

# THANKS

TO ALL OUR PARTNERS



National Trust for  
Historic Preservation®



We show our love for windows by helping preserve them and creating this annual zine. So far, we've saved over 80,000 historic windows from landing in landfill—that's a number we're proud of. We keep historic windows in their homes, where they should be, while decreasing carbon emissions by keeping people cozy.

Thank you to everyone who submitted content for this zine—we couldn't have made it without you! We also couldn't have done it without our sponsors: Preservation Action Committee, National Trust for Historic Preservation, and Window Preservation Alliance. Thanks everyone for helping us celebrate those who preserve!

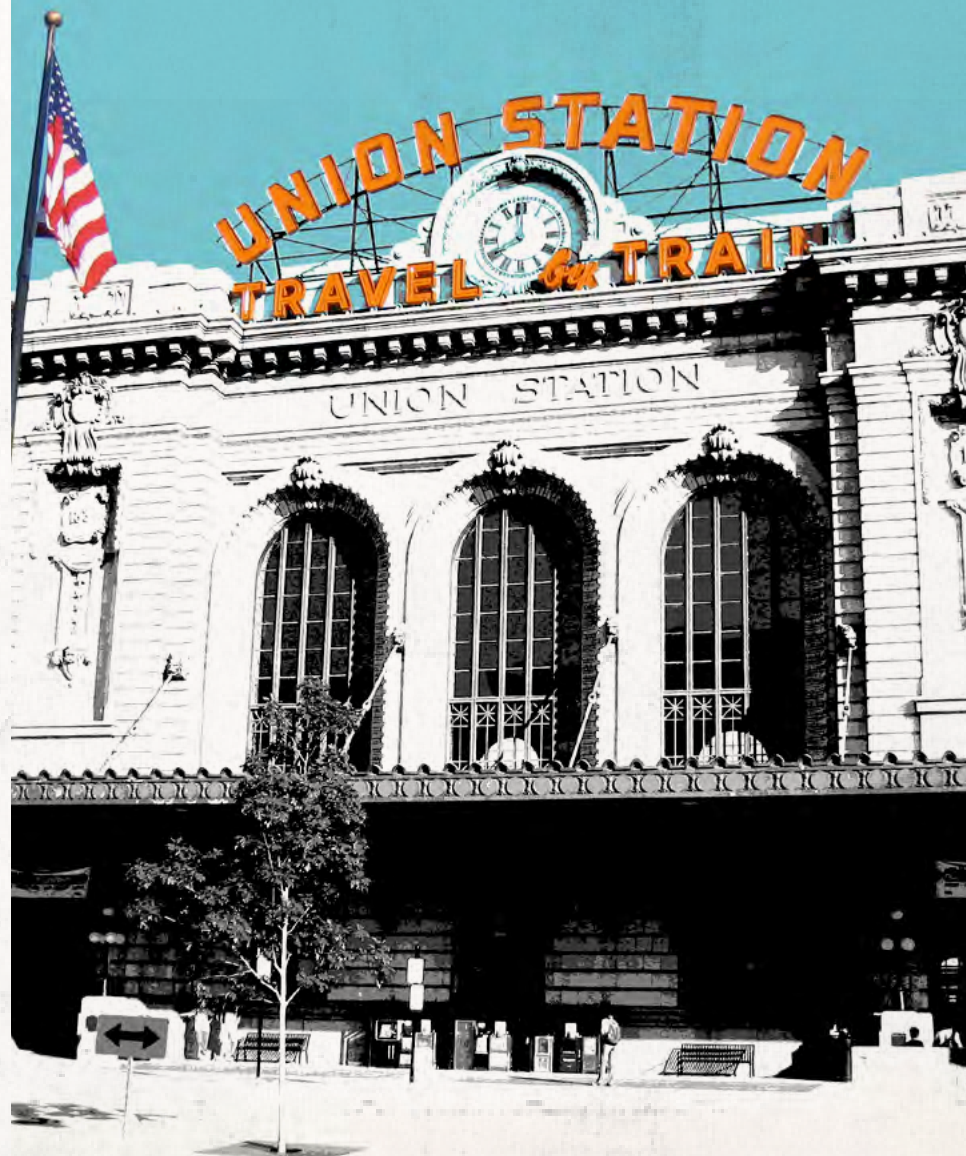
Indow Zine Team: M. Hofer, K. Damschen, K. Foster.



[WWW.INDOWWINDOWS.COM](http://WWW.INDOWWINDOWS.COM)

# window

A VIEW INTO THE PRESERVATION OF OLD WINDOWS





# Show me a city & I'll tell you a story.

The quote, "windows are the eyes to the soul of a building" is used so frequently because it speaks a bold truth. From the architectural style of the windows to the light the transparent materials transmit, windows create a warm and welcoming invitation to engage with what is inside.

This year we reflect upon a city that was part of the fastest growing region in the 20th Century: The West. Our featured building, Union Station, was part of the Beaux-Arts style and The City Beautiful Movement that wanted to bring monumental grandeur to cities. The large, symmetrical arched windows invite you to bask in the industrial glory of that time, while the bright neon sign (added in the 1950s) reminds you to keep up the pace with the continuous growth and bustle of modern times. Nestled within an area full of newer buildings that replaced the old, we stop to appreciate the preservation of the bold archways to the soul of the West that tell us, "keep on moving."



## The Powerhouse Windows

*By Regan Weber, Valparaiso, Indiana*



I think of the topic of illuminate and think about how the act of repairing windows has illuminated my understanding of buildings.

Windows mean a very different thing to me after I started working as a field technician in restoration. It's only been four months, but I've worked on seven projects. Out of those seven, six projects have been devoted to the restoration of windows.

These windows from the old powerhouse in Beloit, Wisconsin represent the most demanding restoration project I've experienced thus far. And have therefore learned the most from this building.

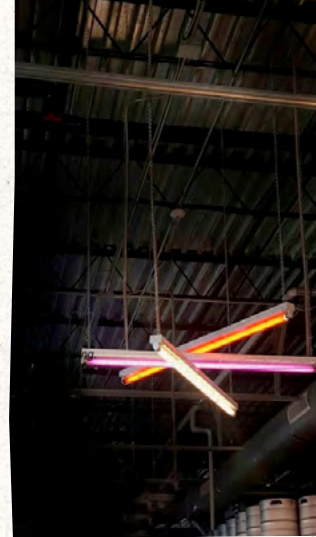
I've learned to not look at a window as a simple element of a building. They are anything but simple. They can be picturesque, but they carry a large burden that shows in the degradation. They let in the sun which means they tackle the sun's intense rays. They block the rain which means they get hit with it and occasionally and accidentally collect some of it. They keep wildlife out but seem to have ledges and holes that little bugs claim as home. In the end, we see windows from afar and don't quickly catch on that they are taking a beating daily.

I draw these windows thinking how repairing them allows me to understand windows authentically. I loved them as the metaphorical eyes and lungs of a building; but I know them because they are physical, defiantly blocking harsh elements and gracefully letting pass those elements that make a place habitable.



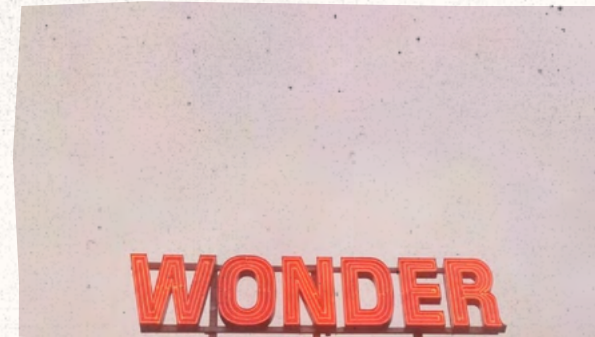
SOARING COLORED GLASS  
WAVES OF GREEN BLUE WHITE AND BROWN  
REACH UP TO HEAVEN

Haiku by Raina Regan, Washington, DC



CONTINUING.

WHAT I HAVE.  
WHAT YOU NEED.  
WHAT THEY WANT.



LONGING,  
YOU AND ME.

WINDOW OF  
DREAMS.



Photos & Poem by Jillian Woltz, Columbus, OH



# OLD FIRST CHURCH

Bennington, Vermont

by Jane Griswald Radocchia, [www.jgarchitect.com](http://www.jgarchitect.com)

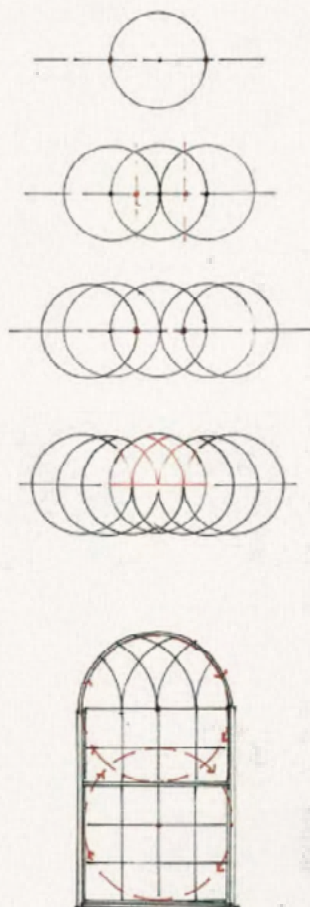
Layout of the windows using practical geometry.

Circle and line mark 2 centers for new circles. Intersections mark centers for 2 more circles. Add circles to complete pattern.

Practical Geometry was used for design and layout before dimensions were standard: when '2 feet' might actually measure 1'-11+", 2'-0", or 2'-1" on different rules.



Lavius Fillmore, Master Builder  
Constructed 1805, Dedicated 1806



## Liquid Fire

By Kathryn Foster, Portland, OR

Neon signs as we know them couldn't exist without the discoveries made by William Ramsay and Morris W Travers, but they didn't really come into their own until 1910.

In 1898, these British scientists applied electricity to a Geissler tube (glass tube with "rarefied" gas) and noticed a glow was emitted. The color of the glow changed depending on the type of gas inside the tube.

"The blaze of crimson light from the tube told its own story and was a sight to dwell upon and never forget." -Travers

Though there was interest, neon was too rare to create for mainstream purchase. So, neon tubes remained a novelty. Then, French engineer Georges Claude, who ran an air liquefaction business, began producing neon as a byproduct in large enough quantities to make neon signs available to the public. By 1923, neon signs were a staple in building fronts. People stopped to stare through windows at the marvels, calling them "liquid fire".

Neon spread across the land from businesses trying to communicate a sense that the future had arrived to politicians adopting neon for far-reaching propaganda. As the 1970s began and the economy started to crumble, those who owned neon signs couldn't afford new ones or to fix those they had as they went into disrepair. Now, neon signs seem to be making a resurgence, but in a new, more energy efficient form.

Neon signs, in a way, were encapsulated in the 19th century, like noble gas in a tube. These tubes have been pushed and molded into every type of invitation: beckoning into a bar, entrance into the city of sin, welcome into an all night diner. They have been the hieroglyphics of our buildings, shimmering through our windows for over a century.

This liquid fire still lights our facades and faces each time we pass through a downtown. The history of neon signs is our own history, staring brightly and boldly, back at us.







Drawing by Sarah Marsom, Columbus OH

Warning: An illuminated Lisska Bar sign is not an accurate indicator of business hours.

# The Flamingo

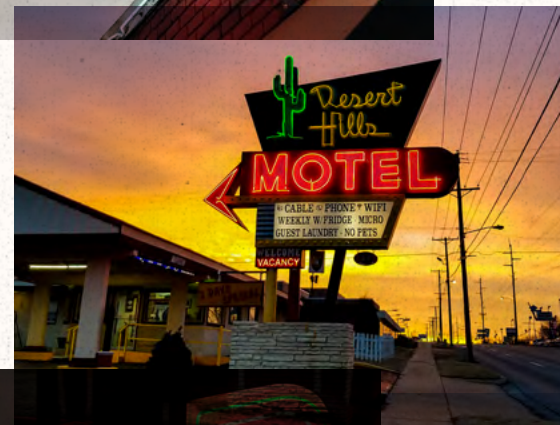
BY RACHEL MARSOM  
HENDERSONVILLE, NC

The pink flamingo never flaps his wings, but he glows – he knows the feel of ions inside. Instead of blood, noble gas brings circulating light. He won't fear lions for he lacks the mortality of skin. Constructed of smooth glass, he radiates, even without the influence of brine shrimp or feather fluff. He won't fly, migrate for the tropics. He can't step his bird feet in warm waters. The risk is far too great. Plug. Unplug. On. Off. Every day repeats. Pink, pink, and more pink. He emanates a tragic electric hum as he glows, an atomic creature who never grows.

Sarah Shay, Cincinnati, OH



Clay Fellows, Cleveland, OH

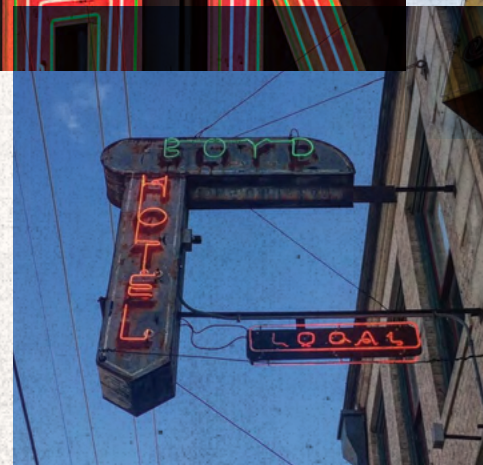


Rhys Martin, Tulsa, OK

Kate Scott, Norfolk, VA



Jacqueline Drayer, Washington, DC



Jeremy Ebersole, Portland, OR





# SPECTACULAR NEON SIGNS



BY MARY MEANS, SILVER SPRING, MD

Neon tubes are truly an art form in the hands of masterful craftspeople. As a kid growing up in Atlanta, one of the finest examples of neon art I've ever seen was the huge display for Irvindale Dairy next to I-85 near Monroe Blvd. Alas, I don't have a photo, but picture this. A huge neon bottle on the left. On the right a large cow. In the middle a crescent moon. In three or four sequences the cow jumps over the moon and lands above the bottle, then fills it with milk. Rinse and repeat endlessly. The cow was known to all of us: Minnie Quarts, wife of Lotta Bull.



Art by Larry Shure, Chicago, IL