

## "Happy Birthday RMS", circa 1950

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 03:34:45

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## Esther McCov | 5

The door was ajar. I entered. The drafting room was off a hall to the right. It was a large room lighted by windows and clerestory and open canvas doors on the west, and on the east by slits of glass between the concrete panels—a duplicate of Pauline's living room except flopped to face a patio on the west.

The room wa divided in the middle by a low row of shelves, with two drafting boards at the far end. At the near end was Shindler's long desk, and back of it was a piano bench covered with a piece of cowhide. Along the west wall was a table with nothing on it but a small portable typewriter--locked into upper case.

Schindler was sitting at a drafting board with his back to me. When I spoke he spun around, annoyed at being disturbed. It seemed that I had come at a bad time. "I came to ask about a job--maybe I should come back some other time."

He didn't look up from the drawing he was working on when he asked me what I had done. I took out the two engineering drawings and told him I had been at Douglas two years. He brushed them aside. "Aircraft draftsmen never know anything about the place except the part they're working on," he said. Then, indifferently, he unrolled my drawings of the house.

I dreaded his judgment. I hoped he would only say, "You need more experience," and I could get out. Instead, he anchored the drawings to the board with a drafting brush and studied them. He turned the pages, once returning to page one to have another look at the plan.

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