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Mar. 15th, 1915.

Mr. Wm. Gray Purcell,
Auditorium Bldg.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Billie:-

Your good letter was very welcome. I agree with you. There are, however, complications. Take for an example a well meaning gink with some imagination and idealism who has always loved to draw and who first is "put through" the architectural course at an inland school in a little country town, we will say, in 1892-96. He feels when he gets through there that he knows more about music than he does about architecture. He, however, is most fortunate in breaking into an office, we will say, Louis S's where he is fed on goat's milk and cheese and mountain dew, until he begins to be as happy as a bird and chesty as a burro - when he is kicked out, and rolls bumping down the mountain side. Alas, then, he must make his living doing what the other fellow wants done and after a strenuous six or eight years he finds himself engaged in the practice of architecture in a little frontier town.

He has to build up from bed rock. Has to show them first, that an architect may be honest and second, that he may be practical (that awful word). By gum! he shows them, or some of them, but then he has still got to teach them the first principles of architecture. They think they know more about that than he does. They think they

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want from him merely blue prints that will "work out". They don't want to give him credit for being an artist or even by way of being one. In fact he himself knows that he has had no chance to really coordinate and digest and assimilate and work out the big idea and he has to keep pegging away at it the best he can and still earn a living.

Do you get me?

I hate excuses but you and George have a far more sympathetic clientele to work with than I have. My people are all right but they are a bit provincial and "sot". However this is merely a shred flung breeze-ward for you to puff away.

Yours as ever

W. L. Steele

