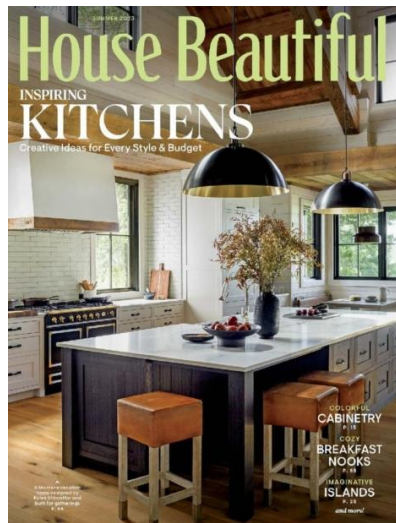


12-11-95

House Beautiful

I have just looked through the first issue of a magazine I have recently subscribed to. When I sent in the subscription, I merely thought I'd like to read *House Beautiful* again after a long period of not receiving it. To my surprise, the book prompted an unexpected series of memories.

Back in 1952, Dallas College was the downtown, evening branch of Southern Methodist University. Paul was teaching two-night classes downtown in a nice building with a library down near First Baptist Church (but not, I think part of the church) for the extra income we needed as we approached the arrival of our first child. His classes met in the basement, but there was a small library on the first floor. The first night I went with him, I elected to visit the library rather than his class. I glanced at several magazines displayed on a low table surrounded by three or four attractive, comfortable chairs. One of the magazines I had never seen before looked especially attractive. It was a thick October issue of *House Beautiful* in the large format such magazines used to have before mailing costs soared. I was quickly transfixed by an illustrated article about one of Frank Lloyd Wright's houses and the furnishings he had designed for it. My brother, an architect, was a disciple of Wright's organic design, a term I had never wholly understood.



The furniture, rugs, and wall decorations, as well as china and tableware, were an integrated design which appealed to my sense of color and form. I read the article and examined the illustrations with great enthusiasm. But there was more! *House Beautiful* must have been an innovator of publishing before Christmas, a number of pages detailing small gifts for the home. That issue pictured and described some beautiful, unusual merchandise that was as fascinating to me as the Frank Lloyd Wright article had been. I had found a world of taste and style that I had never imagined could exist. What I had expected to be a somewhat tedious evening of waiting for Paul's class to end turned into a swiftly passing several-year tour through ideas of architecture and design that opened a new world for my imagination. As soon as I could I subscribed to the magazine, and, as I read successive issues of the magazine, I became fascinated with the 1953 world of architecture

and home decoration, as well as the merchandise featured in the gift section. It served as a means of keeping me from becoming totally occupied with my new world of parenthood.

I dreamed of ultramodern furnishings and combinations of color, and I explored other aspects of architecture in the crevices not occupied with my primary occupation with the care of little people. I compiled clippings of ideal rooms and their furnishings. Occasionally the articles I read contributed to my ideas of how to arrange our home.