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[Mrs. W. C. Patrickson]

Phrases & Sayings — Monologue

Accession no. W3717

Date received 10/10/40

Consignment no. 1

Shipped from Wash. Off

Label

Amount 3p.

WPA L. C. PROJECT Writers' UNIT

Form[md]3 Folklore Collection (or Type)

Title Social - ethnic study (of Bedford, Indiana) [Interview]

Place of origin Indianapolis, Ind Date 4/10/39

Project worker Charles Bruce Millholland

Project editor

Remarks [???] with [?] [???] FORMS FOR INTERVIEWS

(Original and one carbon required)

FORM A CIRCUMSTANCES OF INTERVIEW

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STATE Indiana

NAME OF WORKER Charles Bruce Millholland

ADDRESS 2821 N. New Jersey St., Indianapolis

DATE April 10, 1939

SUBJECT Social-Ethnic Study (of Bedford, Indiana)

1. Name and address of informant Mrs. W. C. Patrickson (not real name)

Martindale, Ind. (Post laureate of State Women's Clubs)

2. Date and time of interview April 10, 1939 9-10 AM.

3. Place of interview Greyhound bus, en route to Bedrock, Ind.

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

PLACE: Front seat of bus.

PERSON: Smartly dressed middle-aged woman, who looks as though she might be a traveling saleswoman for a cosmetic company, gets on bus at Martindale and sits in one remaining seat, beside me. Un-zips what looks like an order book, but first page is a typed poem. We pass a State park entrance. She speaks in a high, penetrating, rapid voice.

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SPEECH: "That's a State park. Our club planted those pine trees you see around the entrance. Mrs. P[?], Mrs. Henry H. P[?], the President of the Federation, gave me one to plant on our estate. It's between 2 Indianapolis and Martindale. My health was so poor in town I was advised to move away. The smog was bad for my asthma. So Doctor and I—my husband is a doctor—moved out to our lodge. It wasn't built to live in the year around, but we've weatherstripped it and added five more rooms. Of course it's more expensive than living in town. And people don't pay their doctor bills these days. We've felt the depression. Doctor lost quite a good deal in the last few years. He's given up his clubs, and our membership in the Civic Theatre. We've put about a hundred thousand in our estate. It's 123 acres, right next to Mr. X's place; you know, the president of Cosmetic Corporation. We used to raise pheasants, but they were such a care. Yes, those are peach trees. Doctor put \$25,000 into a peach orchard. And then that cold winter we had several years ago killed them all. And he had hired a man at \$3 a day just to mulch them all one summer. He rooted them all up. I cried, I couldn't help it.

"I'm going to Blankburg to give a poetry reading. I'm Poet Laureate of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. I've scribbled since I was a tiny tot. Mrs. P[?], when she was elected president—we were brides the same year—called me and said, 'You simply must take the post.' My husband objected. He thought it would be too much for me. But I agreed to take it for one year. But I think I'll finish the four now. So many club members have asked me to bring out a book of my poems. I think I shall, while I'm still in office. I do get around a good deal—giving readings all over the State. It takes most of my time, the executive part, so that I don't have much time to create. Of course the clubs usually pay my travelling expenses, and insist I take something.

"Would you like to see some of my poetry? I have it here. Now 3 here is something I wrote when the King of England abdicated." (A rimed paraphrase of his radio speech.) "I was at a clubwoman's bridge game. I went home and wrote it. And here is my answer, 'TO THE KING OF LOVE.' It's been very well received. And then I have these quatrains." (Riming

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passion with fashion, and nude with elude.) “Of course some people don't like that as well. But then there's poetry you write for yourself—and what you write for the general public. Now Jack Blank read some of these over the air and is including them in his anthology. It's to be quite a big book. I've also been invited to read some of my poems over the air at the opening of the poetry division of the World's Fair in New York. The chairman in charge used to be from here. I don't know whether I can make it though. I'm scheduled to speak the same week at the State Federation. Doctor thinks it would be too much. He thinks I don't stay home enough. Oh this is where you get off? You must drive out and see us sometime—it's on Route 69. You can't miss it—we have a sign out that's marked 'JINGLE DELL'. Oh! you don't have a car?”