JANE WEST CLAUSS

I was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota in 1907, the eleventh child of Willis Mason West and the fourth of my Mother, Elizabeth Beach West. I remember little of the first five years prior to my father’s resignation from the University to take up dairy farming in northern Minnesota.

We all loved the outdoor life at the farm, learning to swim at an early age to be allowed to canoe by ourselves before we could properly reach the end of a paddle. We had our chores: keeping the fires stocked with wood, and the ice box filled with cakes of ice from the root cellar where they were stored in sawdust following their winter cutting from the lake, weeding and harvesting our large vegetable garden as well as gathering huge crops of wild berries for desserts, drinks and jams. Mother soon found the easiest way to assign these chores was to put a chart on our wall with each name and duty for a week at a time.

We didn’t even seem to mind the extremely cold winters where one year it never got above forty below for an entire month! We built elaborate forts and snow igloos in our deep snow drifts one over which we sometimes had to navigate on our skis used as snow shoes. We used them also to layout the paths for our favorite game of Run Sheep, Run.

Our schooling took place year round, but largely consisted of our parents never failing to read the classics aloud to us before bedtime. Since they always stopped at the most exciting point, we were forced to learn to read to ourselves at an early age. I was six when my extremely bad eyesight was discovered. They found I
saw only two letters in the alphabet, a thin one and a squarish one. This complicated fitting me with strong glasses in those days when they used only a letter chart for examination. I quickly learned to gather the sense of what I read without properly regarding all the letters in a word. This probably contributed to my extremely bad spelling; that and the fact that Dad couldn't conceive of any spelling difficulty if one read easily. Spelling was a lesson never touched on in our meal-time lessons where we were questioned in history and expected to do addition, subtraction, and multiplication in our heads, as well as reasoning answers to Dad's trick questions such as "if a cow weighs 250 lbs. standing on three feet, how much does it weigh standing on four?" He used similar tactics to speed departure of guests who were fond of sitting in their wagons talking long after they'd started to leave. He would say to me "Jane, I wonder if you know which foot a horse puts forth first when he walks?" The obliging guests always demonstrated and left happily. I regret that I can no longer remember the 12 dates in history that Dad considered of major importance. They began I think with the codification of laws under Hammurabi, Babylonian king around 2100 B.C. They dealt with few battles aside from the Norman conquest, but were devoted to such things as exploration, inventions and advances in the laws governing the different countries.

Don and I did finally attend a one room school house. It was that of a summer resident appalled by the lack of school, where we gathered round a pot bellied stove and burned holes in our knees.
while shivers ran up and down our backs. Of the ten pupils, we were the only native English speaking ones, and we of course fit into no single grade, not that it mattered since we were all forced to listen and learn from everyone's recitation. The next year a two room school opened only four miles away and three of us were forced to attend, but it lacked the wonderful recently graduated teacher we'd enjoyed before.

We had no pets other than a fawn, orphaned in a forest fire, who soon learned to follow us about like a dog and give away all our hiding places. It unfortunately learned also to run swiftly and leap over high fences without causing so much as a tinkle from the bell we had attached to its collar in hopes of warning off hunters. True, we had each been given a Jersey calf by our father which we dutifully named after the goddesses in mythology because we felt that Dad considered his Jersey herd rather superior to humans in appearance.

It was during those early years too that my father decided we should all be taught to ride horses. Unfortunately, none of his had been broken to a saddle which regularly resulted in the horse making off at top speed for the barn. The horse could only enter the barn by brushing us off by the top half of the Dutch door always kept closed for some reason. Dad finally gave up on this project after I had been dangerously run away with by the same horse when Dad got out of the buggy with a whip to discipline the farm dog who followed us. That horse galloped at top speed around sharp curves never stopping until a courageous farmer's wife,
hearing the commotion, rushed out into the road waving her apron in his face.

We marked the seasons of the year with special family trips that became a ritual. Early spring we learned to tap the maples, collect the sap and assist in the lengthy boiling down process that produced the maple syrup and sugar. About the same time we all went on a day’s hunt to gather the trailing arbutus, Dad’s favorite flower, that was to be found in abundance in a distant younger growth of pines. Dad, Bee and I had the next occasion to ourselves when he drove us to a small lake in which a boat was anchored so he could maneuver us between the prolific lily pads to gather the huge water lilies. Fourth of July was always celebrated by an all day picnic affair at our place to which our neighbors were invited. It was Dad’s custom after the evening meal, to make a few patriotic remarks to us all and then proceed to set off an enormous quantity of fireworks. In late August, Dad and I vied with each other to see who could find the most of the rather rare blue gentians of which he was also fond.

This and early September was also the time of a constant fire fighting watch. The logging companies were far too apt to leave all the tree slashings in piles in their camps when they left to float the logs down the lake to mills. These caused tremendous fires which, coupled with flying bark from the large portion of paper birch, spread the fires fiercely. We all learned early as the proper procedure for starting a back fire to stop their encroachment. Even so, I shall always remember one night we spent
huddled together fully dressed and instructed as to what to grab as we made for the boats anchored on the shore should the men on the roof be unable to put out the flaming bark.

My graduation present and that of Bee from Library School at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, was a trip to New York for me. We saw many good theater productions before setting out on the itinerary Dad had worked out for us to follow through New England with visits to places which had contributed to our heritage. Of the cities I definitely preferred Boston. Plymouth Rock was my greatest disappointment because it seemed so impossibly small on which to land the pilgrims. A big bonus was given us in a return trip home on a steamer through the Great Lakes to Duluth.

In 1928 I graduated from the University of Minnesota with a bachelor's degree in Interior Architecture. Armed with it and a letter of introduction to the Chicago architectural firm of Holabird and Root, I got a job in the design studio of W.P. Nelson, Co. They were decorators whose most interesting job to me was their collaboration with the forementioned architectural firm on a program to revamp railroad coaches. Most of the work I and my working companion, an Italian mural artist, considered to be "Combination Salad," but I certainly learned considerable about presentation techniques. The real bonus was the Letter Mr. Nelson gave me by way of introduction to his son Paul, an architect in Paris. He said we both had the same crazy modern ideas and since I was leaving to travel in Europe it might help me. After my first year in Chicago I moved from the west side to the near north side
where my two friends from the University, Ruth Carter and Mary Smiley, and I found a large one room apartment on top of a decorator’s in an old house on Rush St. Fran Coughlin, a newspaper man, with whom we shared a hall phone, soon decided we were completely without sophistication and that it was his brotherly duty to educate us as to the highlights of the city history, restaurants and night spots. Life took on more pleasurable aspects, but the Depression was already setting in seriously and I gladly left to accept my father’s offer of either travel abroad or graduate study.

On the first of May 1931 Ruth, Bee and I set sail for Bergen, Norway. The weather was cold and stormy, but I followed the purser’s advice to avoid liquids sloshing about in my stomach and to drink my whiskey neat and I did not become seasick. Our spirits had been badly dampened, however by a cablegram we received of Dad’s death.

It would be almost impossible to adequately describe the next six months of travel. The three weeks we spent in Norway where I marvelled at the steep mountains and fjords, in Sweden where I was most impressed by the beautiful detailing of the brickwork in the modern Stockholm city hall, and the beautiful parks to be found in Denmark as well as some of its outdoor sculpture.

Arriving in Hamburg I found much more modern in the apartment buildings. There too I was intrigued by the new zoo with no visible means of restraint to the occupants. We took short trips to Bremen and Hildeshieme for a taste of the really old, and then spent a few
days in the Hartz mountains taking hikes and resting before going on to Berlin. There I was chiefly interested in the International Exhibit of modern apartment buildings and housing designed by the famous architectural names from Holland, France and Germany. Of course its cathedral was most impressive and I am glad to have seen it before the bombing destruction.

We stopped in beautiful Dresden en route to Prague where the Check language and alphabet so defeated our attempts to follow maps that we resorted to guides and travel buses which we’d hitherto managed to avoid. It was a city of beautiful gothic architecture with narrow streets of persons carrying overflowing mugs of beer which I managed to spill considerable mounts of due to my inability to accustom myself to passing on the left.

We then spent several weeks in Vienna which was definitely my favorite city of any I’d visited abroad. Its architecture was very pleasing and it was full of good music, both inside and in all the streets. Outdoor cafes were inhabited for hours by stout gentlemen clad in leder hozen who sat over their beer and traded stamps while handsomely gowned ladies consumed vast quantities of rich tarts with their coffees topped with whipped cream. It was a truly gay city. Before joining Ruth, who had gone on to Geneva to attend the League of Nations meetings as an observer, Bee and I spent at least three weeks in Munich where she attended concerts and the complete Ring Operas as well as seriously studying Her German. I attempted watercolor lessons with a amusing teacher who expected us to sit in the rain and paint scenes and inner courtyards in spite
of the continuous downpours that dogged our entire time there. I endured a couple of the operas that started at 4:00 p.m., broke for suppers at 6:30 and resumed from 7:30 to 11:00. I greatly preferred the fabulous puppet operas sung by retired opera stars where one need watch only the amusing antics of the puppets that were so excellently manipulated. It's a system I would still recommend to companies here.

Ruth had found a wonderful pension on a hill above the old section of Geneva where, for the first time in three months, we did not share a both with fellow guests. Unfortunately Bee's bad asthma had turned into pneumonia. Apparently there were no oxygen tents or antibiotics in those days. Instead an elderly Swiss doctor appeared and applied ventueses to her chest. These consisted of about six small glasses, each equipped with cotton which he lit before reversing it over her chest to withdraw the infection, a sort of glorified mustard plaster, which eventually worked. Her convalescence was slow however. Ruth was busy at least every morning and Bee recuperating so that I took to boarding the morning Laesione boat, getting off at any of the lovely villages that caught my eye, finding a likely spot to paint before I boarded a boat, in that or the next little town, to return to Geneva. The watercolors were far from satisfactory but I never lacked entertainment from the crowd of children who surrounded me offering helpful suggestions. Dinners at the pension consisted of unbelievably good food and entertainment provided largely by the spitting image of Calvin whose statue was in the square below us.
When he finally unbent he proved to be English and a translator at the League of Nations. His opinions of the participants were entertaining impersonations of their daily speeches, of which he held rather low opinions. He was an apt imitator and we grew very fond of him. Ruth and I did manage a trip to Gonergrat to see the Matterhorn which miraculously appeared in the morning. Bee finally got well enough to join us for a bus trip up into the Jura mountains where we had a more beautiful view of Mt. Blanc than we were able to get from Geneva.

We left Geneva the end of August for Paris by way of Grenoble, France where Ruth had run an orphanage for two years following World War II. It was a beautiful spot in the mountains and Ruth and had many nice hikes while poor Bee suffered a relapse and was entertained by Ruth’s friends there.

In view of the deep depression at home, I had by then decided I might as well stay on in Paris and see what I could after spending two weeks in England with Ruth and Bee before they sailed for home and their jobs.

Our ten days in Paris were very busy since I had to find a place to stay when I returned. Again, thanks to Ruth’s artist friend, Mary Buchanon, who had found it necessary to return to England to look after the family estate in Surrey, I was able to rent her very large studio most reasonably. I was also anxious to deliver my introduction to Paul Nelson. He suggested that I try to get Le Corbusier to take me as one of his foreign students who manned his office under the guidance of the cousin Pierre Jeannerat. These tasks accomplished, we set about
sightseeing in earnest. The Louvre, Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame on the delightful Isle in the Seine, many smaller churches and museums as well as good walks through the old streets in the left bank. We had a lovely Sunday afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne. I was busy learning some of the correct customs, such as: answering a phone properly with "Ici" and either my name or number, instead of Hello; being sure to shake hands with acquaintances one might meet on the street; how to use the pneumatic for messages within Paris and getting used to the Metro system.

On October 25th we treated ourselves to a plane trip across the Channel to London where we arrived in a dense London fog. The steward on the plane wrapped us in warm blankets for it was truly cod, and then proceeded to entertain me with the probability that I would find the English architecture exactly like the many photos I'd undoubtedly seen; but that a sculptor, Epstein or Einstein (he never was sure which was which) had pieces I might like to see "You know, big feet, thick legs and sort of clumsy." England did have a familiar look - many an architectural history slide did I recognize. I think I chiefly remember London for the wonderful theater productions in which we indulged ourselves, and delightful street names like Thread needle Street and Turn Again Alley in its older section. It unquestionably had a real penchant for pomp and ceremony as represented by the Beefeater guards at the Tower whom we watched parading in the courtyard to a fife and drum corp band. I did take exception to their keeping huge falcons however. Other of their ceremonies we remembered were the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace and the Lord Mayor's parade as well as the
magnificent horse drawn carriages in procession headed by royalty for the opening of a new Parliament session. It was also fun in the Lincoln courts to see the judges in wigs and robes hurrying to their courts while gentlemen in tall silk hats at 10:00 in the morning strolled along to attend. I also found the shops in London far superior to those in Paris.

We spent one delightful weekend with Mary Buchanon and her family at their estate, Reeve’s Rest in Chipstead, Surrey. Their house was handsome and beautifully furnished. Mary’s brother Jim was the tall, thin aristocrat with his ultra conservative politics, his Times, his cricket and his dog. Mary’s sister Katie, a severe looking lady in tailored suit with walking stick, her church duties and girl guides, seemed directly out of a Victorian romance. So did the Cockney game keeper in his high boots and silver buttoned bob-tailed coat who mistook us for poachers as we evidently trespassed on his master’s estate as we strolled cross country. True, when he spotted Mary, he did take a few minutes to boast of the good conservative votes he’d gotten for the party at last week’s election. "You see, he explained, "they really didn’t know anything about elections so I told them that it was only right that us as did should tell them what to do." He then escorted us off the property since he said they were expecting the prince for a good shoot.

Bee and I also managed a two day trip to Cambridge and Canterbury where I particularly admired the Norman crypt. Ruth’s old friend, Margaret Avery, loaned us her chauffeur and Rolls Royce to take us for a tour of Hampton Court where I recognized all of the details studied
back in Architectural History class.

On November 15th I crossed the Channel and hurried back to Paris to purchase Le Corbusier's books to study before approaching him for work in his studio. I was extremely glad, therefore, that among Mary's books in the studio was a large French Dictionary that supplied many technical words not to be found in mine. When I did see Le Corbusier in his office at 35 Rue de Serves, I was also amazed that his office on the second floor of an old convent, consisted of one long room with a small space for himself and his cousin separated from the ten or twelve drafting tables by little more than racks of blue prints.

At the far end of that room was a coal burning stove, its heating system. Since it burned soft coal carried in sacks through the room, it was disastrous to leave an uncovered drawing. The many windows to the pleasant cloister below did not escape and it was the soot on these that we later watched as Corbu, with one finger, sketched out his proposed plan for the city of Algiers to its three representatives. Those boys who had to make the preliminary drawings for the first submission always swore that it was their only guide.

I had plenty of problems with the unfamiliar metric scale and the notes to be made on detail drawings when I was assigned those to do for the Swiss Pavilion under construction out at the Cite Universitaire, and would certainly have been told to leave had it not been for the translations by Swiss Andre. I suspect my ability to put some order into the drawing and photo files, to which I was first assigned to familiarize me with their work, was what saved me. The fact that nearly everyone in the office had been trained in a different country led to some extremely
interesting arguments over construction details, acceptable room sizes etc. The two days and nights that we all worked to help the two French model builders complete that of the Palace of the Soviet in time for competition, helped to make real good friends. So did the all night champagne party we held afterwards at one of the married boy's apartments.

They were all delighted to learn about my studio on Edgar Quinet and it soon became a favorite spot for dinners of vegetable soup supplemented by French bread, cheese and wine. I'd also had to resort to asking several girls from the University Women's Club to help me get through a pancake dinner cooked over a primos burner. Two were invited, but eight came.

My friends Anne Heyneman and Agnes Larsen soon were added to our group who spent a portion of each weekend together either at exhibits, museums, trips to surrounding villages, the Bois or Fountainbleau. Robert, the English city planner known to most of you as Gordon Stephenson from his visits to us in Philadelphia, Francois Sammer, a Check city planner, Sakakura from Tokyo, Andre and Vanner from Switzerland all joined in.

Since the office appeared to almost close for Easter vacation, I gladly accepted an invitation from Anne and Agnes to join them and another friend on a tour of the Chateau country and the south of France. They had rented a beautiful looking American car which they promptly named "Finesse Donkey" because once stopped it frequently refused to go further. We visited many chateau the first few days of which Amboise and Blois were my favorites. It was the little villages, the workers in the
fields, the shepherds, and the little boys whipping their tops in the village streets that I truly enjoyed. Nevers and Le Puy I found fascinating. When we got into high snowy mountains Finesse really began to act up. Several times we arrived at our destination by moonlight, once even having to be towed into a tiny garage where they spent hours taking the engine to pieces and then many more trying to fit all of them back together, leaving only a few extra parts. Surprisingly it did work for a few days. We usually found lodging in quaint inns for about 35 cents a night including petit dejunne. Once we had to descend a staircase, cross a courtyard and mount another stair to reach the toilet facilities.

I shall always be grateful to Corbu who recommended the tiny fishing village of Le Grau du Roi on the Mediterranean, and I agreed with him that it was infinitely superior to the reconstructed fortified town of Carcasonne whose site and approach was a least most impressive. There and in Cahors, and later in Tours it was easy to imagine all kinds of street fights and medieval battles.

I found the office almost deserted on my return and realized with so little work that it was time to plan my return home and the job hunt. I had thought to go through Holland and Belgium en route, but Le Corbusier so strongly recommended Italy, I found a returning Italian liner, S.S. Saturnia, leaving Triest for almost the same price as a ship from France.

Agnes, the sculpture student, and I left for Italy on July first. The month spent there was intended as an intensive art and architectural history course and certainly was far more effective than any slide
courses in College. Of course we took plenty of time off from museums, public sculptures and architecture to find fascinating spots to sketch. I actually preferred the northern Hill towns to the cities: Lucca, an old walled city afforded a marvelous view of the leaning tower of Pisa, and Assisi with its Giotto and Cimabue murals.

I was somewhat disappointed in Rome, particularly in its Roman ruins except for those of the Coloseum. I was extremely glad to have first seen Rome's many fountains, the Spanish steps leading down to a beautiful flower market, and St. Peter's Cathedral with its lovely colonnaded Plaza, its amazing dome and the beautiful Sistine Chapel in '32 before they were quite spoiled by mobs of tourists and their cars and busses.

It was at the flower market that we met Robert's good friend, Bill Halford, who was a Prix du Rome student at the time. It was he whom, as Lord William Halford, we were to nearly drive over a cliff in Knoxville on his visit to the T.V.A.

Here I had my dream of job hunting in New York where I came upon a cemetery in which there was one tomb without sculptural adornment. I called this sad lack to the attention of several nearby gentlemen who agreed that it at least must have a bust. A great many long haired artists immediately appeared and proffered their talents for the job, but I banged my fist on the stone and announced "I will do this work and I assure you I haven't the least doubt of my ability to equal any of Michael Angelo's masterpieces. Besides, I badly need the job having a wife for whom I cannot even afford to buy toilet paper." In my dream I was given the commission.
I was glad to get to Florence which I much preferred. Museums housed in elegant palaces were a delight except that their somewhat dimly lit interiors caused me to sneeze frequently and violently when we emerged into a sunny street. The cathedral and its baptistery with the marvelous bronze doors was a delight. We also took time to patronize its marvelous shops for books, prints, leather and clothing, including the funny shops lining either side of the Ponto Vecchio. We were able to get into a few of the handsome villas outside the city of which my favorite was the Villa D'Este with its terraced gardens.

Venice, a romantic city with its complicated system of tiny streets and canals, was our last Italian city. Here we enjoyed a hotel on the Grand Canal. From its balcony it was possible to watch both the gondoliers and study the elaborate facades of the palaces that lined its sides. We never tired of the vast Plaza San Marco where one could admire its handsome arcades dominated by the Campanile as well as look out between the two tall oriental columns and see the many colored sails of the boats on the water. In Venice we relaxed a good bit and did more sketching. The little shops were already beginning to sink below the street levels.

On to Trieste for my steamer home. We took time there to take a two hour boat ride through colorful sails to a fishing village recommended by Corbu. It was indeed worth while though I was to regret our sunbaths and swim for many days thereafter. Because of sunburn my clothes had to be cut off me that night. The S.S. Saturnia was a roomy boat, not too crowded and rather old- scheduled to pass through the Ionian Sea, and the Straights of Messina into the Mediterranean where it followed the
Italian coastline to Naples.

In Naples we visited Pompeii which was almost unbelievable in its preservation when you remember the total loss of life in an ancient eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. Mt. Vesuvius contented itself with slowly emitting a cloud of smoke and none of the fire I'd seen spouting out of another volcanic island we'd passed earlier.

Out next stop in the Mediterranean was at Cannes where we went ashore briefly. The views to the hillside towns along the French coast were fascinating, particularly at night when streets were outlined with lights; the sky was filled with shooting stars and I found it impossible to leave the deck early.

Our next stop was Gibraltar, unscheduled so we couldn't go ashore, but were entertained by the many boats that immediately appeared trying to sell us their wares. Fortunately we were given considerable time in Lisbon, our next port of call. Time had passed quickly with the many sights to watch, and I'd missed so much sleep that I didn't awake in time to go ashore in the Azores, but contented myself looking at the white-washed houses along the shore. The remainder of the ten day crossing might have seemed unduly long had it not been for the good conversations with Mrs. Clark, the wife of a Princeton history professor, and Ken Kennedy, a journalist from Madison, Wisconsin whom we were later to see much of in T.V.A, and who eventually bought our beloved redwood house in Little Switzerland. My sister Anne, and Ruth Carter met me at the pier in New York, on August 17.

New York, I was soon to discover, held no possibility of an architectural job for me. I could have long interviews with any of the
major firms, but their drafting rooms were empty. Thanks to the kind letters Corbu had given me to modern architects here, I did soon meet a very interesting group of young modern architects among whom were Alfred Clauss, Albert Frey, and Norman Rice. I finally got work drawing graphs for the Physics Institute in the mornings and selling unpainted furniture, the only modern style available, at Macy’s in the afternoons.

By the end of March however, I answered my Mother’s plea that I come home to relieve Bee of some of her housekeeping jobs and that of supervising both Frank and Kate’s activities at school. I had agreed by then that I would conduct a hoursing tour to Holland, Germany and France in early June. Catherine Bauer who was supposed to do the job for Mumfred had persuaded me to take her place. Fortunately for me, since my German would hardly have been up to the task, the Hitler threat had become so pronounced that enrollment was poor and the trip cancelled. The kids at home would be leaving for summer at Windago, and I felt I could accept Sep’s suggestion that I join him and his brother for a camping tour of the United States.

All of our children have, I am sure heard plenty of this trip which, thanks to Sep’s old Chevy, cost us only two hundred dollars a piece for five glorious months; from Chicago, down the Mississippi to Hanibal, Missouri, across Kansas to Denver, through Pueblo and along the Rio Grande to Santa Fe. After a week spent on the Eagle Mountain at 8,000 ft., we went through Albuquerque and across to the Grand Canyon where we hiked to the bottom and back from our campsite one day.

Then down to Phoenix and over to San Diego on the Pacific. We spent some time at Laguna Beach before a friend of Sep’s from Germany
persuaded us to help him move into a beach house below Los Angeles for a week's visit. I had developed a severe sunburn that blistered and became infected while at Laguna. We saw Sep's good friends Gerd and Itka Raben who were leaving L.A. that week, and we met Neutra who showed us some of his excellent houses. San Francisco was our next stop where for the first time we were lodged in comfortable houses thanks to Anne Heyneman and her brother. We were royally entertained and I was pleased to meet Max West's widow and her daughter Frances as well as Ned whom I remembered from Windago summers when he stayed with us. We took the coastal route north to the Redwoods where we again camped for some days before going on up the coast through Portland to Seattle which we felt had everything from ocean to mountains and rivers. We then headed for Glacier Park which we found so marvelous that we stayed twenty days, dividing our time between Lake MacDonald and the campsite near the main headquarters set between the highest points. Sep and Walter climbed tirelessly and I would go up as high as the first pass early in the morning before returning to camp. Our last night there was spent in a snow storm where bears tried to enter our tent.

Out of supplies, with park stores closed, we set out for Yellowstone which we found interesting but far less spectacular. We left the park on September 8th and headed east across Montana, North Dakota and into Minnesota for a pleasant ten days at Ruth's cabin up North, before returning to Minneapolis.

Sep headed for St. Paul to stay with his good friend Churchill who needed help burying the old car he and his brother had used for hunting, and wished to give a decent burial.
Sep then left for Chicago to hunt work which he found at Sears and later at the World's Fair where he built the models from which the large companies' exhibit buildings were built. Walter had taken Sep's car back to New York for his return to Germany.

I soon decided jobs were more hopeful in Chicago where, thanks to Pereira, a friend of Gerd's, I was able to get work at Mandell Brothers in the interior design studio. We found Chicago a pleasant place to stay except for the heat in summers which we escaped on weekends by setting up our tent in Palos Park and later on top of a high dune in Indiana.

Meanwhile, T.V.A. had tried to hire Skidmore from the World's Fair and he had recommended Charlie Dornbush to go in his place. Dornbush soon realized he needed Sep's model building talent and speed, so Sep was hired early in the fall. Sep went to Chattanooga where he built models of functioning dams that were used in the famous trial between the Power Company and T.V.A.

Sep rented the Penwomen's log cabin Club House atop Lookout Mountain and it was to it we went after our shotgun wedding on December 22, 1934.

JWCLAUSS