

REMINISCENCES

of

JOHN COWPER POWYS

by

ALBERT S. KRICK

PHUDD BOTTOM

"...I recalled how I had knelt in ecstasy when we were staying at Arthur's and thanked the spirit of my mother for leading me to such a place as this."

JCP diary, 20 July, 1930

"I have just discovered from an old native of the hamlet here that its original name was Fud – Isn't that a good name? I want to call this little house...by some name that brings in Fud wh is in danger of dying out and turning into a mere annex of a village called Harlemville. I've thought Fud-Pike, Fud-barton, Fud-Wold – Fud-well – I think Fudwell as one word is the nicest don't you? Or possibly Fud-Farm but its too little to be a farm. The neighbours call it 'The Miller Place' because Mr & Mrs Miller lived here & I like the sound of that too. But its a shame not to use the word Fud.

There's an enormous lilac in front of the house and dandelions in the grass and an orchard across the road and beyond that a rushing clear stream which you can hear all night or whenever you are awake. The sun rises beyond this stream over a grassy hill through the tops of Maple trees that are just beginning to have flowers some greenish & some reddish that come before the leaves. Behind this house (which is like a little toll-pyke house on a small road) there rises a high wooded hill on the top of which the Indians piled heaps of stones over their chiefs. I do not yet know what is the god of this hill but there are blue hypaticas growing there in the moss and great slate-like rocks some of which have shining white Quartz in them."

JCP letter to Dorothy Richardson, 8 May, 1930

"What do you think of Phudd Bottom as the name of my house here...I heard of a very old tramp at a neighbour's house making his way to Phudd so it may be the ancient name of this tiny hamlet."

JCP letter to Boyne Grainger, 15 March, 1931

(quoted in We Came to Patchin Place by Boyne Grainger)



Phudd Bottom, Route 2, Hillsdale, Columbia County, New York State

"There's an address for you, my lady, ha?"

JCP letter to Dorothy Richardson, 12 March, 1931

"Aye! how I have come to recognise and to propitiate the 'Numina' of this land of Columbia County!"

JCP diary, 6 January, 1931

"Yesterday when I lay with my back to a stone fence on the top of the One-Tree Hill above the Fir Tree House I had an ecstasy of pleasure at the deep deep deep beautiful lonely wildness of Columbia County. O how I do like my life here how I do like it. And it is given to me by the T.T. who sacrifices her Watteau sophistication in the City & her Theatres Concerts & shops."

JCP diary, 14 January, 1932

*"Mr. & Mrs. Krick called on us with **their nephew** very nice and friendly. I do like them the best by far of all our neighbours."*

JCP diary, 13 April, 1930

"Mr. Krick (may he live long in this land)"

JCP diary, 16 April, 1930

"...the saintly Mr. Krick..."

JCP diary, 1 May, 1930

".....MR. KRICK that good neighbour."

JCP diary, 9 June, 1930

"Mr. Krick, our Guardian Angel, the noblest of men....."

JCP Diary, 12 December, 1930

INTRODUCTION

This transcription of Mr A. S Krick's reminiscences of John Cowper Powys has been produced, verbatim, from an audio cassette tape made by Mr Krick on 17 January 1980. There is another copy of an audio tape of Mr Krick's reminiscences located in the Powys Family Collection held at Colgate University Library, Special Collections although this may not be same as the one used here as Mr Krick was interviewed several times about his reminiscences.

*The request for the reminiscences was originally made by an admirer of JCP's non fiction works, Eddie Jenkins (1918-2012), who was a professional drummer and a magazine editor for the Navy Department in the USA. He began his music career in the 1930s, played for the King Sisters singing group and worked for USO shows during WWII. Eddie Jenkins corresponded with Albert Krick about JCP. He was especially impressed by JCP's *The Art of Happiness* which he said had helped him through difficulties in his life [This Information has been provided by Nic Birns].*

*A.S. Krick died on 23 April 1983. There is a brief notice of his death in *The Powys Review*, No.13, 1983.*

*JCP purchased 'the Miller place', named for the previous owner, in 1929 with the help of a loan from his friend, Arthur Davison Ficke, (which he quickly repaid from funds raised from the sale of the manuscript of *Wolf Solent*, "Wolf's gold"). JCP and Phyllis first visited their new house in Hillsdale between 11 September and 5 October 1929 and explored the surrounding countryside together. They officially moved into the house on Saturday 12 April 1930 and lived there until 28 May 1934 returning to England on 1 June 1934. Mr Krick, who lived very near to Phudd Bottom, was one of JCP's closest friends and his favourite neighbour throughout this period.*

It is still possible to reconstruct some of the walks and identify some of the topographical features which JCP named in the area around Phudd Bottom, as well as the places he frequently visited such as the German cemetery, the rocky stream, and the Grotto where his visitors sometimes bathed. The Grotto was a special place for JCP: "a regular Numen-quest", "like a pool in Malory". Conrad Vispo, at the Hawthorne Valley Farmscape Program, has matched some of the places mentioned by Mr Krick with photographs of the landscape around Phudd as it looks today. They can be viewed on the Hawthorne Valley Farmscape Program website.

*A modern description of the landscape of Philmont, Hillsdale and Phudd Bottom can be found in 'Looking for a Lane' by P. J. Kavanagh in his anthology, *People and Places* (Carcarnet, 1988). Other descriptions of Phudd Bottom and the local landscape can be found in PS NL 60, March 2007, and PS NL 77, November 2012. There is a photograph of the Grotto on the back cover of PS NL 51, April 2004. Extracts of JCP's diaries covering the period from March 20th to June 1st 1934 were published in PS NL*

78, March 2013. The text of JCP's poem 'Drought and the River Bed', which describes the stream that flowed out of the Grotto, was published in *The Powys Review*, No.18, 1986. See also JCP's references to the landscape of Hillsdale in 'American landscapes in John Cowper Powys's letters to his brother Llewelyn' by Jacqueline Peltier, in *The Powys Review*, No.18, 1986.

JCP's association with Hillsdale was not forgotten in America following his departure from Phudd Bottom for, in 1940, the Federal Writer's Project published 'New York – a Guide to the Empire State' which records JCP's residence close to the estate of Arthur Davison Ficke.

The copy of the audio tape of Mr Krick's reminiscences used in this transcription was kindly provided by Nicholas Birns, Associate Professor of Literature at the New School for Liberal Arts, Eugene Lang College, New York, and past editor of Powys Notes, the semi-annual journal and Newsletter of the Powys Society of North America.

Chris Thomas
Hon. Secretary
The Powys Society

November 2013

REMINISCENCES of JOHN COWPER POWYS

by

ALBERT S. KRICK

I thought I would tell you a few things about the community where John Cowper Powys lived in the late 20s. This community was third and fourth German immigrant generation. The sons and daughters of the old Germans had married into each other. There was Frank and Ricky Freehan - her name had been Uszner - Mary Dexheimer married Henry Uszner and Louise Freehan married Charles Uszner; Liza Uszner married Mr Gearing. All these old German families married into each other and had lived there for three and four generations.¹

Mr Powys was very interested in this and used to talk with me, by the hour, about these people and when he and Phyllis Playter came there it was just naturally said Phyllis Playter was his secretary and we just naturally said that she was Mrs Powys² - I don't know if he introduced her as that but it was just taken for granted. I realised after a while differently. There was no harm in this except in the minds of the staid old Germans who had lived among Yankees for so many generations.

The first one of the writers who came into Columbia County that I knew of was Edna St. Vincent Millay³ - this was quite a number of years previously and she was located over in the hills of Austerlitz. Her home now has been turned into a state subsidised memorial retreat for would be writers and artists to go there and study. She is very famous of course.

The next one to come in was Arthur Davison Ficke⁴. Arthur Davison Ficke's wife was Gladys Brown⁵ - she was not inclined so much to literature as she was to art - she did very well at it. She had a brother - either E. Crocker Brown or F. Crocker Brown.⁶ This is going back a number of years - some 50 years - he was a theorist and he had a theory that everybody's intelligence and actions and strengths and vitality was located in a spot somewhere in the upper part of the spine. He was writing a book about this in the Summer that I knew him. He came there and lived with Mrs Steitz and her son. She was a widow who took in the occasional boarder - not anybody in general - like Mrs Ficke's brother.

I used to do quite a bit of typing for him and he claimed that he had been the trainer, inspiration and guidance director of some famous boxer - I don't know whether it was the Canadian Kid or the Quebec Kid - anyway he thought he could make a boxer out of almost anybody. There was a neighbour boy named Bud Curtis next door to Mrs Steitz who was a stocky little individual and he was going to train him

to be a fighter. After he had proved enough of his preliminaries he entered him in a fight in Hudson at the old arena down on Columbia Street -now torn down and gone. Bud came back pretty well beat up and I don't think he ever went into it again. I don't know what ever happened to Mr Brown and whether his book ever got published or not.

As a result of these people coming in Mr Powys and Phyllis came there in the little cottage in the north east corner of Phudd mountain located down at the foot of the mountain, on a dirt road about a thousand feet off County Route 21 which led from the end of 217 in Harlemville to State Route 22 in north Hillsdale. They moved there with a dog called the Black who accompanied Mr Powys on many of his walks. They thought a great deal of him - as a dog he was so scared, not vicious, nobody could get near him...scared to death

Mr Powys was a most remarkable man as his writings show. We were very close friends. He had a serious ulcer condition which forced him, practically all the time, to lie on his back, knees pulled up made a little desk, a lapboard for his writing.⁷ He had a great power of concentration. If I was down there doing work for him, and I used to do quite a bit of work for him, or visiting with Phyllis, he didn't even know we were there. Anybody could knock at the door and I don't know if he would hear that.

He loved to walk and every morning he took a long walk. He had favourite places around the hills directly at the back of him - a few thousand feet up the mountain were heaps of pieces of stones - the size of dinner plates - quite big heaps of them - 25 feet across maybe, 5 or 6 feet high. He liked to think they were Indian mounds ⁸ and well they might be because I don't know who the dickens would ever have gone up there - it wasn't tillable land up on the mountain - it was all rocky and ledges. That was one of his favourite places.

I might retell an incident that happened there that frightened him. There was a boy, I guess he must have been in his late teens, who was very intelligent in school. He was a very odd fellow. I went to high school in Hillsdale with him. He fantasised that he was a mountain man. He used to do a lot of hunting up in the mountains. In the Summer he would go with just khaki shorts on to the point where he was burnt brown as a berry. He was the most hairiest man I have ever seen. In fact he got himself to look almost animal like. He was not a very pleasant looking fellow. He was very docile as far as that went - very quiet. One time Mr Powys came flying down to our house and he said: "Master - I just met a mountain man up in our Phudd Hill". I said "Who was that." "I don't know. He didn't say a word to me. I was walking along thinking and then all of a sudden I looked up and there stood this huge bare chested man covered with hair, brown as a berry, leaning on a rifle.

He just stared at me and between my quivering and staring I guess he thought I was peculiar." He said "I just turned tail and the Black and I came tearing down the hill." Well I knew who it was. I was pretty sure. I reassured him he was not a mountain man but just a boy who liked to fantasise. I met him as a boy. He was 6 foot tall weighing 200 - 235 pounds. That was one of his favourite places up on the Indian burial ground.

Another one of his places which he would visit every morning was the little open space on the side hill at the back of his house, a few hundred feet, facing the east. He loved to sit up there and just watch the sun rise. I think he had some religious thing about the sun. I never heard Mr Powys make any mention of his religion or what his religious beliefs were. He used to sit up there and soliloquise and think.

After sitting there a while in the morning he would walk up the road to our house and mail his mail - his mailbox was right beside ours at the intersection with the road that we were on - we were just about 500 feet up the road from his house. On the intersection of that road and the crossroad going from the backroad going from County Roue 21 was where the mailman came. Never did he put a letter in the mailbox that he didn't put his head on the box. I presumed that he was sending a prayer with a message to whomever he was sending the letter to.⁹

He then would turn and go to the cemetery which was just across the road from the mailboxes and there is a little German cemetery¹⁰ there. My great grandfather and an aunt are buried there. He would put his head on the gatepost and I presume offer a prayer for the souls of those who were interred there. He would slowly walk up the road going east facing the sun until he came to what he called the river. It was a stream. The farmers around there call it a "crick". I suppose, to be really pure, this should have been a "creek". He crossed the bridge and then there was a little spinney he called it. It was a wooded area not very large - maybe 300-400 feet on the ends and 500 feet across the back. He would go in there - I don't know what he did in there. I presume he just soliloquised. It was a nice quiet place with birds. He would cross the river as he called it, He would walk down the back side of the river. The river bordered back of our farm and his place. He would walk down the back side until he came to where he passed our place where he lived. He made many stops along the brook and would look the stream over.¹¹

One time we had a very dry summer and the river dried up in places but left water holes and they continually dried up. Mr Powys went to Philmont. In fact I had taken him to Philmont. He never drove or anything. He went into the sporting goods store. There was always a bunch of people hanging round there. One of them usually was a game warden, Chester Merryfield. He was a very stern game warden. Mr Powys went in and he asked for a net - he wanted to catch some fish. The game warden

pricked his ears up. He said "What are you going to do with that." " I want to catch a trout." He said " what are you going to do with the trout". He said: "Well that poor fellow - his homes are drying up as he goes from hole to hole and I want to take them up to Timbuk Falls" which was about ¼ mile up the road from the spinney where there was a never failing waterfall - very deep water - it was well known for its trout - in fact it was where most of the trout propagated in that stream. They got quite a kick out of that. They told him it was absolutely against the law to take the fish for anything. But being such a good hearted fellow they could see he meant no harm. He came out and said Master I almost got arrested. I said what for. For something I didn't do. He explained to me that he had told them what he wanted to do with his net. It got to be quite a joke around the town. They thought he was quite a fellow.¹²

He was a fellow who would lie and write all day. He would lie on his back and Phyllis would be up until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. She did some French translating. I'm pretty sure she did. She would not get up until 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon so he had the house pretty quiet to himself.

They fixed the place up very nicely, very tastefully. He wanted to put up some of these tress - trees with tremendous spikes on them which in England were used as fences. I don't know where he got them from -he set them under the electric light and telephone line - they were a very rapid growing thorny tree with spikes on them - inch and a half and two inches long. When they pricked you - you think a snake had bitten you. They became very unpopular with the linemen - electric and telegraph linemen. They were used in England to contain cattle instead of fences. The line men wanted to cut them down. This of course didn't appeal to JCP at all. Finally they did let them to trim them but as soon as the Powyses moved away the trees were cut off directly by the linemen flat with the ground which would of course have hurt JCP and Phyllis's feelings had they known this.

JCP was a kind hearted man. He would not hurt anybody or anything. My aunt, my foster mother, had a nice white mother cat which had white kittens. We gave the Powyses one of the kittens. They raised it. They thought the world of it. But it fell to some illness and died. Mr Powys, in quite a state of distraught feelings, came up and wanted to know if I would bury the cat on their property beside a bush. Which I did and he held quite a service for it according to Shakespeare: "*the evil that men do lives after them, the good is often interred with their bones.*" So it is with whitey. He had a real ceremony for the cat.¹³

He seldom left the place. About once or twice - always twice a year - he would go to New York out of necessity. One thing was that Simon and Schuster the publisher would need him there for something - possibly to autograph books.

He had tremendous bushy hair almost like a scarecrow. It would get so big that he would carry his hat under his hand – he wore a flat wide brimmed hat – he would carry it under his arm and a briefcase under the other arm. I would take him to the train at Philmont. He would make quite a sight on the train. He did not look like the German community people.

He always wore rubber boots. They slipped on easy and off easy. He wore rubber boots in the summer. One time I was to take him to the train that left Philmont around 3 in the afternoon. I got down there about twenty minutes to three and there was a great excitement around the house – neither Phyllis nor Jack – she called him Jack – could find his shoes – he hadn't worn them since the last time he had gone to the city. So he didn't know what he was going to do. He always wore these big heavy wool socks in his boots. He finally came out with his hat on his arm, and his briefcase in his hand wearing socks. He didn't have any shoes to wear to go to New York.

I thought this was not at all conventional. I said they must be around somewhere. I have forgotten how it was but we finally found the shoes but they were sitting in a storeroom. There was something on them. They were bent over sideways. They had been there a year since the last time he had gone to New York. They were hard and bent. He put them under his other arm – hat under one arm, shoes under the other, and brief case. He got on the train going to New York. He said he had to get his shoes polished when he got there.

These things didn't bother him. His mind was all on his work. He had many people come there. Theodore Dreiser was there very often. Edgar Lee Masters¹⁴ lived several summers – I think he was a bachelor - I don't think anybody was with him – he lived in various houses that were around the community that were empty. He lived at one time at the end of the dirt road where Jack lived where it connected to County Route 21 in half of a farmhouse. Another year he lived in Harlemlville in half of a tenement house at the big Curtis farm. He and Powys were great friends.

There were often people that came – I don't know if they wanted moral support or propaganda support from Powys. People I had never heard of came and spent a day. Then there were people who came with a hard luck story and if Powys had 13 dollars in his pocket – he never had much money – he would give it to them and send them on their way. About three days before President Roosevelt closed the bank in 1932¹⁵ – for bank holiday - Powys called me up on the phone and wanted to know if I knew how to send money to England. I said I guess we just have to cable. He said I have just got a letter from a fellow in London whose wife is going to have a baby and he hasn't got any money and he wondered if I'd send him what money I could. Powys sent \$32.00¹⁶ - that was all the money he had in the house. I went to

Hudson and cabled. Powys didn't know the man. But he was just that good hearted and free with whatever he had.

There was a fellow whose name was Hunter.¹⁷ He was a writer for the New York Sun. He came up and while he was there talked to Powys about the elephant farm¹⁸ on the road to Ghent. This elephant farm was owned by a man by the name of Reed who captured, trained and brought elephants to this country for circuses. His wife Adele Nelson had the famous Adele Nelson dancing elephants which was a side showing with them and was a splinter of the circus. Mr Hunter, Phyllis and I went over there¹⁹ and he wrote quite a story on this very exceptional farm. A little sidelight on the elephant farm - many of the acrobats would accompany Adele Nelson when she came to the winter quarters. You would go by there and would see all the trained monkeys and horses. The name Fecteau²⁰ was famous at that time. After 50 years that name is quite prevalent around Ghent. I believe they are now house painters.

Hunter was just one of the many people who came there - interested in his work. One time Mr Powys asked if there wasn't something he could do for the community which would perpetuate his name, and make him remembered, and do something for the country town. There was a little church at that time in Harlemlville about a mile down the road. It was having a struggle to get along financially. Mr Powys got permission from his publisher or his agent. Schuster came up for the weekend and Mr Powys lectured at the church.²¹ I've forgotten what he lectured about or what he said. I was surprised at the size of the audience of these 4th generation Germans who were quite clannish. Following that we entertained Mr Schuster, Mr Powys and Phyllis at our house. I accompanied Mr Powys while he sung a rollicking love song. He did it in such a way with such fervour that he was almost tuckered out and had to sit down and rest.

I hope you will excuse me for jumping from one thing to another. I am doing this entirely off the cuff. As I think of things I mention them.

One thing I might say about JCP which surprised me - except for the fact that he had this very bad ulcer which caused him to live on practically nothing but milk and eggs - I know he never touched any kind of alcohol or never eat anything fried - I never knew him to go to a doctor. I was the one who always carried him wherever he wanted to go. I never took him to a doctor. But he did go quite regularly to a dentist. How he got on to this dentist over in Great Barrington, which is some 25-30 miles away, I don't know except possibly through Ficke and Edna St Vincent Millay because Austerlitz is on the road to Great Barrington. I used to take him there once or twice a year.

He dedicated his book *The Art of Happiness* to my aunt and uncle, Mr and Mrs A. G. Krick.²² I was named after A. G. Krick – Albert G Krick - my initials are now A. S. Krick – I was not yet married.

One of the peculiar things I know happened. He was such a docile man. He wouldn't hurt anybody. As far as I know he would never get riled up. But there was a fellow who had a little brush factory in Chatham.²³ I think it was called the white brush company. He would come around. He was obnoxious. He would knock on the door and then come in the house and spread all his brushes out and you'd buy something to get rid of him. Powys told me about this. He said you know that man got me so agitated. I was trying to write. Finally I tried to brush him off. He kept spreading out his little blanket and putting his stuff on it. He would sell me this for so much and he'd add another for so much and finally I made him think I was queer. I looked as queer as I could look. I grabbed all his stuff and I opened the door and through it all out on the lawn. The funny part is there are about four steps from his porch down to the first landing on the lawn and then there was another three steps down. There was a wall around the lawn. I guess he had quite a mess to pick up. I got a kick out of the fact that he said he made himself look as queer as he could and scared him and threw the stuff out.

JCP had a brother Willy²⁴ who owned a large ranch in Africa and he had obtained this ranch from the Crown in recognition of his service to the Crown during the War. I don't know how many hundred acres it was but along with this ranch he had inherited a head hunting tribe of cannibals who he got along with fine – they worked for him. About 80 miles away was another ranch where there was an army nurse who also had been given this ranch by the Crown for her work in the War and she had a bunch of head hunters but they were antagonistic against Willy's head hunters. This gave him problems. He used to tell some great stories about this. I have a picture of JCP and his brother Willy. The nearest town was 80 miles away. They lived in quite a desolate place. I believe Willy must be deceased now.

JCP also had a sister. I can't think of her first name. She was Keeper of lace for the Vanderbilt Collection.²⁵ I don't remember seeing her at the Powys'. My wife and I were invited to the Institute of Art in Albany where she had a showing of her lace. It was quite an affair. She had a son Peter²⁶ – he called on us and introduced himself – I wouldn't have known him - he was a child when I met him before.

There's quite an interesting story about JCP and Dreiser. They came to the house one day and wanted to know if I wanted to earn \$5. Going back 50 years \$5 was a bit of money. I said I'm always interested in earning \$5. He said there's a big willow tree over by the river blown over on to a little ash tree and its suppressing the ash tree. Do you remember a year ago when Theodore Dreiser was here we asked you to

remove it and you never did. I did remember when he brought it up but it didn't mean anything to me when he asked me – this goes on all through the frost and the streams with one tree leaning on another This particular one hurt their feelings terribly because it was on this little ash tree. So I said well I'll get it off for you – wont cost you \$5.00 – its just a matter of little effort. No we want to pay for it because by paying for it that means we had something to do with the removal of the oppression of that little tree. He said I have a cheque and I'll put your name on it where it says '*Pay To The Order Of*' when you take that tree off. I took the tree off. They paid me the \$5.00. They felt very good about it. They thought they had done something personally to relieving the pressure on the little ash tree. This shows the attitude and the thought that JCP had for anything that was oppressed.

Going back to the War effort I was surprised to learn that JCP had crossed the Atlantic 9 or 10 or 11 times – on propaganda tours for the Crown. He was recognised by the Queen for his efforts in the war. He never discussed this. He was a very modest fellow. You couldn't find out anything about he had done for anybody.

When he and Phyllis went away – they went rather unexpectedly – it was due I understand to a suit that was coming up – a law suit²⁷ - where one of the people mentioned in the book related to someone living – well I don't know what the whole thing was about. They left in just a matter of a few weeks – there was a small barn on the place – its now gone – in there were great packs of bound up manuscripts – hand written manuscripts – of several of his books – *Weymouth Sands*, *A Glastonbury Romance* – he said to me would you be sure to burn those – get rid of them – I said oh yes sure – well I was a young fellow then – I had a lot of other things to do and I never got at it – I missed the boat because today they would be tremendously valuable.²⁸

In fact since we have lived in our new home here – we have been here 7 1/2 years – several people have been here – students mostly – one from McGill University in Canada who was writing a thesis using Mr Powys and one from Colgate and various colleges. When I tell them about these manuscripts they turn green with envy. They wish they could at least have seen them.

We have the lapboard that JCP used on his knees to write on²⁹. It has his doodling on it and ink blotches. He always wrote with an old fashioned steel pointed pen. We let them see it but we of course we would keep it. One of the fellows even asked if he could take a picture of it. He was very pleased. There was another fellow here – I forget the names of all of them because so many of them come here. One fellow came and foolishly possibly we let him borrow a lot of pictures, and some letters of Powys and a lot of different things. In return for that he gave us the *Autobiography* of Mr

Powys. People said you're never going to get that stuff back. But the fellow sent it all back with words of appreciation and we were glad

When he sold the place he sold it to a young writer Alan Taylor Devoe³⁰ who was a naturalist and he wrote for American Mercury and Readers Digest. While he lived there he published *Phudd Hill* - a book on nature. They lived there quite some time. Afterwards he became more successful - he was heir to the Devoe paint millions - I don't think he got any of it because his father or family sort of kicked him out because they didn't think much of his writing. But as he got his works established and accepted he bought a better place. He bought quite a large farm and established a sanctuary for birds and animals. It turned out it was the farm where this mountain man boy previously referred to lived at the time Powys lived there. Mr Devoe was in very poor health and died at an early age - earl 40s. His mother has died and his father.

He bought the place from Powys with the idea that living in a place where Powys had lived in would be of some value to him and possibly it was.

Mr Ficke has gone and Mrs Ficke has gone. Mr Ficke died first. Mrs Ficke kept the big farm. There was a grove on that farm - it was known as the Stirwell picnic grove - it was a grove of maple trees - I remember as a boy going there on church picnics and school picnics - it was quite a nice place - in those days going to a picnic was quite a thing - Mr Ficke was buried in the maple grove and the service was conducted by Edna St Vincent Millay - a private service - with Mrs Ficke and not too many people. Edna Vincent Millay's husband was there, Eugene Boussevain. A beautiful stone - a granite stone about 4-5 foot long and 3 foot wide and 16 - 18 inches high is on his grave. Since then Mrs Ficke has passed away and she is buried there also. The farm has been sold. The Ficke's son, Stanhope³¹, who was an architect, had built a house on the place, separate from his father's place, and I think this has been sold also. The last time I heard was that a lawyer lived on the big farm place.

We heard from the Powyses for a long time after they went back to Wales. He sent us several pictures. I don't know how he made out with his law suit. I never heard anymore about that.

Mrs Powys's mother and aunt, both very elderly, lived with Phyllis and JCP after they got to Wales.³² The two elderly ladies passed away and then JCP passed away. We heard from Phyllis³³ every year at Christmas for a long time. She would send us a couple of interesting calendars. We used to get a special London newspaper from her - I forget if it was a Christmas or New Year publication. Then all of a sudden we didn't hear from her and we wondered whether she had died or not because she

was always a mousey little person weighing about 80 pounds – and in not too good health and finally one of the boys who had been here, a college fellow, wrote to us that he had contacted her. She was still alive – very elderly – in her 80s– Just before that I had got interested in her condition and we had written a letter to the Postmaster of the town in Wales – a name I can't begin to remember – asking if there was such a person in the post office district and how she was. I was very surprised and pleased to get a letter back on official Welsh post office stationery saying that Phyllis Playter lived just a short way from the post office and was well but very elderly. The boy told us that she said she was no longer able to write to us. He said that she drinks tremendous amounts of coffee and smokes tremendous number of cigarettes and she is in very poor health. So that's the reason we never heard more from her.

She originally came from Joplin Missouri. Her father³⁴ had been an archaeologist for the government way back I don't know when. I don't know how Jack became acquainted with her except it might have been through his literary work. How I know she translated French – because one time Powys wanted me to meet a train in Hudson. He didn't know the fellow's name. It was a man whose brother, a Frenchman, was writing a book and he need some help on the translation. Somehow he got hold of Phyllis's name and she used to do it. I said to Jack how am I going to know this fellow – well he said he stutters awfully – well that was a great way for me to meet a train where 30 or 40 people get off at the cit of Hudson. That was my clue to finding him. I went to Hudson. I got there as the train was pulling in from New York and I looked the people over – there were some black people – there were some Puerto Ricans possibly – no one who looked French – but there was a little fellow with snow white hair and a little white moustache. I went up to him and said “Are you looking for Mr Powys?” He said “I. I. I. s..s..s...ure am.” So I knew that was the fellow because he stuttered. He came there and spent a day or so –Phyllis worked on his translation for him. I never heard what happened.

I did quite a bit of typing for Powys on his books – I didn't have so much time for that as I was busy myself. He was very difficult. His writing was almost illegible. He paid very well because he paid by the written page. He used to start very short at the left hand corner and get bigger and bigger and bigger and at the bottom he'd get down to the lower right hand corner.

There was a girl from Philmont from a family that needed the money very badly – a depressed family – name of May Plow – she worked for him for a long time – she was the only one who worked for him that I knew of. I went to High School with her. I knew her well. Later she moved to California. He got married. Her family died off. I don't know what became of her.

The people around Harlemlville didn't get to know Mr Powys very well. He was not a person to associate with anybody. Practically the only place he went, outside of the Fickes, - every noon he and Phyllis - at late one or two o'clock they would have lunch with Mrs Steitz and her son Carl.³⁵ The Steitzes were very nice people. They had a lot of hard luck. Her husband had fallen off a roof and broken his back and died. The boy who was my age at that time was trying to become a writer on his own. But he just didn't have the education. He had to leave school when his father died in his sophomore year - they had this little one horse farm - you couldn't make a living out of it - his father had worked for the highway department as a truck driver to supplement their income - they kept a couple of cows and quite a few chickens - they raised their own pork and beef. She took these part time boarders. In the hunting season she'd take in hunters and then sometimes Mrs Ficke would have dinner with her. The Powyses went there every noon.

We would see them go over there ever noon and usually on the way back Phyllis would stop and visit my aunt and Jack would go on home. All the time he wasn't walking around and out in the country he was writing. This fellow who tried to be a writer and could never get his feet off the ground - he led a sad life - he didn't like farming - the farm didn't pay - he didn't care for animals - there just wasn't material for a writer. He did write something - I don't know what -he asked Mr Ficke to look at it. Mr Ficke said: "Boy you better throw your pen and pencil away and keep ploughing the ground". This was a hard thing to say and it was very depressing to say to the boy. Finally his mother died. He lived there alone for a long time. Then he got into some problems - he got associated with not the best sort of people. One day he committed suicide. I'm sure the Powyses would have felt very badly if they could have been here and known this. They thought a lot of the boy and possibly tried to help him a little bit with his writing. But he just wasn't a writer.

Now times have changed in the area. A lot of the old Germans have died off and a lot of so called city people have come in and when the city people first started moving in the natives took offence at the new people - they were not used to their city ways. The new people no longer operated the farms. They would improve them and make all kinds of fancy trimmings on the place that the old farmers didn't like. The names changed from Freehan, Wambach, Uszner, Steitz, Steuerwald and Gearing to Ball, Witpen, Cats, Summers and Henry - not at all the type of name that the old Germans knew.

Now the times have changed I am sure that Mr Powys and Phyllis wouldn't have enjoyed it as they did when they were there.

End of the reminiscences

[The recording concludes with a few remarks by Mr Krick, addressed to Eddie Jenkins, about his own family with references to an exhibition of painting by his niece. He also mentions recordings of music that Eddie Jenkins had sent him and then turns to the piano to play renditions of his favourite melodies.]

Note: Towards the end of his reminiscences Mr Krick mentions visits to him made by students from McGill University in Canada and Colgate University as well as other places. According to Nic Birns one of the students who visited Mr Krick may have been the scholar A Thomas Southwick who was writing a thesis on JCP at this time and who later was a contributor to *The Powys Review*.

NOTES

¹ Lutheran cemetery names: http://www.usgennet.org/usa/ny/county/columbia/cems/lutheran_cem_hills.htm; Residents of Hillsdale in the 1870s: http://www.usgennet.org/usa/ny/county/columbia/hill/index_hillsdale.htm; See also *A History of Columbia County, New York, 1878*; *A History of Hillsdale, a memorabilia of persons and things of interest passed and passing by John Francis Collin, 1883* and *Gazeteer and Business Directory of Columbia County, 1871-1872*. The *History of Columbia County* includes a useful full page coloured map, illustrations of places and residences including a birds eye view of Philmont and Mellenville and notes on towns and villages well known to JCP (Austerlitz, Ghent, Harlemlville, Hillsdale, Philmont, which is called “ a flourishing village”, and Hudson). P. J. Kavanagh in ‘*Looking for a Lane*’ comments on the changing use of the landscape around Philmont and Hillsdale since the 1870s. JCP visited the German graveyard, where many of the people mentioned by Mr Krick, including his own ancestors, are buried, on the first day of his stay at ‘the Miller place’ with Phyllis on 11th September 1929. There is a good description of the graveyard by JCP in a letter to Dorothy Richardson dated 8 May 1930. Conrad Vispo includes a photograph of the graveyard and some of the tombstones on the Hawthorne Valley Farmscape Program website. *Uszner*: JCP diary, 1 July, 1933 refers to the burial of their neighbour Mr Uszner (spelt in diary *Uzener*)

² *The Chatham Courier*, the local newspaper for Harlemlville and Philmont, consistently referred to Phyllis, in their social notices, as ‘Mrs Powys’: under the headline: “*Wife of Author in Harlemlville Now In Kansas - “Mrs John Cowper Powys has gone to the home of her parents in Kansas for several weeks”*”, *Chatham Courier*, 5 March 1931: “*Mr and Mrs Powys have sold their home here*”, *Chatham Courier*, 10 May 1934.

³ Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950), Pulitzer prize winning poet, playwright and feminist activist much admired by JCP and Llewelyn. Millay lived and worked in Greenwich Village in the early 1920s and knew many of the leading writers and artists in New York. In 1923 she married the Dutch businessman, Eugene Boussevain, “*that great gallant Conrad like Dutchman*”, said JCP. Boussevain managed Millay’s literary affairs, especially her public readings. They moved to a remote old blueberry farm, ‘*Steepletop*’, in Austerlitz, near Hillsdale, in 1925. Millay often visited JCP at Phudd Bottom bringing gifts of fresh picked ushrooms from her farm. Llewelyn stayed with Millay at *Steepletop* in 1930/1931 where he completed his book *Impassioned Clay* dedicating it to Eugene Boussevain. Llewelyn also dedicated *The Verdict of Bridlegoose* to Millay. In 1935 Millay visited Llewelyn at Chydyok which inspired her poem “*The Ballad of Chaldon Down*”, which is included in her collection *Huntsman, What Quarry?* and dedicated to Llewelyn and Alyse Gregory. PS NL 72, March 2011, reprints Llewelyn’s review of Millay’s collection *The Harp Weaver* and a letter from JCP to Millay.

⁴ Arthur Davison Ficke (1883-1945), good friend of Llewelyn, JCP, Edgar Lee Masters, and the photographer Carl Van Vechten (who JCP was also closely acquainted with in Greenwich Village in the 1920s); lover of Edna St. Vincent Millay, lawyer, poet, novelist, and connoisseur of Oriental art and Japanese prints. He helped JCP to acquire and later sell Phudd Bottom. Ficke and JCP were close neighbours in Hillsdale and frequently exchanged visits (although Phyllis was sometimes reluctant to go to the Ficke house - JCP’s Phudd diaries record various disagreements and clashes between the two households). Ficke attended JCP’s lectures at the Chicago Little Theatre with Floyd Dell and showed early promise as a new modern poet but his later verse

became increasingly conservative and conventional. In 1929 Alfred Kreymborg, in *An Outline of American Poetry*, called Ficke “an aesthete” and “a bookish poet of the first order...He is a finer poet than he permits himself to be.” Ficke suffered from TB and lived for a while in Sante Fe where JCP visited him in 1927.(see ‘John Cowper Powys in New Mexico’ by Ben Jones in *The Powys Review*, No. 21, 1987-1988). Ficke was buried on his estate, Hardhack, in Hillsdale, where, at the private funeral ceremony, Edna St. Vincent Millay, recited a sonnet she had dedicated to him many years earlier, “And you as well may die...” The *Chatham Courier* carried an article on 9 October 1930 describing Ficke and his literary neighbours in Austerlitz, Ghent and Hillsdale constituting “a new population” and occupying “a new haven for artists”. Obituary: *New York Times*, 4 December, 1945 and *Ave Atque Vale* by Witter Bynner, in *Poetry*, April, 1946. Also see: *Arthur Davison Ficke and his Friends*, by Gladys Brown, *Yale University Library Gazette*, January 1949. Maurice Browne was also a close friend. He described their relationship in *Too Late To Lament*.

⁵ Gladys Brown (1890-1973). In his diary JCP mentions sitting for a portrait of himself by Gladys Brown on 28 July 1933 as well as her painting of Phudd Bottom (17 October 1931). She provided illustrations for Ficke’s book, *Mrs Morton’s Mexico* (1939), and after her husband’s death operated the estate of Hardhack as an artist’s sanctuary and retreat. Gladys Brown wrote an unpublished novel, *The Final Beauty*, which features characters based on JCP and Phyllis (see article by Melvon Ankenny in *The Powys Journal*, vol.XIII, 2003). Obituary in *New York Times*, 17 May 1973.

⁶ Wolstan Crocker Brown (1886-1960), economist, financial adviser, educational theorist, sports enthusiast, and author of *Rhythm, the basics of Art and Education*, 1923; *The Philosophy of a New Education*, 1923 and *Operation Mankind*, 1947. He developed a theory of bodily movement, physiognomy, balance and breath control, in collaboration with the dancer Florence Fleming Noyes (1871-1928), who founded the School of Rhythm and Dance in the 1920s. Her practice of free movement and interpretive dance has obvious parallels with the work of Isadora Duncan and the system of Eurhythmics, movement and musical expression devised by Jacques-Emile Dalcroze (1860-1950). The Noyes School of Rhythm is still in existence today. Crocker Brown applied his ideas about the balance of the body to educational theory and the sport of boxing, training young athletes how to improve their mental and physical agility. He later trained the professional heavyweight boxer Lou Nova and instructed him how to put into practice his theory of ‘dynamic stance’, ‘rhythmic buffets’, ‘the spot’, and the ‘cosmic punch’. Crocker Brown frequently appears in JCP’s American diaries, where he is sometimes referred to as “Mr Brown” or “Mr Wally Brown” and seems to have been a regular visitor to the Ficke estate. JCP was intrigued by his personality and fascinated by his theories which he often discussed with him. “Mr Brown, the disciple of Pythagoras came to tea and discoursed on rhythm and boxing.” (*JCP diary*, 14 September, 1929.) “He has been entirely misunderstood by all.” (*JCP diary*, 24 April, 1932). Another entry in JCP’s diary is of particular significance as this also indicates interest by both JCP and Crocker Brown in the metaphysical and psychological theories of the Armenian teacher of spiritual evolution and human development, George Ivanovich Gurdjieff, (1866-1949) and his English protégé, the literary editor and critic, A. R. Orage (1873-1934). Gurdjieff’s birth date is provisional - some sources offer other possible dates – 1872, 1874, 1876 and 1877 – for a discussion of Gurdjieff’s birth date see *Gurdjieff – A biography* by James Moore, 1999, {1991}. Gurdjieff spent twenty years, between 1887 and 1907, travelling with the ‘Seekers of Truth’ in Central Asia, the Transcaucasus, Tibet, Greece, Egypt, Abyssinia, Siberia, and India, visiting Greek Orthodox, Essene, Buddhist and Sufi monasteries as well as other religious communities in remote and inaccessible places, on a quest for ancient traditional beliefs, hidden knowledge and the World Brotherhood. He arrived in Moscow in 1912 where he began teaching his esoteric system of ideas about personal transformation to a select group of hand picked pupils. A.R. Orage was editor of the influential periodical, *The New Age*. He published some of Llewelyn’s early essays and was very well known to JCP. Orage gave up his post at *The New Age* in 1922 to devote all his time to the study of Gurdjieff’s teachings. Orage travelled to America in December 1923 to promote Gurdjieff’s ‘Work, which quickly became a subject of intense interest in literary and artistic circles in New York at this time. Gurdjieff’s success in America in the 1920s and 1930s was mainly the result of Orage’s efforts to set up special Gurdjieff groups and explain his ideas. “Mr Wally Brown came to tea and talked very eloquently of Xtian Science and of the 7 principles and of the Spot and of Gurdjieff and Orage whose philosophy is that of Suffering and forcing yourself into the Next Plane instead of being carried there naturally on the seven Crests of Rhythm. He is the prize-fighter of philosophers.” (*JCP diary* 30 November 1930). JCP could have first learnt about Gurdjieff, his ‘Work’ and the amazing performances of his temple and folk dances, work exercises and dance ‘movements’, from contemporary newspaper and magazine reports, such as the *New York Times*, the *New York Tribune*, the *New York Evening Telegram*, the *New York Evening Post*, *American Weekly* and the *Bookman*. Gurdjieff’s dances and movements had a powerful impact on writers, academics and literary critics in America in the 1920s and 1930s. They may also have incorporated elements from the Eurhythmics of Dalcroze. Gurdjieff’s dances probably also had an influence on the development of Laban’s

analysis of movement. JCP would also have heard about Gurdjieff from Llewelyn and Katie, who had both attended his demonstrations in New York in 1924 and witnessed the effect of Gurdjieff's magnetic personality (described in *The Verdict of Bridlegoose*) as well as from Orage himself who had visited JCP in Patchin Place on 20 March 1930, when he must have outlined Gurdjieff's cosmological and psychological ideas, ("he spoke so powerfully" said JCP), prior to giving up his role as a spokesman for Gurdjieff in America and returning to England a few months later.. JCP described Orage's visit to Patchin Place in *Autobiography* (see p.559). Orage seems to have visited Patchin Place on at least one other earlier occasion (referred to by Llewelyn in *The Verdict of Bridlegoose*). This also suggests perhaps a link with *A Glastonbury Romance*, and the possibility of the influence on the book of the philosophy of Orage and Gurdjieff. JCP commenced writing *A Glastonbury Romance* on Sunday 20 April 1930 just 5 days after he had written a letter to Orage, on 15 April 1930, saying how much he and Phyllis had been impressed by his visit to them in Patchin Place (the letter is reproduced in full in *A.R.Orage – A Memoir*, by Philip Mairet, 1936). It is possible that JCP incorporated some aspects of Gurdjieff's physical appearance, personality and religious ideas in the character of Mr Geard. That Gurdjieff's ideas, communicated through Orage, continued to stay firmly in JCP's mind until many years later can be shown by a mysterious comment in JCP's diary in 1940, hinting at some sort of secret that he had perhaps learned from Orage during his visit ten years earlier: "of the fact the Gurdjaiff told Orage & Orage now Dead. dead but Gurdjaiff not dead yet. on the contrary Alive! That there were Only Ten Persons in the world who knew the Truth: the Truth. Yes only ten Ten who know the truth ten!" (JCP diary 20 July 1940). Wolston Crocker Brown was the subject of profiles in *The Times Record*, Troy, NY, in 1941 and *The Daily Sentinel*, Rome, NY, 6 November 1941. Obituary in *New York Times*, 20 May 1960.

⁷ *Autobiography*, Macdonald, 1967, p. 635. See image of JCP, couch and 'lapboard' illustrated in *Petrushka and the Dancer and Descents of Memory*. "I write these very words on a sort of couch..." JCP letter to Dorothy Richardson, 8 May 1930. JCP recorded in his diary (15 May 1934) that Mr Krick asked JCP if he could keep the writing board: "Albert asked for my Board". Dante Thomas in his *Bibliography* of JCP's books describes a visit to Mr Krick and how he was shown the lapboard. Kate Kavanagh also notes that Mr Krick proudly showed the writing board to P. J. Kavanagh when he visited him in the 1970s.

⁸ *Autobiography*, p.635. See also *Descents of Memory*, pp. 270-72 and Jacqueline Peltier's essay 'Powys, Indian Culture and Worship' on her web site. During his visit to 'the Miller Place' in September 1929 JCP explored the hill at the back of the house and "found a path & also a heap of stones" which he later interpreted as Indian grave mounds – "I walked on and on to the top of the hill where there is a sort of stone circle where I prayed to the dead great chief and to his unknown gods..." JCP diary, 13 April, 1930.

⁹ "ritualistic rigmaroles", *Autobiography*, p.634; "profane ritual of heathen invocation", JCP letter to Katie, 18 October 1930.

¹⁰ See above note 1

¹¹ "My favourite before-breakfast walk.....was along the river by the edge of a spinney..." *Autobiography*, p.647. See also: JCP's poem 'Drought and the River Bed', *The Powys Review*, No.18, 1986

¹² *Autobiography*, p.633; *JCP diaries*: 5 July 1930, 23 July 1930, 24 July 1930, 31 July 1930,

¹³ *JCP diaries*: 26 March 1931, 17 May 1931, 1 & 2 April 1933, 6 April 1933 (where JCP describes how the white kittens were killed by chloroform and he made a grave for them taking the role of a sexton)

¹⁴ Edgar Lee Masters (1869-1950), close friend of JCP whose poetry he had championed since the first publication of *Spoon River Anthology* in 1915. JCP also greatly admired the later work in prose of Masters including his biography of *Lincoln* published in 1931, calling it "an epoch making book". Masters was a frequent visitor to Phudd Bottom as well as to Hardhack. He purchased property of his own in the area for summer vacations. Masters wrote an article about JCP's retirement to upstate New York and departure from America in 1934 called *Solitary Man*.

¹⁵ President Roosevelt ordered banks, throughout the USA, to close, beginning in March 1933, in order to try and identify those in danger of insolvency and to protect the savings accounts of their customers.

¹⁶ "...there was a telegram - a cable - from James Hanley wanting \$250 (two hundred & fifty) for the birth of his wife's childLong & agitatedly did we discuss wording the letter to bank telling them to cable this money & of

cable to Hanley reassuring him. ...Have sent cable to Hanley and asked Bank to cable 250 dollars” JCP diary 2 March 1933. The writer James Hanley was not yet a close friend of JCP at this stage although they had been corresponding with each other since 1929 and JCP had provided a preface to Hanley’s *Men in Darkness* in 1931.

¹⁷ Reginald (Rex) Hunter (1889-1960), born in New Zealand, poet, novelist, actor, playwright journalist and friend of Carl Sandburg, e e cummings, and Ben Hecht. Rex Hunter came to America in 1914 and worked as a journalist in Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City and Chicago before arriving in New York in the early 1920s where he worked for *The Sun*, and *The Tribune*. He married Gamel Woolsey in 1923 - JCP called her “*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*” and described her in a letter to James Purdy in 1957 as “*extremely intellectual and tender hearted and original*”, but they separated and Gamel became the lover of Llewelyn. Hunter took over JCP’s top floor flat in Patchin Place and frequently visited Phudd Bottom where he recited his poems to JCP, showed him his newspaper articles, played his flute, went horse riding, and regaled JCP and Phyllis with tales of his travels and early journalistic exploits in America. JCP liked and admired him greatly praising his article for Lloyd Emerson Siberell’s *Outrider* magazine in 1934. JCP wrote to his friends Hal and Violet Trovillion about Hunter saying that he was devoted to him for the quality of his “*rare genius*”. Rex Hunter is best known for his novel *Porlock*, published in 1940, about life in Greenwich Village. His books of poetry were republished by Kenneth Hopkins in the 1980s who also published a brief account of his life – *Passages in the Life of Reginald Hunter*. Rex Hunter returned to his native New Zealand in 1949 where he continued his journalistic career. PS NL, July 2010, includes two extracts from JCP’s diaries about Hunter as well as JCP’s poem *The Flute*, which is dedicated to Rex Hunter and was inspired by his flute playing..

¹⁸ “*Saw the actual house of the lady who breeds elephants.*” JCP diary, 3 August, 1931. Adele Nelson Reed and her husband Louis Reed trained elephants at their farm in Ghent situated north east of the city of Hudson. Adele Nelson’s “dancing elephants” frequently appeared in circuses in Europe and throughout the United States until the 1950s. The elephant farm in Ghent was open to the public on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays in summer months: see reports in *Utica and New York Observer* (1936), *Chatham and New York Courier*, July 1938, Louis Reed (1881-1960) began his career in the circus world in 1898. In 1925 he acquired the internationally famous Nelson elephant act which toured the vaudeville circuit, state fairs and indoor circuses. Obituary in *Chatham and New York Courier*, 2 June 1960.

¹⁹ The visit to the elephant farm took place on 2 June 1932 (JCP diary) – Phyllis, Rex and Mr Krick visited the circus on 24 June 1932 (JCP diary). JCP also refers to the visit to the circus in his diary on 25 June 1932.

²⁰ Syd and Wilfrid Fecteau were members of the Sky High Alcidos who performed high wire acts in circuses around the United States, *Chatham and New York Courier*, July 1938; Wilfrid Fecteau later moved to Florida where he started a business building and painting circus wagons, *The Circus Report*, 22 December 1975

²¹ JCP’s last lecture in the USA. The lecture was advertised in the *Chatham Courier* on 10 May 1934: “*Harlemville – John Cowper Powys will lecture in the M. E. [Methodist Episcopalian] Church, Friday evening May 18...a free will offering will be taken*” JCP discussed plans for the lecture with Phyllis in March 1934 although they did not decide on the subject until later on: “*We spoke of my giving a lecture in Harlemville church for only a Collection for the Church – no entrance fee. No! no entrance fee of any sort or kind!*” JCP diary, 25 March 1934; Mr Krick suggested JCP’s subject for the lecture: “*Albert wants me to take America & England as the Subject & so I will.*” JCP diary, 16 May 1934.” *Under my friend Mr Watson’s auspice* [Mr Watson, a Yorkshireman, was the minister at the Harlemville Methodist church] *I gave my farewell to Columbia County in Harlemville Church.*” JCP diary, 18 May, 1934.

²² *The Art of Happiness* was published by Simon and Schuster in 1935 and dedicated to “Mr and Mrs A. G. Krick and A.S. Krick” There were four impressions printed in 1935. The book was also published in the UK on 27 September 1935.

²³ JCP diary 13 January 1931

²⁴ William Ernest Powys (1888-1978). See *The Powys Review* No.5, Summer, 1979; and No.24, 1989. Some of Will’s poems were published in *The Powys Journal*, Vol.II, 1992

²⁵ Emily Marian Powys (1882-1972) See: reports on Marian's expertise and knowledge of lace making in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* 5 March 1931 and *N Y Post* 11 March 1935. See also article by Jacqueline Peltier in *The Powys Journal*, vol. XVII, 2007

²⁶ Peter Powys Grey (1922-1992). Obituaries: *Powys Notes*, Vol.8, Nos. 1&2, 1993, Fall 1993 & Winter 1994, *PS NL*, No.17, November 1992 and No. 7, July 1999

²⁷ Gerard Hodgkinson, owner of the Wookey Hole caves, sued for libel against JCP, for what he believed was a disparaging portrayal of himself in *A Glastonbury Romance*, in February 1934. The case was reported in *The Times* on 28 July 1934. JCP recorded the events of the trial in his diary. See: *The Glastonbury Libel* by Susan Rands in *The Powys Review*, Nos. 31/32.

²⁸ P. J. Kavanagh noted in '*Looking for a Lane*' that the American poet, Peter Kane Dufault, who lived in Hillsdale, also found JCP's inscribed walking stick at Phudd Bottom.

²⁹ See note 7 above

³⁰ See *PS NL* No.77, November 2012

³¹ Stanhope Blunt Ficke, died 1975, AIA, 1949, awarded a Frank Lloyd Wright Taliesin Fellowship in 1930 and bequeathed legacy to the construction of the Ficke Garden Project in Florida. See also *JCP diary*, 22 September, 1929

³² Phyllis's mother, Mary Playter, 'The Mistress' (she died in 1953) and Phyllis's widowed aunt Harriet [Van Dyke] (1863 -1949) arrived in Corwen in December 1935 and lived at 8 Cae Coed.

³³ Phyllis Playter (1893-1982).Obituaries in *The Powys Review*, No.10, Spring 1982

³⁴Franklyn Playter (1841-1933), industrialist, entrepreneur, businessman, property developer, financier, and lawyer, born in Ontario, Canada, studied law at University of Toronto, moved to Kansas in 1869, helped found the city of Pittsburg and established rail link between Girard and Joplin in 1876. JCP probably met Franklyn Playter on his lecture tour of the mid west in 1918.

³⁵ Carl Steitz, his mother Hattie, as well as A G Krick, A S Krick and Dora Krick were all members of the Harlemlville Players. They appeared in a production of a play "*Zippy*" in February 1933, *Chatham and New York Courier*, 26 January 1933, *JCP Diary*, 1 February 1933.