Nine members of the fifth year class of the School of Architecture, Nova Scotia Technical College, were turned loose on the City of Halifax recently and given the task of originating, designing and building a gift for that community. A budget of one hundred dollars was allotted The project was to be completed in one school week and was not to infringe on the time demands of the usual academic routine.

Fortunately the group quickly found an enthusiastic and articulate client, Jessie Dillard, the Director of the Halifax Recreation and Playgound Commission, and a worthy site, the "George Dixon" Playground in Halifax"s poverty ridden north end.

A half hour session at the local student tavern produced the usual ambiguous program - "to design and build a piece of playground furniture which would add to the recreation value of the site, by being demonstratively the property of the children, to be climbed over, crawled under, jumped off, torn down, burned, etc. etc. etc.".

A crash design session followed in which each team member reverted to his childhood for one hour (somomembers found this easy having mere really felt that ste) to try to find what
 jump off, tear down, etc. The most "childish "ideas thus generated were then combined to produce a free "for", made of lengths of tolephone pole and $2^{\prime \prime} \times 6^{\prime \prime}$ planking, closely resembling a pile of debris left after the retreat of a tidal wave
(IPPIans and specifications matched the anarchy and wimsey they were describing; mex ample
whatever logs one could find, steal, borrow, fold, staple, etc. "umulused.
$\xrightarrow{\sim}$,
"Mind log the hes boon saw into beards crit give the bow as together again [(carefully) so that you can get the desired shape"
"Make ałł angles right angled of othowise".
With these clear principles firmly in minef Aotual construction began ${ }^{\text {Kon }}$ on schede to the suprise of and a total the sixteen working hours shithe permpled the cejects site without a sIngle loot tine accident or wilacat waik out, quite a feat eonsideming one or the "craftsmen" was a Cape Bretorer. Alecting the J-day

However, in this short time several valuable architectural lessons were learned, sutch as:
A. Less than "/ivesian" detailing results whon a dull chain saw is used for "finish"
B. In such projects, if you anet do it during school hours, forget it!
C. Standing one man on the shoulders of anothor and propping him up there with a long length $0 I^{\prime \prime} \times 4^{\prime \prime}$ is not the most efficient way of drivin nails into place twelve feet above grade.

Aided by these discoveries, the group continued to amaze alt concerned (including themselves). by actually meeting theipmriday deadline, handing the project over to a class of neighbourhood school kids while a flashbulb popped and tears of relief ilowed.
| The local children seemed impressed, not only by unstructured "fun" the construction obviously provided, but also by the fact that the group was doing it at all, that they would give the project no specific name or purpose, and finally by the assurance that it would eventually be theirs to do with as they wished, as long as they would please get out of the way of the flailing saws and hammers long enough for the job to be finished.
(While a detailed "in use" study would naturally be required to fully evaluate the validity of the design and design approach, several group members ${ }_{\text {天visiting }}$ the site several days after completion were greeted with a hail of stones throw by numerous young users from various points on or under the structure. The designers preferr to feel that this was a sign that the children were really taking possession of the structure as the program had intended, rather than trying to, give the designers an early taste of what to expect from unsatisfied clients in the cold world of 1 the Profession

