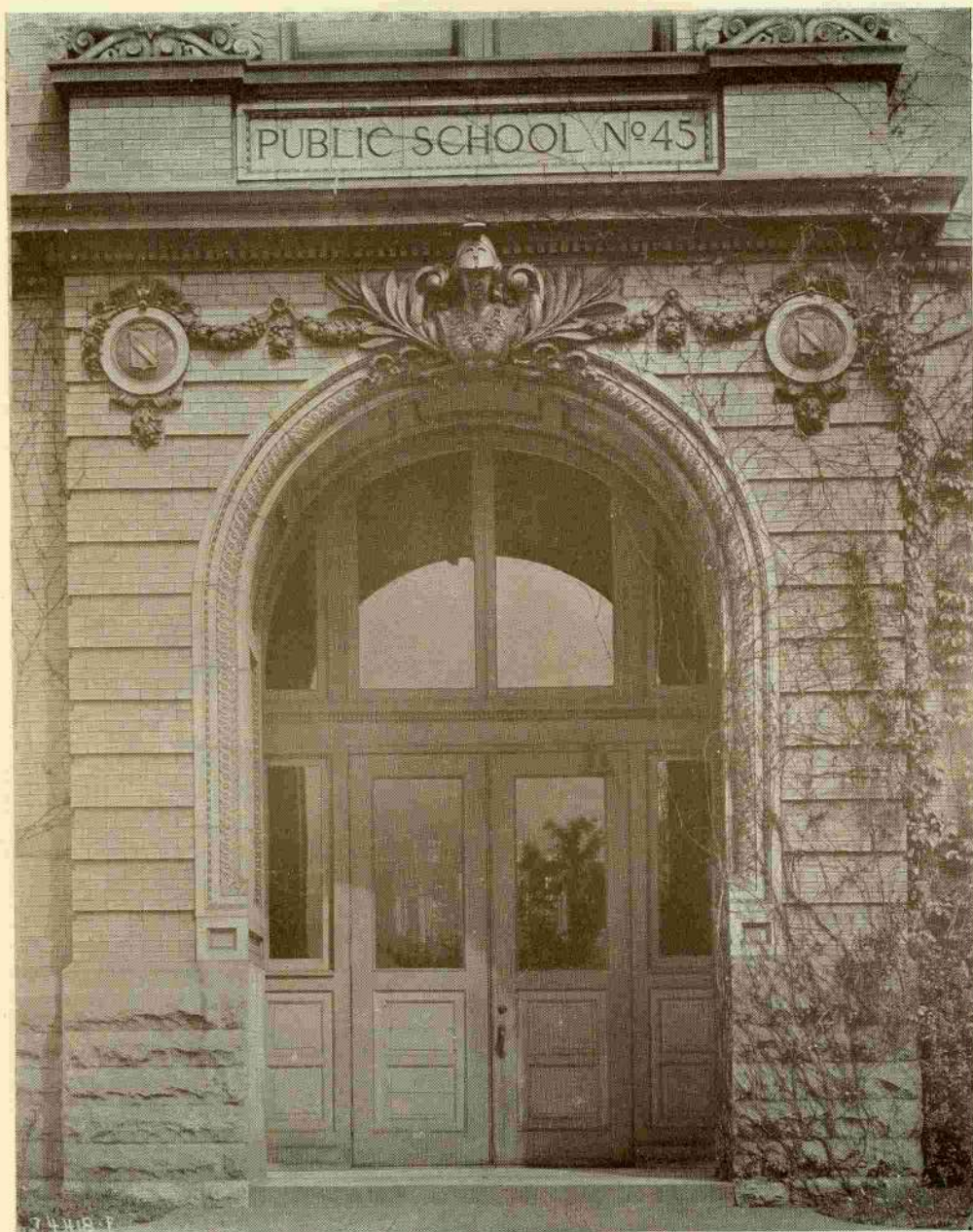
"Then I unpacked the skin, and, to my unutterable chagrin, that blamed hide hadn't been doing a thing but shrinking all the while I was talking, and I couldn't get the skin and the story within hailing distance of each other and had to suppress both.

"No, Gates, just leave out one or the other, keep on lying and bury the skin or else keep the skin and quit l—. Well, there's no use arguing the impossible on you and burdening you with impossible instructions. You couldn't do the last, so just do the first, but don't you ever skin a shark."

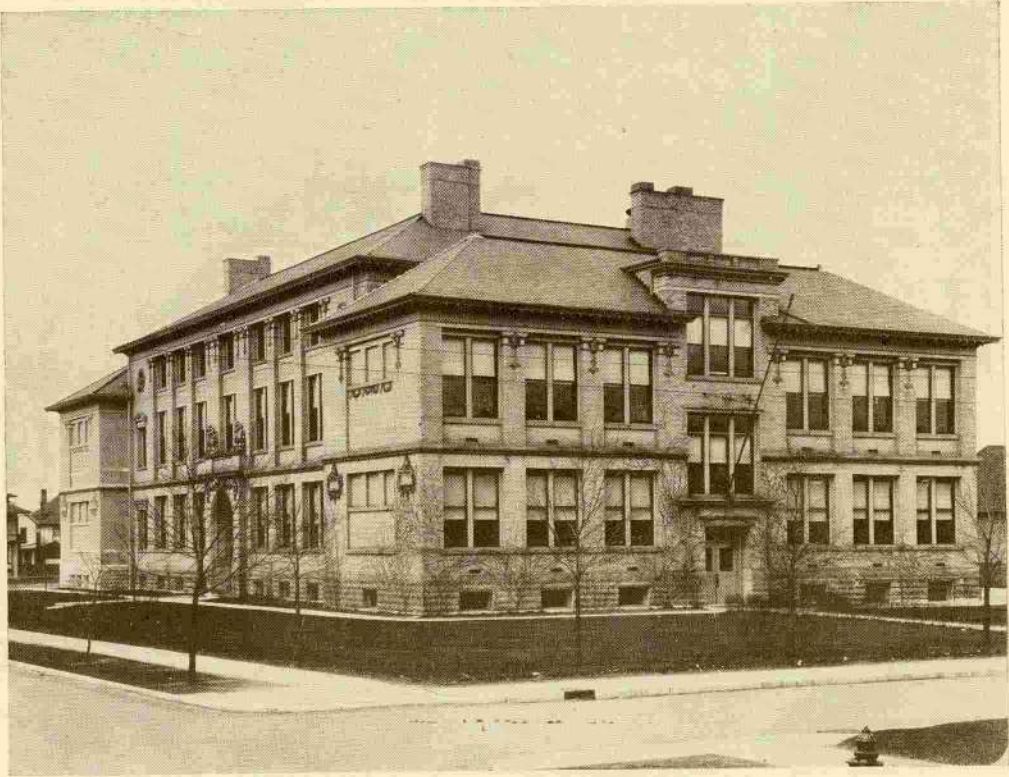
COMMON CLAY



LEXINGTON AUTOMOTIVE BUILDING, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
PULSICHROME FINISH
JOHN W. MUELER & CO., ARCHITECTS



ENTRANCE—PUBLIC SCHOOL No. 45



PUBLIC SCHOOL No. 45, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
VONNEGUT & BOHN, ARCHITECTS

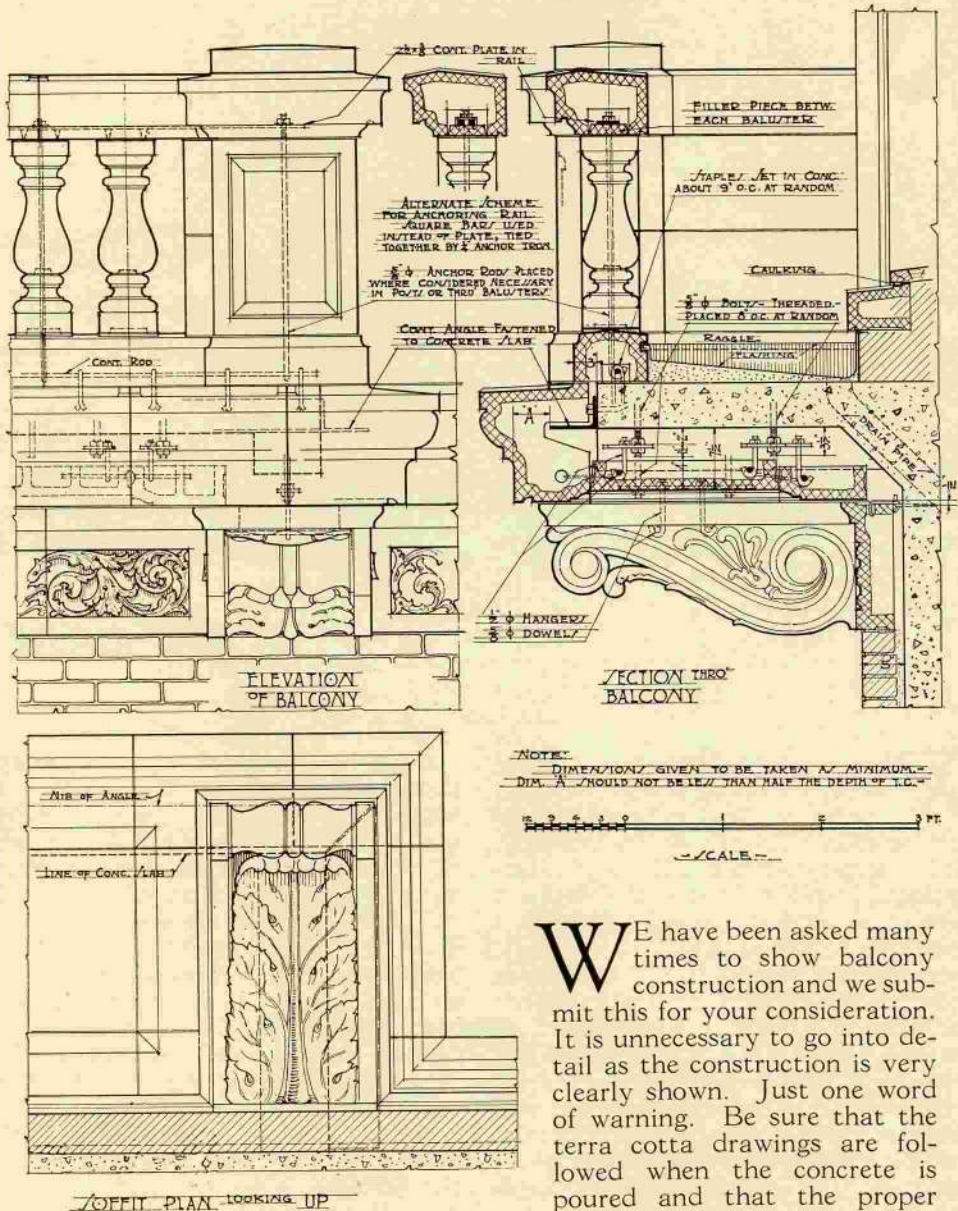
WE show these pictures for two reasons. First we consider the subject an excellent example of good architecture. It has balance, harmony, and beauty; and the City of Indianapolis, favorably known the country over as a progressive municipality, has reason to be proud of it. It was built over twenty years ago. Our records are not quite definite, but unless we are mistaken the building has reached its majority—and it is still modern! Why? Because it was designed by artists for a definite purpose; the project was well conceived and admirably rendered; the materials well chosen—burnt clay products; and the craftsmanship throughout was of the highest standard.

The other reason we show it is, of course, the Terra Cotta trim and ornament. The Terra Cotta, unglazed, of buff color, is extremely interesting. It

fits into the general design in a manner that could not be expected of any other material. We congratulate the architect who conceived the building, and we thank the workmen of twenty years ago for this expression of their skill.

The influence of architecture on the growing mind of the pupil is overlooked by many school-boards. Immersed in facts and figures of location, capacity, efficiency of operation, sanitation—and politics; confronted with physical problems, they lose sight of the all-important end and aim of the building. The development of the mind of the child is the only reason why the building is constructed, and it is given less consideration than any other item in the problem. If the building itself does not contribute its full share of that development, the architect has failed in his work.

WRINKLES IN TERRA-COTTA CONSTRUCTION



WE have been asked many times to show balcony construction and we submit this for your consideration. It is unnecessary to go into detail as the construction is very clearly shown. Just one word of warning. Be sure that the terra cotta drawings are followed when the concrete is poured and that the proper provision is made for anchorage.

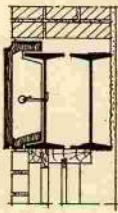


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

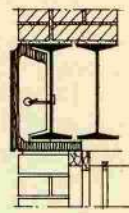


Fig. 3.

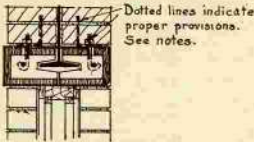


Fig. 4.

WRONG METHODS

THE method shown in Figure 1 is not to be advised because the sloping flange of an I-beam is an insecure support, the tendency being for the piece to slip forward.

Figures 2 and 3 illustrate very bad construction. The check for the iron so weakens the terra cotta that the thin bottom lip is sure to give trouble.

Where construction such as shown in Figure 4 is absolutely necessary, do not rely on the flange of the I-beam, but support with angles as shown in dotted lines.

Method shown in Figure 6 is economical and is to be recommended where exposed steel is not objectionable. If necessary to fireproof steel, as in Figure 7, the check must never be nearer than two inches of the face, and the greater the distance the stronger the piece.

If a deep soffit is required as in Figure 8 the soffit face should be at least five inches below the steel to give the required strength to the piece. Note that the anchorage suggested affords easy adjustment.

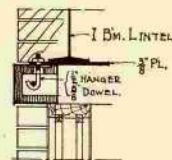


Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

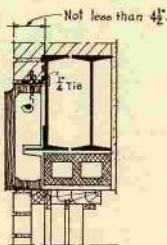


Fig. 7.

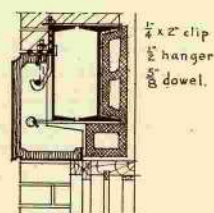


Fig. 8.

CORRECT METHODS

CHATTEN ON GOLF

DEAR Mr. Gates:—
I have read with much interest your Button Hole Talks in COMMON CLAY, and I am writing to thank you for your unselfishness in giving your brother golfers the benefit of your long experience. This is my first year at the game, so I read eagerly everything that will improve my form. I have already crammed a lot of experience on and off the course into four short weeks.

I would like to meet you some day coming through the rough. The rough was made especially for me; I take to it like a duck to water. I play my entire game in it after the first shot until my last drive from it for the flag. I sometimes wonder why they keep the grass cut on the fairway. The rough is a great place to hunt for things. I have heard of diamonds in the rough but never found any; I can't even find my ball. In one way that is an advantage; in fact, I make some of my biggest gains toward the flag by dropping a new ball with a liberal allowance made on the distance the old ball went. When I am alone I have adopted the rule of deducting one stroke from my score for every ball I lose as a consolation. This is an improvement over penalizing by one stroke for a lost ball and it does help my score.

I have designed a new club for the rough. A niblick is not the right kind of a garden tool to cut grass with, so I have attached a sickle and a wooden rake to the club and now I can go the length of a hay-field with the ball as fast as a farm laborer can gather up the hay.

I agree with you that clubs are misnamed. I drove off by mistake with a putter and landed 167 yards away only

three feet from the cup—I then forgot and used the putter to putt with and took five strokes to hole out. I don't always drive that well—even with a putter; this is shown by the number of times I have told about this event.

The easiest thing to learn about the game is to top the ball; I got so I could do it every time, until the balls got to ducking their heads and then I fanned. I allow three strokes now before counting a stroke when I miss the ball.

I think it is more impressive to lie prone and squint along the ball toward the flag before teeing off than on the green as you suggest. In the first place I have a gallery to impress at the first

tee, but they have all gone home to dinner by the time I reach the first flag—and then it makes them wonder, too, how I can put on enough English to go at right angles to the course.

I am glad to learn that you have adopted the bowlegged stance, for one of your dignity should not allow each leg to lean on the other for support—but should have them stand frankly alone and aloof. I have noticed that all experts are pigeontoed at the finish of their strokes, I have gone them one better and am pigeontoed all through my stroke. Take the suggestion for what it is worth, it might add a little class to your already distinctive stance.

I am sorry to leave you abruptly when you are all poised for your putt but this letter is growing too long.

Again thanking you for your timely advice, I am,

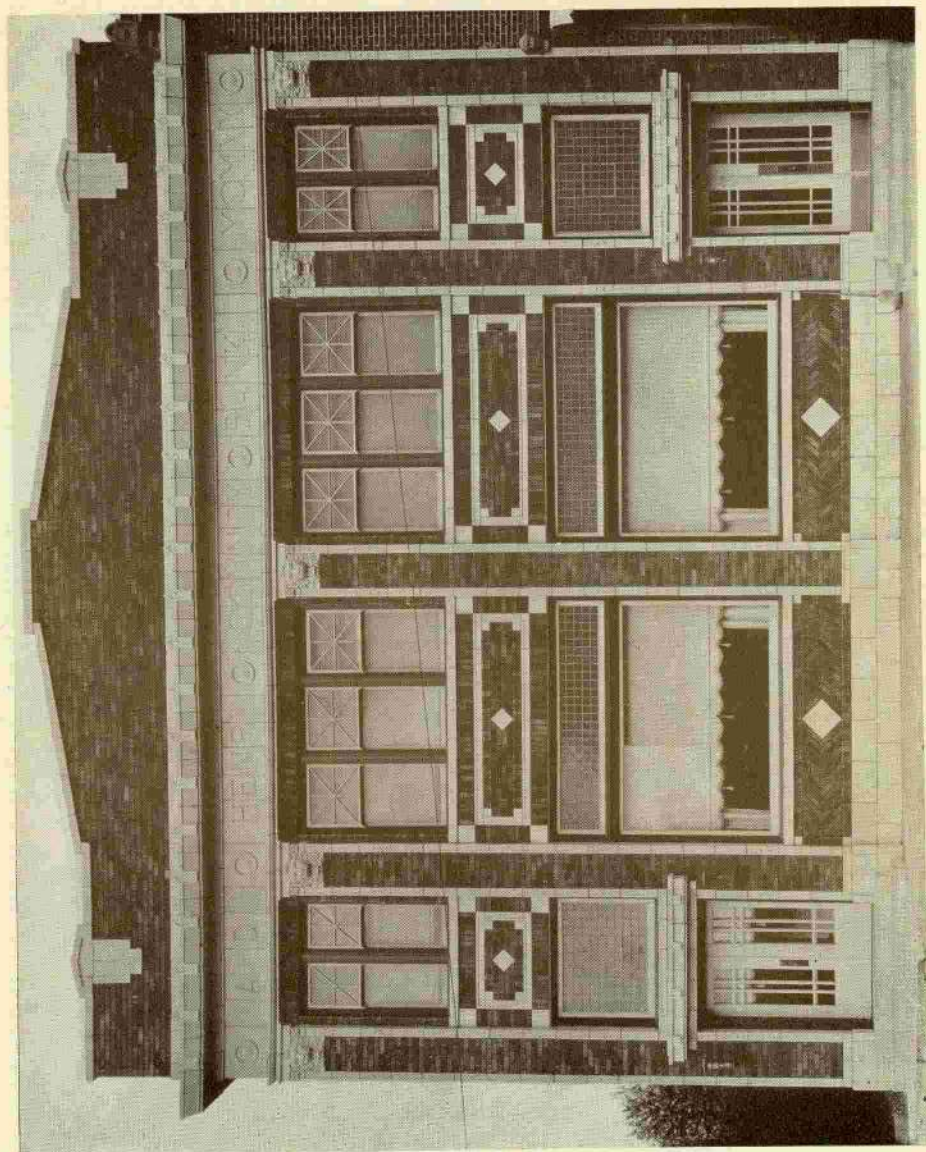
Very sincerely yours,

M. C. CHATTEN.

N. B.—Mr. Gates has challenged Mr. Chatten to a game in a corn-field so that the championship of the "rough" may be settled definitely.

MR. CHATTEN, OF THE FIRM OF CHATTEN & HAMMOND, ARCHITECTS, READ THE BUTTONHOLE TALK, BY MR. W. D. GATES, PUBLISHED IN MAY, AND COULD NOT RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY OF WRITING OF HIS EXPERIENCE. WE CANNOT RESIST THE DESIRE TO SHARE THIS DELIGHTFUL LETTER WITH YOU, ALTHOUGH WE DO IT WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE OR CONSENT

COMMON CLAY



HENRY COUNTY BANK, SPICELAND, IND.
RODNEY W. LEONARD ARCHITECT

TERRA COTTA OF YESTERDAY

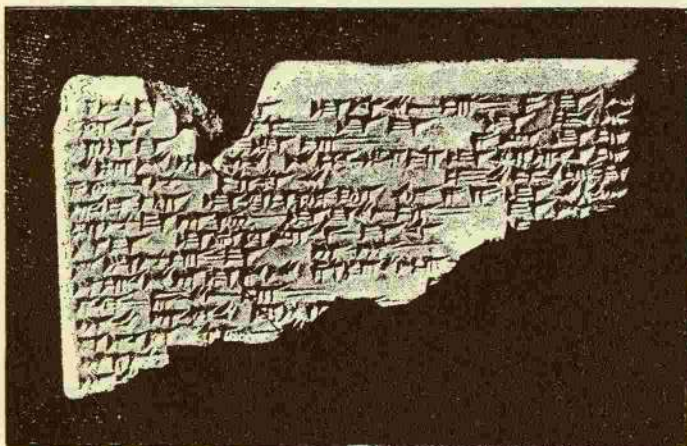
THIS fragment of a Terra Cotta tablet, now a treasure of the British Museum, catalogued as No. K 5419, over twenty-six hundred years old, is prized for many reasons. It came originally from the collection of Assur-bani-pal, who was King of Assyria, B. C. 668 to B. C. 626, and who maintained a very extensive library at his palace in Nineveh. The inscription is in cuneiform characters and tells the story of the Creation as it had come down through the ages to the Assyrian people. The text

describes the time when water was the parent of all things, when there was universal darkness, and when there was neither heaven, nor earth, nor hell. The gods themselves had not been conceived. Water was all in all, and then a spirit moved on the face of the waters and the gods Lakhmu and Lakhamu were created. They were the Adam and Eve of the old Assyrian belief. After them came Shar and Kishar, and then—all others.

We wish there was more of the story, but to our minds the story of stories would be the history of the fragment itself. Once part of a celebrated library, magnificently housed, and now resting in a sealed case in a celebrated museum in England. What of the interim? When the Christian religion was born, it was an antique, treasured doubtless in the collection of a scholar. The struggle for existence

left its marks upon it, for the body of it was made to live forever if neither men nor gods wreaked vengeance on it. Its mute battered body could tell a tale of wonderful interest had it the gift of tongues. But it can tell only the story entrusted to its keeping and can say nothing for itself.

A few days ago we had the pleasure of visiting the new home of the Field Museum in Chicago. As we wandered through the magnificent halls, the interest-laden corridors, where, spread in bewildering profusion before



BRITISH MUSEUM No. K 5419

our wondering eyes were the works of men of all countries, of all climes, of all times, we were grateful to those men of vision who so gave up their wealth that these treasures of the past were accessible to us. We were grateful for the scientists, some of whom had given their lives that men of today might know how the men of yesterday lived, thought, and wrought. We were grateful to the scholars of yesterday and of today who have devoted their lives to the interpretation of the things of yesterday. The mere collections of all kinds meant nothing to us for their individual intrinsic value, but we let our imagination play riot; we lived again the lives of men whose struggle for existence was so much more terrifying than the struggle for existence today; and we came out of the building better men than we were when we entered.

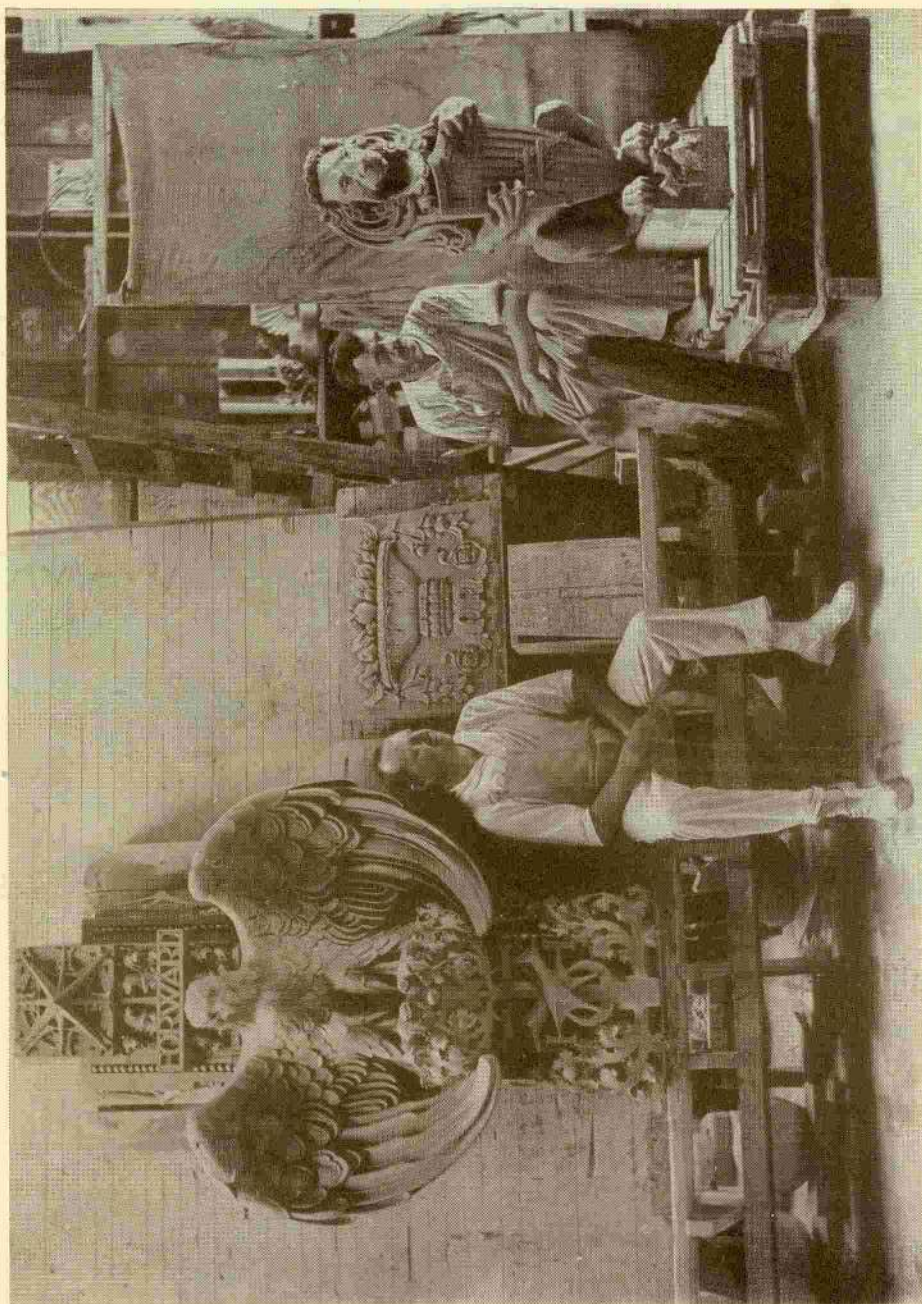
WHO'S WHO IN THE AMERICAN TERRA COTTA CO.



MR. ERIC UTECH

THIS, gentlemen, is Mr. Eric Utech, very much at your service. He, with his trusty fliver, is the connecting link between the Crystal Lake Station on the Northwestern Railroad and the factory at Terra Cotta. When you step off the train to pay us a visit, you will find Eric waiting for you, with never-failing courtesy. Winter and Summer you will find him there and the Henry is as faithful as he. Eric, like his Henry, is always ready to go anywhere you want to go; and, like his Henry, is always sure of getting there.

Come out and see us. When you get off the train you will find Eric looking for you. Then a delightful ride of a little more than three miles through a beautiful rolling country, the sight of which will make you feel glad that Columbus discovered America. At the short journey's end there is the factory, a most interesting and delightful place to stroll around. We guarantee that the time will slip by so fast that you will be sorry when Eric announces that it is time to start for the train. The more often we see you, the better we'll like it.



A VIEW OF THE MODELLING ROOM
MR. B. NELSON ON THE LEFT AND MR. W. C. HEIDEL ON THE RIGHT

MODELLING

AS FAR as terra cotta material is to be reckoned with, the scope for beauty in ornament is unlimited. The plasticity of clay is its chief charm. But ornament doesn't naturally grow. Skilled imaginative brains must point the way to skilled and sensitive fingers. Thus the limit

of the beauty to be obtained is the limit of the imaginative creative force of the artist, and the limit of reproductive genius of the modeller. The development of the latter is our particular endeavor, and we must assume full responsibility. We are also alive to the fact that we must carry some of the burden of the development of artistic sensibility; but in a great measure we are

much handicapped by the fact that we are mere manufacturers, whose efforts are to be looked upon with the natural suspicion that our motives are actuated, not by the pure love of beauty, but by the lower desire for commercial prosperity. Be that as it may, we shall continue to exercise our utmost endeavor, to the full limit of our power, to persuade the growing generation that the development of beauty did not die with the glory that was Greece, but that a free people will surround themselves with beauty of their own devising when they come to that state of development when they are willing to slash the bonds of conventionality and express themselves worthy of themselves. If they do not they will just as surely meet the fate

of that nation who "had no poet—so they died."

When we started this page we had no intention of preaching but having done so—stet. What we started to say was that we take much pride in our modelling room, and we are very much pleased to show you a snap-shot

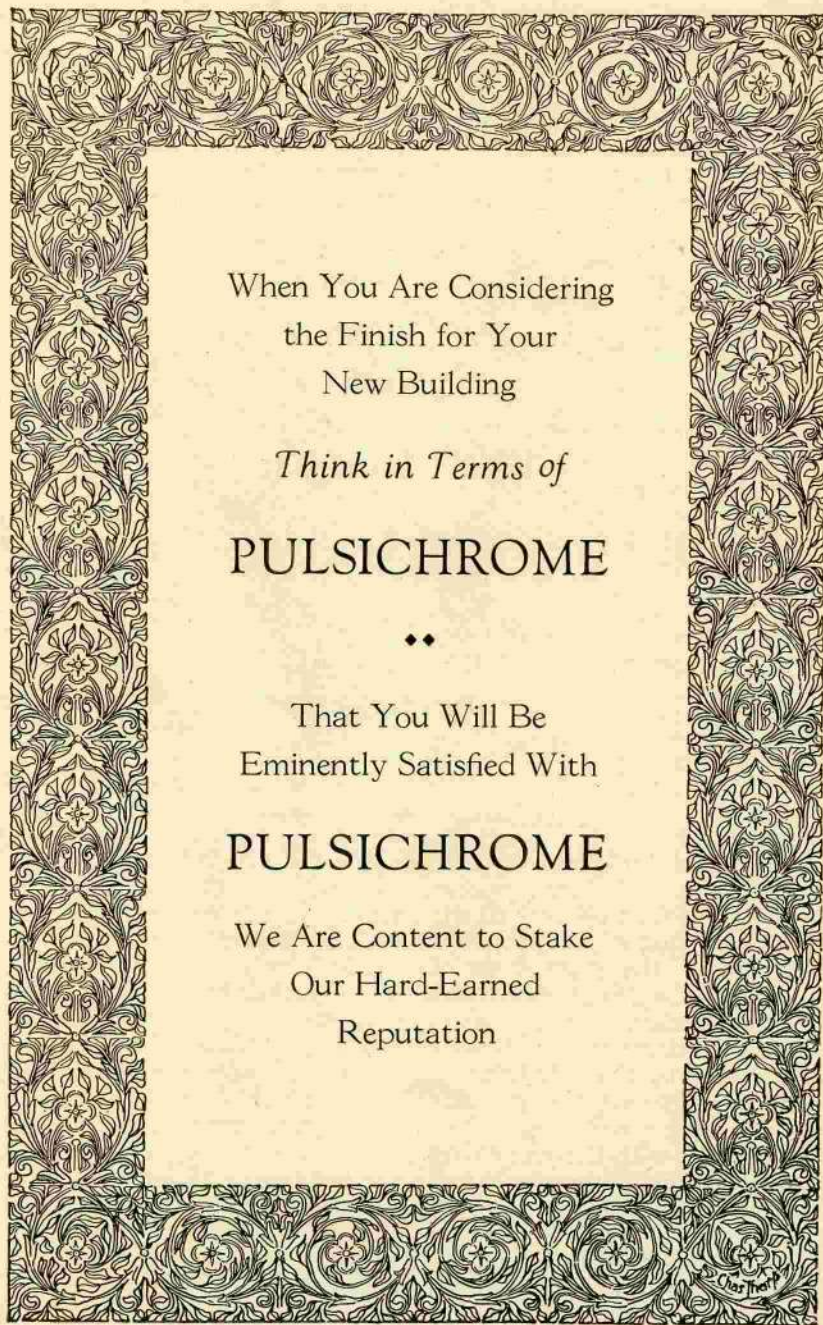


DETAIL—JARVIS HUNT, ARCHITECT

of two of our young men who, under the direction of Mr. Schneider, are showing considerable promise. That "Art is long and time is fleeting" is again demonstrated by the fact that Mr. Nelson has been with us twenty-five years, and Mr. Heidel for thirteen years. They are enthusiastic and loyal, full to the brim with their work. They will continue so as the years roll on; be-

cause old age is not the cause for the loss of enthusiasm. The reverse is true. The loss of enthusiasm will inevitably result in old age.

Mr. Louis C. Sullivan has told us, "Every building you see is the image of a man whom you do not see." It naturally follows that every piece of terra cotta screens—not only one man—but many. The imaginative philosopher can roam fancy free over the field thus opened. Take the modeling, for instance, and let your imagination play with it. Trace it from its inception in the mind of the designer step by step from the first sketch to the completed piece and you will find evidences of many minds working on the matter. We are showing you in these pages some of the men behind the screen.



When You Are Considering
the Finish for Your
New Building

Think in Terms of

PULSICHROME



That You Will Be
Eminently Satisfied With

PULSICHROME

We Are Content to Stake
Our Hard-Earned
Reputation



DETAIL—ADVERTISERS BUILDING, CHICAGO
W. CARBYS ZIMMERMAN, ARCHITECT



*Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be.*

*And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.*

THOMAS S. JONES, Jr.