The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training
Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

MARVIN BRECKINRIDGE PATTERSON

Introduction by: Elizabeth Lewis Cabot
Interviewed by: Fern Ingersoll
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INTERVIEW

Note: This is a recording of a talk given by Marvin Breckinridge Patterson for the Society of Women Geographers in the spring of 1986. The following introduction was given at that time by Elizabeth Cabot.

CABOT: It is going to be very easy to introduce a person of many talents. Well known to all of you, an old and dear friend. Marvin Patterson. Years ago when the term Career Girl was unheard of 1arvin escaped from her elegant conventional life by becoming a first class

professional. How? In 1929 she was the first woman in Maine to get a pilot's license. Lugging her heavy cameras to Savanis Morley's digs in the Yucatan and photographing ethnic tribes in Africa, she came back to take an intensive photography course in New York, and then produced a film on frontier nursing in Kentucky that is still a classic. To our delight she became a widely publicized photo journalist. In July 1939 she went to Europe on an assignment for Life and Town & Country. Came the war, and Ed Murrow out her to work broadcasting on CBS roundup. In May 1940 there were only four women broadcasting in war torn Europe. We regularly heard Marvin on both sides of the battle lines. Her assignment to Berlin led her right into the arms of Jefferson Patterson, a high ranking diplomat. And so she slipped into her next career, that of a hard working diplomatic wife.

Her posts were varied: Belgium, Egypt, Peru, Greece and Uruguay. She offered the best of America to people of many different talents and tastes. With retirement from the diplomatic service, and the death of her husband, Marvin has entered into still one more demanding and effective career. She has made herself an expert on the needs and capabilities of museums all around the country. With careful deliberation she has given two great estates to the public: one to Maine, one to Maryland, for the benefit and use of many people. With her brilliance and her enjoyment o life, I ask you, what will be her next career? I happily present your old geographer friend, Marvin Patterson.

PATTERSON: Thank you Elizabeth Cabot for your introduction. We have been friends since we entered Vassar together, so I was hoping you'd go a good job for me, and you did.

I have chosen to represent my geographic experience by three eyes on the world. But three circles would be more accurate. 1) a lens for photography, 2) a microphone for broadcasting, and 3) a pin -- a copy of the Great Seal of the United States which can belong only to wives of American Ambassadors representing the Foreign Service. There used to be a poster for the Navy with a picture of a sailor and the words: "Join the Navy and see the world." I didn't have to join the Navy to see the world, I was born into a traveling family. Mother loved to travel. Her brother used to tease her saying that her four children were born in a sleeping car. My parents started off, as they loved to go to Europe, and father loved to drive a car, which was considered a sport then, like riding horseback today, rather than just a means of locomotion. It took a week or ten days to get to Europe by steamer and Mother didn't like to be separated from her children in case of illness. So all four children went on all the European trips with nanny and governess and spent a couple springtime months in Italy at Monago, in Switzerland at Nyervey, or in England at Serernos. All this was before World War I.

After the war, when Europe was not yet ready to receive tourists, we were all taken out of school from April through June to go -- by ship, of course -- to Japan and China. Then it took 11 days to go to Japan. Three years ago we flew there in a matter of hours. Since I'd always liked languages I learned a little Japanese from my trained nurse as I was recovering from measles in the Japanese countryside. But what was more useful, I learned to recognize numbers so I could read the prices on articles in the shops. I'd look at something and ask, "___" and the shopkeeper looked at me and said, "20 yen". I'd show him the price tag that said 10 yen. He was surprised that a European could read the tags and apologized in oriental fashion.

Just prior to this trio an Aunt gave me a notebook entitled "My American Trip" which I filled in from Chicago in October of 1919, to California, to the Orient, Maine and France, and ended in Paris after Christmas, 1920. I've kept an engagement book ever since, rather like a diary, which makes 67 years.

Wherever we stayed for any length of time I was sent to school, New York, Maine, South Carolina, California twice, and Bata_ Paris and Cannes, and finally Milton, Massachusetts before Vassar. There for the first time in my life I spent four consecutive years. During one summer vacation in 1925 I went with two other Vassar girls to Denmark to attend as observers the annual meeting of the _____. When we got back to college we planned a conference with some Princeton students and founded the National Student Federation of America, which later joined the International Confederation of Students. I was elected vice president the next year in Michigan, and then became president the following year in Nebraska. My last meeting was at the University of Missouri when I decided I was too old and left the field to the undergraduates. During those years I attended the international meetings in Prague, Rome where I met Mussolini, Paris and Budapest.

Languages interested me, and I have always liked them as much as I have disliked numbers. I started German with a governess about the same time that I started English, but she was succeeded by a series of French ones, and I went to school in France for a year. My tour___(?) is Japanese, I mentioned before. At college I studied Italian for two years with a handsome professor with a wonderful handlebar moustache. (___ in Italian)

I also took German and I spent a summer in Munich with a delightful German family who became close friends. This experience was invaluable when later I was broadcasting from Ben in. I did add a few private lessons at the Berlitz school in Amsterdam in 1940 to learn German words for aircraft carrier, destroyer, battleship, air raid shelter, etc. which were as not mentioned in courses on German literature. (___ in German)

After I married into the Foreign Service in Berlin, we were sent next to Peru where I had to study Spanish from the beginning. I wished I had studied it at Vassar instead of Italian that I have never used. After Peru came Brussels where I engaged a teacher to jack up my French, which is my best language anyway. Next in Egypt I studied colloquial Arabic at the American University of Cairo. There was no point in studying classical Arabic as the only Egyptians who knew it also knew English, or French, or both. What I needed was how to speak to a child who was afraid of my dog, or a person with a message at the gate, or on the telephone. My modest knowledge was very useful during the riot in Khartoum when my husband was sent to represent President Eisenhower at the opening of the first Sudanese parliament, and there was such a tremendous riot that they had to call off the opening. In the afternoon we were told to go back to our beautiful residences, which they had put at our disposal, and they cancelled the meeting of the parliament, and telephoned to the residence where we were stationed and asked me to relay the word to, not only my husband the American delegate, but also to a delegate from Uganda who was an Oxford Englishman, and to the delegates from India who were diplomats. It was in Arabic, to understand and tell them to be at the Governor General's at 6:00 p.m. at the palace, and so it came in rather useful although it was not very grand.

My education and my jobs took me to many countries on all continents except Australia and Antarctica. I finally made it to the former on a splendid trip with our group of Women Geographers last March. Is this society planning a trip to Antarctica? I'm ready.

What else does a journalist, broadcaster and diplomat's wife need beyond geographical experience and languages? Some knowledge of modern history, of course. I majored in that along with languages at college, but mainly how to talk with people, and how to shut-up. I needed that ability as I was on both sides of the war three times.

My first eye, the lens, intrigued me ever since I was given the best pocket Kodak or my ninth birthday. Living in New York I rode the bus to Washington Square and took terrible pictures. I still have them. Later I took pictures of riding and camping and working cattle in California. Pictures of schools in Aiken, South Carolina; Santa Barbara, California: and the _____ in Cannes with its imitation ruin in the garden -- quite fashionable at one time. At my convent school in Paris, and finally Milton Academy followed by Vassar. For Christmas in my ____ year I was given a 16mm amateur movie camera with which I filmed events at the college. Later, after I had studied 35mm cinema photography, and made the Forgotten Frontier, the Associate Alumni commissioned me to make "She Goes to Vassar," which they sent all over the country. The Society of Women Geographers has seen the Forgotten Frontier twice; once in 1966 at Lydia Van Zandt's apartment in Westchester; and again in 1977 at Betty Burling's house. So I will not talk about it except to say that I made it in 1930 when films were all black and white and silent with titles. It shows the work of the nurse-midwives of one Frontier Nursing Service in the mountains of southeastern Kentucky.

This past summer, 1986, I added sound. My narration and some dulcimer music which is typical of the country. I've also spoken to the group about Egypt in 1954, and her problems with the Sudan. That was at the house of Alice Pine, Mrs. Philips, who is the daughter of the German minister to Paraguay before World War I. Among the members attending were Linda Tays Dunn, Marie P____ Stafford, Sweeney and Sterling and _____ and, of course. I can't remember all the others.

Elizabeth Cabot has mentioned our trip to Yucatan together, where, through her kind offices, we stayed in a little guest house on the _____ of the Univ. of Pennsylvania Archaeological Expedition. I made the first professional film there at Chichen Itza, and had my first contact with archaeology which has now been renewed, which some of you have seen.

In the fall of 1930 I moved from New York to Washington with my parents. I 1ived comfortably at home, had a full-time job that I 1iked at the Democratic National Committee, and in those days one worked five and a half days a week. But I also made friends whom I really treasure, including Caroline Simmons, who is here today. It was good to come back to them after a life involving photography, photo journalism, and a career of a Foreign Service wife.

The book here, Olivia's African Diary, is the result of a marvelous trip from Cape Town to Cairo with Olivia Phelps Stokes and her parents in 1932. People would say Cape to Cairo, glibly, but only one couple made it the same year we did. We caught up with them in Khartoum, a charming young Oxford don and his wife. Our party of four spent five months on the African continent

traveling by train, where they existed, river steamer, lake steamer, automobile, going east, northwest, etc. according to Dr. Stoke's schedule. The purpose of his trip was to improve race relations with an eye to the future. This trip was sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation and he had introductions from the Colonial Office in Britain, and from the Church Missionary Society which was doing practically the only educational work in the African sub-Sahara. As he was a canon of the Washington Cathedral he also preached, or spoke, wherever we were near a church or a mission.

Olivia was her father's secretary and I was the photographer. Afterwards Dr. Stokes used many of my photographs as slides to illustrate his lectures and I found that newspapers and magazines were keen to buy them, sometimes commissioning an article too. So that is what impelled me eventually into photo journalism. We parted with the senior Stokes in Cairo and two weeks later, time to have my photographs developed and printed, sorted, we proceeded to Palestine to stay with her cousins the Dodgers. He was president of the American University in Beirut. Then we stayed with her aunt in Istanbul.

On returning from Africa to Washington, I worked on the Hill for my cousin Isabelle Greenway, who was the Congressman from Arizona. There were so few persons that there was not enough for more than one. One of my tasks was to fill the postmasterships(?) in the whole state in accordance with the principles she laid down. If there were two candidates, who were equally qualified, give it to the veteran.

I couldn't deny photography any longer so I returned to my native city of New York and took a serious course which demanded all of every work day for an academic year. I rented two one-room apartments, now called efficiencies, for $55.OO each a month, and proceeded to do a few children's photographs, portraits, and Long Island gardens to pay the rent. But what I really enjoyed was travel photography. I got to the point where I could go to magazine editors, knowing where I wanted to go, and get them to commission picture stories about them. I would travel and make that story, but also pick up anything else that interested me along the way, which would be sold by my photographic agent.

In 1936 1 was elected to the Society of Women Geographers, and thanks to the work of an archivist, sent by the National Archives. I have found the original letter. It was on assignment for Town and Country to cover the Lucerne Music Festival, to be followed by the Nazi rally in Nuremberg for Life, that the Germans marched into Poland and all plans were changed. The music festival was cancelled. The Nazi rally was cancelled, and I went to London. It was 1939, as some of you are old enough to remember. I traveled to London with an English girl who luckily had an uncle on the Board of the Savoy Hotel, so we stayed there at the minimum rate. It was already blacked out when we arrived late on the eve of the declaration of war. The following night there were enemy planes over England and we feared a damaging raid. The hall porter came along the corridor, knocked on our doors, and said politely, "Excuse me, miss, there's an air raid on. Will you please come down to the shelter?" It was in the basement in the Abraham Lincoln room, neatly protected with piled sand bags. I made a photograph of the hotel guests in their night clothes, which appeared in Life. It was the first picture taken in an air raid shelter.

My agent, Black Star, had its original office in Fleet Street and were glad to see me turn up as their English photographers, all men, had been mobilized and the German and Austrian refugees were considered aliens and therefore not allowed to carry cameras. After I'd done several picture stories, I was dining one night with my friends Ed and Janet Murrow. Ed was interested in stories I had done on An English Village Prepares for War, and on children from the slums who were evacuated to the country. He asked if I would come on the air with him Saturday night to talk about them, and I said, "Yes," thinking that my parents, then in California, would be relieved to hear their daughter's voice. I never thought then that that chance conversation at dinner would lead me into a new career, broadcasting.

I have two bracelets, really dog tags, to show, one with Black Star address, and one with CBS. I spoke from seven European countries on the World News Roundup program for CBS, a program which is still going on. I believe I'm the only person to have broadcast from all three great capitals, London, Paris and Berlin, during the war. Before leaving London for Amsterdam on a blacked-out plane, I bought a trench coat and left my best clothes with Janet Murrow along with my grandmother's ring to give to my niece in case I didn't get back. It was early December 1939, the period of the phony war as they called it, and I asked Ed Murrow if the war was still phony, could I return to spend Christmas with my English cousins? He said, "Yes." I didn't get back for six years.

In early 1940 I proceeded from Amsterdam to Berlin. The train was crowded so I had to ride for several hours on the enclosed platform, wedged in by people so closely that the sleeve of my trench coat froze onto the window. The station in Berlin was rather torn up so I was glad that Bill Shirer came to meet me to he1p with my luggage, a suitcase, dressing case, typewriter and camera. He took me by taxi to the Adlon Hotel where I stayed with a lovely expense account, and good central heating, to keep the foreign journalist comfortable and happy. About a month later CBS asked me for a cable saying what I was doing there. I didn't know what to say, but this is what I did say.

> Addressed to Columbia, New York. Just returned from Augmont__ in German plane usually used by Nazi chiefs, now carrying four foreign journalists and German radio people STOP Believe I'm only women ever invited German junket and only person besides Cruz__ seeing prisoners quarters and photographing ship there STOP Terrible blizzard necessitated 25 hours for 80 mile automobile trip Stau__ with German diplomat Auk__ radiator radio operator Norwegian driver STOP have had two hot meals since Friday otherwise mainly real coffee and bread STOP am only woman or journalist ever allowed Allied prison camp joked with high-spirited British pilots, talked with men Und_ star __ raudipenda during exhausting 21 hour day. I've had several such lately but always interesting even when I'm uncomfortable STOP greatest trial, cold feet, physical, not psychological, now partly corrected by Norwegian feminine rubber boots STOP trench coat, red hat also standard equipment, waves, manicures still sufficiently available thank heaven STOP have been within 100 yards French-German frontier in Luxembourg where informal censorship consisted reading English script aloud in French to Prime Minister STOP Luxembourg only country where censor removed nothing STOP am learning various censor's rules writing text takes

> longer especially here STOP have seen antiaircraft shells explode over Hague, climbed highest point Ho1land edge frontier in raging snowstorm saw nothing damn it STOP explored slums and visited ___ in Ireland STOP investigated evacuated government office English university town STOP sewed splits in air raid shelter and packed biscuits for evacuated children STOP while collecting material have traveled by plane, train, boat, tug boat, bicycle, bus, ice skates, taxi, horse cab, shanks mare STOP instead sports outfit and evening dress traveling essentials Germany are steamer rug, food, soap STOP have broadcast from London sub-basement, Dublin post office attic, __ modernistic clock-less studio Luxembourg derelict unfinished building on battlements Berlin jerry-built wooden building in vacant lot Savannah small pea green house STOP miss my nice family and American newspapers but otherwise enjoy unique original job how's that STOP Breckinridge.

In the cable I referred to the ship Altmark. For those who don't remember 1940 as c1early as I do, having lived it, let me explain that the German ship Altmark was a combination freighter-tanker which had aboard 303 British seamen from ships that had been sunk by the Graf Spee, a famous submarine. It was traveling illegally within the waters of neutral Norway, when a British ship accosted it, and rescued all the prisoners. The Germans were furious. They thought that the British had behaved very badly to invade the neutral waters of Norway, not realizing that it was their invasion that brought them.

I was very fortunate. I was in Berlin in at the time. In fact, I was at an evening party, which was a rare thing to have, when the Propaganda Minister came and asked if I would go early the next morning to Stavanna__ to cover the story. They wanted an American. They thought the story was in their favor. The rest of the world didn't, but I was glad for the ride and went off. They would have had a man if they could find one**,** but there weren't any other American journalists handy. There were only, I think, two or three others, and only one other broadcasting. So I went off with them, went over the Sky__ on the way to Denmark in this plane with a great big swastika all over the side. The others were all men, including an Argentine who was there to speak Spanish -- somebody wrote his stuff for him, but he had to speak it with the right accent, and there were three or four Germans. Spent the night in Copenhagen, because there was a terrible snowstorm -- and enjoyed the chocolate and the whipped cream, that was great. And then on to Stavanna___.

_____ in Berlin, and Bill Shirer was on holiday at that time. One of my stories was an interview with Anton Mussert, who was known as the Dutch Quisling. He was a Dutchman, but he was very pro-Nazi. He was clever enough to have a house with a yard that extended into Germany. So when the invasion came, he just ran across the garden and was safe. I think they caught up with him later. However, I was allowed to do an interview with him on condition that I show my script to his right-hand man for any corrections. It was in that script that he said, when I asked him, "What would you do if the Germans should invade Holland?" He said, "He would sit with folded arms**,"** said he. That delighted the Dutch because they could have caught him, and it was approved by his lieutenant. It could not be heard in Europe, but it was heard all over America -- I think 49 million people that listened to the story. And, of course, the Dutch diplomats caught it there, and so they were ready for Mussert.

It raised questions in parliament, and they were so pleased at showing him up, they invited me to go on the cruiser Sumatra patrolling the coast of Holland. We went with two or three other journalists, foreign journalists. We went to Rotterdam, and walked up the gangplank, to the ship, and they showed us the fortifications, and how the big guns went up and turned, and where things were. I was told that I was the only woman, except the Queen, who had ever been on a Dutch navy vessel on duty -- not at a party, but on duty. When we got back toward Rotterdam, the captain asked, very politely, if we minded being sent ashore in a tender. Of course, we didn't mind, we were guests of the Navy. We got there and picked up the newspapers on our way to Amsterdam, saying there was another period of tension -- they had had several before. "When is the invasion coming?" was the question. Actually, I was going to Paris at that time, but I'd put it off one day -- I told Jeff that I was going to a party. There was no party, HNLMS Sumatra, it was a big cruiser. The Sumatra did not get back to land until after the war was over. They were sent from there to the East Indies to protect them. And those nice men that we had lunch with didn't get home to wives and the children for supper that night. We were lucky we did.

Next I went to Paris, and it was the last train that got through because the following day it was broken in Brussels by the invasion. I stayed in Paris for a few weeks. Eric Sevareid was very glad to see me. His wife had just had twins in the hospital a few days before and he was trying to get her on the last American ship to leave. And Tom Grandin's wife was pregnant and he planned to get her to safety. I could take one show a day off their schedule so they were glad to have me around. Then I had to judge for myself -- I had already told Ed Murrow that I was resigning to be married, but when should I leave Paris? Well, actually, I got on a very lucky day because it was the last train that got through to Genoa, and there were the barbed-wired fences at the borders, that sort of thing.

We stayed in a very nice hotel, in a very dangerous place, right on the edge of the sea and a harbor, and the hill behind it was a munitions dump, a storage place. Behind it was the station, a very good place for bombing raids. I went to the air raid shelter once, but I didn't like the fleas so I never went back, I would rather stay up in my room with a gorgeous view, and here was the last American ship below me, the Exocorda, a neutral ship. It was loading to go back to the States. It had an enormous American flag painted all over the side. It was just like the Star Spangled Banner, with the rockets red glare…the British had staged a raid, not an air raid, but just as by sea**,** while we were there. I could watch the ships, and they were sounding off -- The rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Jeff was Jefferson Patterson, a Foreign Service Officer, whom I'd met in Washington, and we renewed acquaintance when I got to Berlin. He took me to the opera, and took me to lunch, and we had a very nice time. One time he took me out to the broadcasting studio at 1:00 a.m., in his car, which was a nice change from the subway.

Just before left Berlin we became engaged, and we had to be rather careful since I was on both sides of the war. I had to move around. But when I came back, having told Ed Murrow two or three months before, I was leaving CBS to get married, I arrived in Berlin and this time he met me, of course. A few days later we were married in the Ambassador's study of the Blücher Palace, which was our chancery, by the only American minister left in Germany. He was a

Lutheran, a very fine person. I only invited six or eight of my journalist friends from abroad, and Jeff invited a few friends from the Embassy. Of course, no family could be there, and no close friends because of war traveling. I had had made in Paris by Lovi__, a French blue dress with white embroidery and red, and a narrow red and white belt. Blue et rouge et blanc, and that was my wedding dress. I picked up a hat and some shoes in Italy. That worked out all right.

My mother said it was the only wedding she ever heard of where the groom gave the wedding. Me with only a camera and a typewriter, and one suitcase couldn't do very much about it. But Jeff, with connections, could bring in food from Denmark through our Legation, so we had some refreshment. The Blücher Palace was only a half a block from the Adlon Hotel. We had very good waiters, and long tables, and nice white damask cloths, and Jeff could provide some food. One of my best wedding presents was two pounds of butter, and with that we made a wedding cake. The Military Attaché with his sword came and cut the cake. And right after the ceremony, he and I could both go into the Minister's study and call up America. It was about the only place you could call internationally, at that time. It went very well.

But the one thing that disappointed me was that I was no longer allowed to publish photographs, or to broadcast, by the State Department. In fact, the Undersecretary of State said, "The less we hear from Foreign Service Officers and their wives, the better we like it." So they shut me up. They put it in nicer language, but that's what happened. And that finished my career in broadcasting.

Jeff was in charge of the Prisoner of War Section of the American Embassy. He had 22 people under him, and for six months, until the Vichy French took over their own, he had two million men in POW camps to take care of. His job was to see that they were treated in conformity with the Treaty of Geneva for Prisoners of War. So we motored all over Germany in a bright red Ford convertible, with extra gasoline ration from the Germany Army, and visited these camps. I got into 18 of them myself before he got a letter from the Over__ de Commander de Vert__ saying that since ladies were not allowed in the camps -- which is a perfectly normal rule -- would he kindly not take his wife. So, of course, I couldn't go in after that. But I'd seen officers and men, and French and British. I had had a good view. In one case, a Commandant said, "I have 5,000 Poles over here, though you might say I have 5,000 polled Herefords over here. Would you 1ike to see them?" And Jeff, being a skilled diplomat, said, "It's not my duty, sir, but I'd be very glad to if you'd like to show us around." So we saw the Poles too.

The officers were really trying to do an honest job of taking care of the POWs. They were amazed to have so many prisoners. Two million prisoners in a couple of weeks. They already had some barracks built, and those who were in those camps were fine. But they had to do their best. The packages at that time were getting through, that was something. It wasn't a cheery life. They didn't have enough to eat, we were always trying to get more food for them. I mustn't talk only about that.

We expected, Jeff and I, to stay until the United States got into the war, and be interned with all our friends from the Embassy until we got exchanged. But because my mother-in-law was seriously ill, and not expected to live, he got compassionate leave, and we went home early. If we'd been interned, we were all quite ready for that. I knew just what one needed. We'd seen

friends of Jeff's, who served in Norway -- English diplomats -- coming through Berlin. I knew we needed warm clothes, and I'd bought a fur coat in Budapest. I got rubber boots when I was broadcasting in Norway. Champagne, that was easy because the Germans had conquered the Providence of Champagne, and Army trucks brought back cases of it. I also got a copy of War and Peace, because I thought when I'm interned, I'll have plenty of time to read it. And then we were never interned, so I've never read it.

But we did go home, and think the State Department figured it didn't want to tie up… it was just a few months before Pearl Harbor when we got into the war…didn't want to tie up another senior officer because they have to pay them while they're interned too. So they sent us to Peru, suddenly, and that was the next part of our career, and I enjoyed it very much.

Then right after four years in Peru…they were having a very little war with Ecuador, it hardly counted from one war to another. Then we got back to Belgium. Jeff got there three days after VE Day, and I followed a little later, after losing my parents between Lima and Brussels.

After a year in Brussels, we were transferred to Egypt, and Jeff was in charge of the American Embassy there during the Palestine war. Then came Greece where he represented the United States on the United Nations Special Commission on the Balkans. At the time that bandit communists were invading from the north burning towns, stealing food, stealing children. This was the first watch-dog commission the United Nations had ever had and it was really done more by information, and morale support, that the bandits were stopped, the invasions.

When I first got there to Athens though, one could not go more than ten kilometers from the city without being sure that that particular road was bandit free that day. So it was a little bit constricting. We had a U.S. Air Force plane that made morale flights every six weeks so one could get out and get a breather.

Then peace was restored in Greece, and the northern neighbors, as they were politely called -- meaning the communists, the three countries in the north -- had stopped invading the borders. Our commission was no longer needed, so it was disbanded. We went back to Washington for a few years, and then to Uruguay for two years where Jeff was Ambassador. He'd been in the Foreign Service for 37 years, and he was ready to take a bit of a rest.

I can look back on 80 years of geographical experiences. The China of 1920 was vastly different from that of 1982. I've known Europe before and after two great wars, and seen it through the eyes of a young child, a school girl, and a young professional, as well as through the eyes of a diplomat's wife. It's hard to tell where the changes are really historical, and where they exist only because of my perspective change. I'm still excited when planning a trip, and although the preparations have become second nature, by the eve of the journey my mind has already traveled there.

Thank goodness it is easier to travel now, for my feet won't walk as many miles, nor my arms carry as many bags and cameras, and I can still look forward to my next trip, a return to visit those English cousins I missed at Christmas in 1939, but who now have grown children, and grandchildren. A trip not of geographic importance, but heartwarming.

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Interviewed by: Mrs. Ingersoll

Q: Let me just ask you a few questions, some of them that were asked when you original1y gave this talk, and you can go on a little further with some of the things you've said. Can the work of an Ambassador's wife, do you think, be called a profession in any sense?

PATTERSON: Indeed it can, if one takes it seriously. It isn't just a world of cucumber sandwiches. There's much more than that. If she's any good, she not only learns about the country, its people, its problems, makes friends with the people there, and encourages the junior officers, and opens opportunities for them to meet the people of the country. It's easy for the Chiefs of Mission, because they get invited to everything that happens. But sometimes the junior officers don't have so much chance, or they may have come from some very nice city a long way from the nation's capital and not be used to the way things are done in a diplomatic life. So I think it's important, and I think it's a duty of an Ambassador's wife to help train the younger, the junior officers' wives. For instance in Uruguay, which is a new country just as we're a new country, it doesn't have everything you'd find in history that one finds in Brussels, but there are interesting things about it, I could find them out. I started a group called USAY for Uruguay, and we were half and half North Americans, as they all us -- United States -- and half Uruguayans, and we met every month. It began in the Embassy at an American house, and than an Uruguayan's house, and an American house, and they suggested things to show us. They took us to the historical museum, which had belonged to the grandfather of one of the members, etc., and things they never would have found. I would have had a hard time finding them myself by looking around, because there aren't as many sites as in an ancient country, but very well worth knowing. They took us to a vineyard, a winery. They took us on many excursions in the country. We spent a lovely few days with a family that have what we call a ranch, a huge agricultural investment. Making friends, and representing your country, and behaving in such a way. The wife of a Chief of Mission, in a country like that, can never pretend to be anonymous.
After we'd been about six weeks in Montevideo, people were awfully nice to us and invited us here, there, and everywhere, and one night we were free and we thought we'd just go to the movies. We got in the car that took us to the movies, and as soon as we got there -- there was no crowd outside, it had just begun, I think -- but the box office man said, and Jeff asked for two tickets please. "Oh no, not necessaire, Senor Ambassador." They knew right away who we were, they called the manager, they took us to the balcony where we'd have lovely seats, and they wouldn't let us pay anything. It was very pleasant, and very nice of them, but you can't be anonymous, and to be off duty you have to go another country. We went to Argentina, down to Bali ____, where Mr. & Mrs. Patterson lived. Lots of tourists, very nice town, beautiful scenery. We went to 16 out of the 19 states in Uruguay, usually following a showing of a show called Atoms for Peace, which was sent down from here. We opened it in Montevideo, it opened in various places, and we found that if we went it usually attracted a bigger crowd the first day and then the word gets around, and they want to see it. We went to the west, and the governor of the province came to call on us at our hote1. We tried to be anonymous. We did call up ahead, or have somebody from the Embassy call ahead for one twin-bedded room, that was all we asked

for. But they knew we were coming and made arrangements. The head of Bal__ came to see us, and the mayor and the governor. Very cordially, and we asked them back, of course.

It's a good way of learning the country. And it's very good for the Chiefs of Mission, or for any diplomats, to travel in the country. They don't know it at all from the capital. A person who comes to Washington and never leaves it, even perhaps to go to New York does not know the riches, the size, the variety we have in our own country. We have to get out and see it.

Q: That seems so true. Did you ever miss the career in photo-journalism that you had before you became a diplomat's wife? If you did, when you did, how did you resolve this within yourself and your own feelings?

PATTERSON: I did miss it for a while, but I must say, living in Germany during the war and my journalistic instincts were very pleased by these trips to POW camps. We had a chauffeur who was born in Germany -- a German -- and lived there until he was 16, and came to America. And when he went back to see his parents the war broke out and he couldn't get back here, so he got a job with Jeff as chauffeur. In other words, he was accepted as German. We'd get to a POW camp, there would be five officers at the gate -- privates would open those barbed wire gates back and forth -- we'd all shake hands, they'd bow, click heels, etc. There was always the Commandant of the camp, and his aide de camp, and the doctor, and one other I've forgotten, and the Party man. The Party man means the Nazi Party man who was spying on the Commandant. I could tell by their expressions which was the Party man -- really, it was such a strange feeling. They were very courteous to us. Then Jeff would go with the official party, and he'd see the kitchens, he talked to the barracks chief -- each barracks of prisoners elected their own head, in front of the Germans, of course -- and the kitchens, the showers, the infirmary. Then I would ask the Commandant if I might talk to the prisoners, and he always said, "Yes," and sent a private with me. I'd find out, when we got to the prisoners, whether he spoke French or German or what, so I could talk around him.

In one case, a great friend of mine, who was French, had written me through the pouch from France, saying that a cousin of hers was in a certain camp, and to try to look him up. He was in one of these camps -- in the meantime the chauffeur -- this is the point -- would stay at the gatehouse with the guards and tilt the chairs back, and chew the rag, and, "What kind of guy is the Commandant?" And, "How is the food anyway?" So he got his picture, and I would find these prisoners. There were a couple thousand men sort of backing away like cattle, they were afraid of you, in a muddy field. I walked up to them, it seemed like a mile but it was only probably 100 yards or 200, with my German escort chatting along the way. They hung back as if they were afraid of me, nobody got within five or six feet of me, until I spoke to them in French -- it was a French camp. I explained that my husband was there on an official visit from the American Embassy -- because they hadn't seen a woman in the camp, and what kind of a trick was that? They were all very nervous. And then others began coming from the back to join them to see what was happening. I said, "Does anyone here know Manuel d'Andia__?" And one young man said, "I know him. He's in my barracks." "Well, tell him to come here. I have good news of his family." Well, that's what everyone wanted. So Manuel did come, and I had not known Manuel himself, but I'd known some of his cousins, and he was cousin of my friends, and I had a letter. Then they really believed me, and trusted me. They could say whatever they

wanted. They were free of being punished for it. They said, "Do you know how much meat we had last week?" Two fingers full, and other details. They had their own chaplains from their own Army units. He'd let them sit down during mass because it was so hard to stand up for so long -- they were weak.

Then Jeff would get the official, and Lawrence, the chauffeur would get his, and by the time we left in our red convertible we had a well-rounded idea of that camp. Some of the best Commandants were the older ones, and some had been prisoners of war in England in World War I. And curiously enough, my father, who was attached to the Embassy in London for the purpose of investigating prisoner of war camps in the first World War when the Germans and Austrians were there. The same kind of a job that my husband had in the second World War. I thought it was rather curious.

Q: It seems to me that in the '20s and the '30s and after, you were doing things that probably very few of the young women who were your relatives, and friends, maybe even your Vassar friends, wouldn't have done, couldn't have done. Do you have any way of accounting for this? Perhaps people who had an influence on you, who might have been rather different from the influences these other young women might have had?

PATTERSON: Probably the strongest influence as my older brother Cabell, who was almost four years older than I. He went through all the good schools, St. Bernard's in New York, and St. Paul's, and Harvard, and Harvard Law. But in between times he went off on his own. He worked on a ranch at one time. He drove across the United States when very few people were doing that in a car, the cars weren't so good in those days. He went to sea, and he worked on an oiler -- oil tanker -- got his papers. He was quite proud of having them. He turned up in New York just in time for my coming out party to head the floor committee in his dinner jacket, etc. When he was working among workmen of course he disguised his personality and his name. He called himself Joe Brick, which is an ordinary enough name. He had a few other jobs that I have quite forgotten, but he branched out from his home environment, and from his school. But he never lost sight of what he was going to do. Actually, he was a hobo for a while too, and he fell under a train in Rochester and lost half his foot. My uncle was in America -- we were all in France, it was the year we were being educated there, the younger ones -- took care of him. He quickly said, "Now, I guess, I'll have to earn my living by the inside of my head, instead of the outside."

Q: He was a flexible kind of person then?

PATTERSON: Yes, and even after that, he danced, not awfully well but he could do social dancing. He had an artificial one. He also worked on a ranch after that. Nothing would stop him.

Q: Do you remember conversations with him as you were growing up, or when you were a young adult?

PATTERSON: I was young, we sometimes fought because I'd play with his toys when he was off at school, and he didn't like it. Very understandable to me now.

Q: Surely, yes. Did he come back and tell you about these various adventures then?

PATTERSON: Not a lot, no. I think he felt he'd shock the family if they knew some of the things. They were dangerous, too.

Q: But you knew he was doing something different from what many of the other young men in your social circle were doing.

PATTERSON: Oh yes. Very plain work clothes, and another name, and no one knew anything about his background. But he wanted to show he was a man as good as any other man.

Q: Did your mother and father have any kind of qualms about his doing these kinds of things, do you think for any reason?

PATTERSON: Oh yes. I think father thought it was very incorrect, and mother was terribly worried...he might come to some... well, he did have an accident, but very worried about his safety. The fact that he kept on his education -- that was a very important part of it. He didn't just quit school, and go off. He had already been accepted in a very good law firm in New York for September after he graduated from college when he was killed in a motor accident in Montana. Not his fault, at all. He and my brother Chad never drank a drop when they were traveling, but some other boys had in another car, and they knocked over the warning light and so he went into a fence.

Q: Oh, what a dreadful thing. I remember your telling me something that we haven't yet got on this tape, and I think it must have applied to your mother's feeling about your brother Chad, as well as toward her feeling toward you, and therefore, maybe, her influence on you. The fact that she once said there were so many ways of doing something. Could you tell us exactly what that was?

PATTERSON: There are 9 and 40 ways of constructing tribal(?) lays(?), and every single one of them is right. That shows flexibility, open mind. I think mother would have been more adventurous too. She was in a sense that she trained to be a kindergarten teacher, and took a regular training, although she didn't really have to work for her living. In those days girls didn't do that, they went to school, they graduated, and they came out, and they were married and had children, and that was it. She prepared herself for a profession.

Q: Do you think this would have been her mother's, or her father's, influence? Or would this have been her own very strong desire? Or perhaps a combination?

PATTERSON: I have a letter that I found recently to her from her father. She was then at school in Germany, and she'd written her father that she thought she'd like to become a doctor. Well, that was a shocking idea in the 1880s for a young lady to become a doctor. He wrote her back saying that he would be glad to have her do things that were of importance in her life -- a letter full of affection. But saying, "You don't want to be a half man, half woman doctor. Much better to be a woman." And he described what he thought a woman should be. If I could find that it would be worth putting in.

Q: That would be very interesting, putting along with this. To what extent do you think she fulfilled your grandfather's ideas of what a good woman should be, and to what extent do you think she differed?

PATTERSON: I think she fulfilled them very well, in the sense of having a fine husband, and some children, and bringing them up well, and teaching them languages and culture, and music. He was very cultural -- thoughts on that. I think he did very well. But he died when she was about twelve. So then it was up to my grandmother Goodrich to bring up the two boys, and a girl. Then she moved from Akron to Cambridge, Massachusetts for the good New England education as it used to be considered. The boys went to St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, and Harvard, and my mother went to Miss Porter's school in Farmington. They traveled abroad sometimes in the summers. But my grandmother had to take the lead in the family since she was a widow, and had these children to bring up, which I think she did very well.

Q: So she must have been a very strong woman, and passed some of that then on to your mother. Are there any other things you can remember your mother saying like that that had an influence on your life at different times?

PATTERSON: I remember her saying to all three of us at times, "there's nothing so poisonous as too much freedom." Which takes a little thinking, but it was a point. She must have had other things too. "Don't boast of your deficiencies." "Don't be too lazy to go up and get something when it's needed."

Q: She was the kind of woman then who would encourage you to go out beyond where you were, rather than restrain you in order to keep you safe, or something like that, wasn't she?

PATTERSON: She was sympathetic with my interest in the Student Federation, and the International Confederation of Students. My father as awfully worried that I would marry the wrong kind of man that I might meet in the Student Federation group. He was polite, of course, because he was a gentleman to the finger tips, when I had people to stay with me. But he never really got into conversation with them, and didn't really approve. Fortunately, he highly approved of Jeff Patterson when I came back, having been married to him for a year, they were on the same beam.

Q: That must have been very good.

PATTERSON: …after all his worries about odd Hungarians, and things like that.

Q: Do you think your mother was concerned too?

PATTERSON: Yes, I think she was somewhat concerned, but she was smart enough not to show it as much.

Q: I thought that was very interesting that when you were at Vassar and decided, as is said in the book that Ann Denton Ballard__ did on you, that you were wondering whether you really wanted to stay at Vassar, or not, a women's college, and had some other ideas, that your mother and

father supported you in thinking this thing through, and would have continued to support you if you had gone in some other direction.

PATTERSON: Yes. Also, what I was considering, was the School of Journalism at Columbia University. I think if I'd run away out west, or run away with a sleeping bag or something, they wouldn't have supported me.

Q: That would have been a bit beyond the pale, perhaps. Then you also mentioned to me once, an uncle who had influence on you. Could you say a little bit about him?

PATTERSON: I had the two uncles, my mother's two brothers. My third brother, whom we called Chad, was named for both the uncles because mother didn't expect to have another little boy. So she put Charles -- C-H-A and D for David, and made their names apply to both. Uncle Charlie lived next to us in the country, in Maine, in the summer. My grandmother had bought some land up the river where there was not as much fog as in New York harbor, and built a house there in 1905. So there it was when I came along, and she gave part of it then to my mother, and part to Uncle Charlie. Uncle David had already married and had a place of his own in Mount Kisko, New York, so he didn't want another place. That's where he taught me to dive instead of jumping in the water, and to serve overhand, and important things like that.

Q: And those probably weren't the kinds of things that other girls your age, and your social circle, were learning to do, were they?

PATTERSON: There were sports, of course, but it was considered good enough to serve underhand if you were only a girl. I also remember a time we went on a picnic up on Matericus, took our tea basket, boiled the water and had the tea and everything. Uncle Charlie fell and cut his hand very badly, and his wrist bled and bled, and how brave he was. Then he went to the hospital and had it sewn up, but I think the examples you see around you of adults in difficulties, do mean a lot to a child.

Q: They certainly do.

PATTERSON: The other uncle was the one who encouraged me to study speed writing, a form of shorthand, when he was already Chairman of a Board of a big company, and he studied it then, so he could get the exact wording of a motion that was up before a meeting of the Board. Then he also encouraged me to take a public speaking course -- Dale Carnegie course. That was good for me, not only for speaking, but there are 40 persons that just sign up, you don't know who or when, and you get used to speaking with different people, with different interests. It was a help to me later on.

Tape 2, Side A

Q: ...could cope, could make the decisions that had to be made for three or four children without your father there.

PATTERSON: And then when the United States entered the war in the following April, 1970, he went to General Pershing and got back his commission which he had had in the Spanish War -- oh, I forgot to mention he did the Spanish War too in Puerto Rico. He was too old to be in the front line trenches because he was a little over 40 by that time, but he was a Liaison Officer, and also made some good friends among French people which is one reason he wanted us to have the experience of a year of school in France right after the war. He'd never had an opportunity to learn a foreign language. He did work at his French, and later on his Italian too.

Q: But it was something he wished he had had more of earlier in life perhaps?

PATTERSON: Yes, very much so.

Q: That was very fortunate for you that he felt that way for you, wasn't it? Was it during this period of time, with Pershing, that he learned to fly?

PATTERSON: No, it was not in the Army, it was later. When he came back he didn't feel like taking up the reins as a 9:00 to 5:00 or 9:00 to 8:00 lawyer, or whatever their hours they work. So he didn't do very much then. He did study Italian. He had a teacher who came to the house for regular lessons, and we went away in the winter -- In Santa Barbara, California is where he started to fly. The airfield was at Carpinteria, which is near Santa Barbara. He enjoyed it very much. I went out to see him solo the day he was going to be allowed to solo, and congratulate him. And that's when he offered to pay for my lessons, because a young girl's dress allowance doesn't pay for flying lessons.

Q: Did your brothers learn to fly?

PATTERSON: Chad did. Cabe11 didn't, he was already doing other things. I don't think Bob did, although there was a Harvard Flying Club, and they did have some lessons there. I thought then that everyone would be flying the way they get in a car and go downtown today, and they aren't, I mean not private pilots.

Q: Coming to you as early as it did...

PATTERSON: I though everyone would be doing it the way automobile had changed in my mother's day.

Q: That's right, yes. Can you say anything about that experience of learning to fly, and any kind of feelings or thoughts you had about that?

PATTERSON: I loved the freedom -- they were open planes, by the way, and two-seaters. The pilot in the front and the student in the back.

Q: You were much closer to the whole environment than you are now, weren't you?

PATTERSON: There were no talkies between the two. Now with a helmet on you can speak to another person, they can hear you. There wasn't so this meant "give it more right rudder, and left rudder, lift up the nose, the wing is too high, and do this..." al1 done by signal.

Q: You here really much more on your own, weren't you?

PATTERSON: The pilot gave the orders, and you had dual control, that's very important, too. Heaven's sake, I might have made an awful blunder, and we'd both go down. It's a funny feeling when you're up f1ying. If you want to make a flat turn, which of course is not the best way to do it anyway because you can blow your whole mouth open. I had trouble getting a license, or getting a permit -- a learner's permit later on. I did after a while, because my eyes weren't very good, and as they pointed out, if my glasses had blown off I couldn't get myself down. Later on they made exceptions for that.

Q: Probably now you would be wearing contact lenses.

PATTERSON: Probably, yes, but of course, they are enclosed planes too. That makes quite a difference. So having started in Santa Barbara, I carried on in the summer in Scarborough, Maine which is just south of Portland, dividing up my hours -- you have to have a certain number of hours. My first lesson there, they had quite a big field, a very nice field, and the pilot said to go up to 5,000 feet, and make a figure eight and come down. That's easy. So I did that, and I went right over the fence, and came down within a few feet of the fence, and the pilot said, "Why did you come down so soon? You've got a half a mile, or a mile ahead of you." I said, "I'm not used to it." In California we had the Pacific Ocean on one side, and some tall eucalyptus trees, and some oil derricks, and you had to make it then or not make it all. You had to either fishtail or sideslip to get in wherever you were coming from.

Q: And you were carrying that same experience, which was quite different.

PATTERSON: Then finally I got my license at the Aviation Country Club in Long Island, at Hicksville, which is no longer, but it was an idea because people were beginning to fly for sport. Anyway, my father used to enjoy motoring as a sport, not as a means of locomotion, but as a thing to do. That was a very nice club there too, the Club House. I remember the day that I went to take my test for the inspector. It had snowed, and then the snow had frozen on the top. So it was all right to get it off, and do whatever he told me to do, and come back again. Then I couldn't turn the plane around to do another one because the wind would blow it, and it was absolutely sticky. So a couple of men had to come out and hold the wing down so I could turn around, and I went up and did it again.

Q: You really didn't pick a very good day for your examination, did you? You said that flying gave you a sense of freedom that other things perhaps didn't give you so much of.

PATTERSON: Yes, you're really away from the world and on your own. And the world is beautiful -- I don't say in a thick fog -- but just give you a different outlook. You don't feel too tightly based in your own environment.

Q: Did you know any other young women who were learning to fly at that time?

PATTERSON: I can't think of any now. My friend Janie Hollister went up with my father a couple of times, but she didn't take lessons.

Q: Quite different, really, wasn't it?

PATTERSON: She taught me something about camping. We went on a couple of camping trips. I used to stay with her at a beautiful ranch. It was 30 miles along the Pacific coast with three railway stations on it -- not the Union station, but just enough to load cattle from because they had 1000 head of cattle. I used to go on the roundups, and help them round up cattle. That was a nice thing to do, too. This was before I got into photography seriously.

Q: That again would be something quite different from what most young women were doing, wasn't it? What kind of a sense did you get as you were rounding up cattle? Was it a sense of adventure? Excitement? A little bit of fear?

PATTERSON: No, they're so stupid, there's no fear about it. I didn't know any Spanish at that time, I just knew French and some German, but the foreman was a Mexican, and he would tell people where to go. Her brothers were there too, and they had a couple other friends from the East. They couldn't ride very well, they'd make the poor kids from the East just hold, which means when you've got the herd together somebody has to make sure no one strays away. They can do that. But I used to drive it too, and I remember my pride when Hasusse__ gave me a whole canyon of my own to get all the cattle out of that -- on both sides of the canyon. I couldn't go on both sides, because it was too steep, so I had to get the rest by yelling. But they all got down where they should be.

Q: What a marvelous sense of accomplishment that must have been.

PATTERSON: Just a little different from my life in the East.

Q: Was that the kind of an experience where you would wonder in the beginning whether you could do it or not? And then prove to yourself that you could.

PATTERSON: I was just learning what was there to learn. I'd much rather be really riding, and moving, and driving, than put on the hold with those kids from the East.

Q: Surely. That's something else that seems unique to me, is that you went to so many different schools during your schooling. What was it? Twe1ve different schools during those formative years.

PATTERSON: I'll have to look it up myself.

Q: Just the very change, having to adapt to different school environment -- what kind of an influence do you think that had on you?

PATTERSON: Very good, especially for the Foreign Service. When you're plucked out of one country and dumped in another a little while later, how to adapt, how to find the good in everything. Put up with the other, make friends along the way. I think someone who has been for twelve years in the same school, and the same town, wouldn't be nearly as adaptable.

Q: Somehow finding the place that was right for you in whatever milieu you were dropped in seemed important probably.

PATTERSON: Yes, it was good training.

Q: I think you told me that at one of those schools the important thing you learned was how to study. Which one was that, and how did that work out?

PATTERSON: That was the Brearley School in New York, which is still going strong. It's one of the three leading schools. There's another that considers itself the fourth, but for girls in New York City, it still is. It's kept its predominance in the top three. The others being Spence_ and Chapin_. It was probably the most serious, academically. A lot of the girls, even in those days, went to Bryn Mawr, and a few other colleges. Even at Milton, which was a good school too, that was my last school, about half the class went to college, and half did not. They stayed at home, and came out, and maybe later on they spent some months with a French family and perfect their French. It was that kind of thing. Even then only half the girls went. Now almost everybody does. There might be one or two that are frail, or have something.

Q: Could you expand a little bit on that learning study at Brearley, just what was involved, and how that came about for you?

PATTERSON: The teachers themselves had very accurate minds, and they insisted on really mastering your subject. We had quite a lot of homework. [I] paid attention. I don't remember exactly how many were in the class. It might have been a dozen in some, and there might have been 15 or something like that, but not 40s and 50s. It was a lecture business, you learned to produce, and to speak. It was a very different way of teaching. They might, for instance, in a history class, say discuss Europe after the days of Napoleon. When I went to a convent in Paris, they would assign a certain number of pages of a certain book -- "…and will you recite from page 10 to page 14." Not the subject matter at all, but a number of pages. Completely different.

Q: And that was a matter of memorizing what was there, rather than putting things together, as you probably had to do at Brearley then. And how do you feel that that learning how to study at Brearley affected later years?

PATTERSON: You're presented with something new that you wanted to learn about, you have some idea of how to go about it.

Q: It certainly must have affected your Vassar years, and made them much more pleasurable, and successful. Did it affect your later years, do you think too when you were doing those articles to go along with the photographs?

PATTERSON: Oh, I'm sure it would, because we were taught to do that along the way, yes, to study the subject, describe the country, what is interesting about it. What relates to the photographs, or what were the purposes in making the photographs, and then describe the background that the photograph doesn't show.

Q: Were there any particular teachers at any of the schools you went to -- the early ones, or Brearley, or Milton, Vassar -- who had a particular influence on you, do you think?

PATTERSON: There were two at Vassar who were very good. Even before that there was one at Milton Academy, called Miss Kendall, who was really the Latin teacher, which I didn't like, I never did well. I had been to so many schools. I'd had three years of first year Latin. Wherever I went they were having first year Latin, and I got to Milton they were having fourth year Latin, which is quite different. So I never did like it. But she also taught current events, and that I did like, which was politics and what's going on in the world. It had a lot of spirit, and I liked that.

Q: She was a woman with a lot of spirit you mean, and put that across to her students really.

PATTERSON: Yes. Strong opinions, and you have to know what they're based on. Miss Goodwin, the head mistress, was a wonderful person too, and a very good character leader for the girls.

Q: Miss Goodwin was at which school?

PATTERSON: Milton Academy. She was the head.

Q: And Miss Kendall? Was she also...

PATTERSON: She was at Milton. She was one of the other teachers. Miss Goodwin was the head. At Vassar there were Mademoiselle Munyea, a French teacher -- French 1iterature -- which I just took for pleasure but French always served me in good stead. She was a person with a lovely keen mind, and an amusing way of looking at things. And Miss Ellery who taught modern history, and modern history and modern language is what I did mostly at Vassar. Which is just what I needed later in journalism, and also in the Foreign Service, which was doing what I enjoyed, once I got over the freshman Latin.

Q: Was it a difficult decision time when you were deciding whether to stay at Vassar, or to go to Columbia School of Journalism, or perhaps even some place else?

PATTERSON: That was the only place I really thought of, partly because my Uncle Charlie Goodrich had a friend, Mr. Con__, who was a professor at Columbia, and talked to me about it, and I thought he was a fine person to do that.

Q: You had met him through your uncle?

PATTERSON: Yes. He used to come up and stay in the country and the places were side by side, just walk across the fields and the lawn, and see each other.

Q: Did he encourage you to go to Columbia School of Journalism?

PATTERSON: He didn't try to move me out of Vassar in that sense, but he told me some of the things you could do at Columbia that inspired me. But I'm glad I went back to Vassar. I really got more out of it than I did journalism.

Q: Do you remember now any of the things that he said you could do at Columbia that seemed to be inviting at least to you at that time?

PATTERSON: I can't think of them quickly now.

Q: But it was the general feeling of a up place.

PATTERSON: A big university, and I liked New York anyway.

Q: Did you ever have the experience of going to a public school during these many changes of schools?

PATTERSON: Yes, I did. It was just a few years after the war -- I mean World War I -- and we were in Maine and there was a polio outbreak in New York City and people were very definitely afraid of infantile paralysis. So my eldest brother was already at St. Paul's, and the younger ones went to the grammar school, and I went to the high school. In high school I was a sophomore, instead of a freshman. The school was just from 9:00 to 1:00 in the morning, and on Monday afternoon I could do all my homework for the week, it was very easy that way. I had a couple of good friends there. They were the daughters of our farmer. We had a farm raising food to help win the war -- Food will win the war and don't waste it. The farmer's wife was the sister of our nanna, who was a very important part of our family. We played in the farm with these girls and they sort of stuck up for me, but we didn't have any trouble. It was very nice. But I was quite surprised how easy things were. There was a French teacher who was very broad minded, that I really appreciated. She had never been to France. I don't know whether she ever talked with a French person, but she was assigned to teach French. She was an American. She would say, "Monsieur" for instance, instead of 'M'sieur." Well, I'd had French governesses, and I went to school there, so that was no great effort for me. But she was nice enough to ask me to read because my accent was so much better than hers. She was very broad minded.

Q: Wasn't that...rather than feeling that somehow a student shouldn't be as good as the teacher, or something. She would use you in a very nice way, rather than feeling threatened.

PATTERSON: Exactly. That's why I appreciated her. And during the class other kids would do it the way I would do, and most people do Latin bit by bit, and I'd read the whole lesson for the next day while someone else was reciting. It was just as easy as English.

Q: Then you must have met more of the people of different social classes when you were with the International Students Federation in Europe, too, didn't you?

PATTERSON: They were all studying seriously, but they didn't all come from the same part of their countries. Also, I noticed in some of the countries they had too many intellectuals, and I think that might be true again soon. There weren't enough jobs for them. If too many people get educated, they can't all be the professionals.

Q: Did you feel this was a detriment both to the individuals and to the countries then?

PATTERSON: The young people themselves, mostly young men because there were more men than women, they themselves felt they didn't know what the chances would be when they finished philology, or Ph.D., or something. Where are you going to get a job? I sympathized with them, and their predicament.

Q: ...insecure, and perhaps later dissatisfied young people in that situation, didn't you? Did you ever keep up with any of these young people through the years?

PATTERSON: Not this far. I kept up with a few of them for several years, and I came to America, and some at the International Federation of Students. Yes, the president was a Pole, a very nice man, traveled a bit. Some were very charming, an Englishman I saw in England and Scotland. I think it is rather natural for us to play around with the English and the Scottish, and the Canadians too. Probably language and speech.

Q: And perhaps feeling closer in customs and that kind of thing. So you very naturally, it seemed, went toward an international kind of environment from your earliest years up through these years, when you were choosing where you would go, and what you would do. And yet it seems to me, that a very important thing you did, was to immerse yourself in one little pocket of our own country when you became so interested in the nurses on a frontier. That seems almost the exact opposite kind of experience.

PATTERSON: It is, yes. It was in the southeast Kentucky mountains where the Frontier Nursing Service was going, and three years after it was founded by my cousin, my father's cousin to be exact in generations, Mary Breckinridge. I was down there as a volunteer helping her, mostly transportation, which was mostly horses, and any other odd jobs that would save the time of the nurses, why the couriers would do it. It was a matter of pride that nothing was beneath the courier. I mean, they were willing to do anything to help the service.

Q: Now how did that happen that you went out there with her?

PATTERSON: She used to come and stay with us occasionally in New York, and she stayed with us at Cannes. We had a house in southern France one year. She would tell me what she was thinking of doing, and I thought it was rather splendid to bring good health to people way off in the country, the poor things. I think it was rather brave of her to set it out. It was actually opposite kind of life from what I had in New York.

Q: Did she invite you to come down, or did you...

PATTERSON: Yes. I was the first girl courier, as a matter of fact. Had a boy who was a cousin of ours, who had been down there the summer before, we were school fiends, and there were 16. His mother was assistant editor of Dial magazine, had to earn her living, and had to stay in New York in the summer, and what to do with these boys who went to a good school in New York in the winter? And cousin Mary said, "come down. I'll put them to work." And that seemed to be helpful. That a teenager could really do things that saved the time of a highly skilled nurse. So then I was the first of the girls.

Q: What kinds of things did you do as a courier?

PATTERSON: The transportation, which is a broad thing, but take care of the horses, and guide doctors up a lonely…we had to know the whole county where we operated -- the whole area -- first. And know where the fords were, and the river, so you wouldn't get wet falling in. It did have a bridge -- it had a bridge a few years later, but not yet. And take maybe a sick child, or a burned child, in the front of a saddle to the hospital. Or go to the station, 23 miles away, and bring in a new nurse. I did one, a lovely Scottish woman, who'd had three lessons, I think in a riding ring in London before coming to ride 23 miles. She got off the train, and I had her on a leading rein the whole way. She was such a nice person. I'd do errands, and take medicines. For instance, if you knew that little Susie over there had a bad throat, and the doctor prescribed a certain medicine, and you found somebody who was going that way -- among the men, local people -- sure, he'd be glad to take it, but then he might decide to stop over with his brother for a night before he went on. Perfectly natural, but if the child really needed that medicine…and the couriers were utterly dependable. They were all girls from private schools or colleges. They had to have at least a year of college, and they still do, to do that. They still have them. You haven't seen the film yet, have you?

Q: No, I'm looking forward.

PATTERSON: You'll see a courier meeting guests on a train.

Q: There may be some of this that's on the film that we don't need to talk about now. But I was interested in just what sort of influence that whole experience...

PATTERSON: It was rather kind of an adventure. An adventure, and helping other people, poor people. I mean, it both came into idealisms young people have.

Q: Had you ever been in an experience of being close to poor people before that?

PATTERSON: I don't think so. I'd seen some cowboys out West that had their little houses, and they had their jobs.

Q: But this was where you really probably talked to mothers, and that kind of thing in a place where...

PATTERSON: The daughter of a great friend of mine, whose also by the way, an associate geographer, applied to go down one summer when she was at college, and she applied too late so

they turned her down. Her mother said that was the best thing that had happened to her. She has a well known name, and where she lives everything goes her way, and here was one thing she couldn't make. She went down the next year.

Q: So probably it was good to get turned down, and also good to have that experience then. Then after that time at Forgotten Frontier experience, one of the next important things was your going out to the Yucatan. That was with Elizabeth Cabot, wasn't it? What would you say were the main things that you learned, the influences on you, when you went to the Yucatan with Elizabeth Cabot?

PATTERSON: I don't know quite what you mean by influences. We were great friends, and her family were American, but they lived in Mexico City. She had never been to the Yucatan either, so we thought we'd go together, I mean the Yucatan bit. But my father put me on a boat in New York, and gave the chief purser $5.00 to take good care of me. Five dollars was a nice tip in those days. When we got to Progreso, the immigration authority said, "And who is in charge of this young lady?" Up stepped the purser, "I am." So it was all right, I could get ashore. He was so afraid of the white slave traffic, I think. So those $5.00 were well spent. And there was Elizabeth with a male, age 40 something, who had been delegated to accompany us by her family. We spent a couple of nights in Merida. Elizabeth had been to a school in Mexico City, a private school for gir1s -- a convent I guess it was -- and had one friend who lived there and had stayed with her father. And then took a train in the early morning out to the digs. It was very nice being able to live with the men who were actually doing the work because we'd all eat together at a long table, and talk to everybody. We went around and they'd show us their bits, and things they were doing. I took the first professional movies that were ever taken there.

Q: Had you ever gotten a sense of the past in any of your other experiences, your travels in Europe, or perhaps China, as intimate a sense of the past? As I have a feeling you got there.

PATTERSON: In Yucatan, yes.

Q: That was your first sense of that. Can you remember any of your feelings about that?

PATTERSON: Of course, China has feelings too. This was archaeology. I didn't go into archaeology in China. The marvelous stone figures you see already made there. They are still there, but not into the digs, so I haven't seen that. And to think I'm still very much embroiled in archaeology right now...

Q: Isn't that interesting, after all those years. And I guess there wasn't really any connection between, in the years in between, was there? But then you again became interested in these more recent years.

PATTERSON: Well, when we lived in Greece Jeff and I used to take motor trips sometimes on weekends. And see some digs and see ancient cities.

Q: So there was something in between. Do you think that experience in the Yucatan heightened your interest for what's going on now at your estate in Maryland where they're finding so many interesting things?

PATTERSON: Probably yes, yes. To quote my good friend, and woman geographer Mary Ripley, who said, "The trouble with me is, I'm so interested in too many things." And I agree with Mary.

Q: Can you remember anything particular that happened when you were at the Yucatan, any find that particularly impressed you, or anything like that?

PATTERSON: At Chichen Itza, we were shown around. We wore our riding clothes because it's easier to climb over big rocks in them, and also leather boots, because of the snakes. It's a better protection. And these nice archaeologists would give us guidance on things like that. We saw what they were doing and climbed up the Temple of the Warriors, which was fascinating. And saw the God Chac Mool, and from high up you could see the plan of the city, and the great buildings they had. And also the sports area, because they had a game of ball they used to play with doughnut eyes, I called it, but made of stone each side of the court and a ball they liked to throw through it -- the two teams fighting, bang against each other.

There were no other foreigners there, at all, if we had not been invited to stay at the hacienda, we would have had to stay with Dona Victoria, who had a small house and a dirt floor, and hammocks, and children, and hands going around under your hammock. Nothing very private or very comfortable, but there was no alternative. Now there's a motel, because Jeff went there later on, with a swimming pool, etc. But it made it all the more fun in a sense to be different.

Q: I know you made the first professional film of Chichen Itza, and you just happened to say to me while we were working this out, that you often think visually, rather than in words of something. Do you think this seeing the world through a camera lens changes the way you look at things, from the way anybody who isn't as able to do that, or hasn't had that kind of experience, sees the world? The way you focus on things, or anything like that.

PATTERSON: Do you remember when we were talking a couple of days ago, I was trying to remember where I saw a woman that we were both talking about. She was on my left…I mean, I couldn't remember her name at first. But I put it on my left, a tea for a big meeting that I'd been to, what she wore, how her hair was done, and then her name came to me. The one I wrote down for you.

Q: That's very interesting. I would guess, although I just wanted to check to see if it was the case, that that kind of experience that became as developed as yours became with the many, many different films and photos you took, certainly must develop the way one looks at the world. That's very interesting.

Then the next experience, that I don't think you said very much about in the book that has been written about you, is that experience with Olivia Stokes, and her parents in Africa. I think you did say on the tape a little while ago, that Dr. Stokes was particularly important in improving

race relationships for the future, and that kind of thing. Do you think your experience with him, and with that family at that time, changed any of your ways of thinking about the world?

PATTERSON: I must say I hadn't given Africa much thought at all before that. Europe, and China, and Yucatan, and Mexico, it just hadn't been a part of my experience, and Dr. Stokes, Anson Phelps Stokes, was president of the Phelps Stokes Fund, which had been set up by his aunts to help Africans in the United States, and in Africa. He was president of it, his nephew is on the board now, it has gone down through the family for 50 or 60 years. He was sent with the mission of trying to improve race relations before it came to a clash. He was given letters of introduction by the Colonial Office in London because these countries on the east side were mostly colonies, and also by the Church Missionary Society. He himself was an Episcopalian, a clergyman, a canon at the Washington Cathedral, so he could address people on the religious side as well as the humanitarian-educational side. He had been secretary of Yale University for 25 years before he came to Washington. He was very well suited to this. He knew what we'd done that was right, and what we'd done that was wrong when our slaves were freed, and troubles of that kind, and what to do next. They were hoping for advice on that subject. And with introductions everywhere, we didn't go straight from Cape Town to Cairo, we went very crooked and saw the most interesting places, and different ways of traveling.

Q: What a marvelous experience.

PATTERSON: It was.

Q: Did you come away yourself, do you think, with any thoughts or feelings about Africa that you couldn't have had otherwise?

PATTERSON: Oh, yes, certainly. I know Africa has changed. I've been reading about it since then, but I have difficulty with some of the untruths that come out in Mr. Mag_'s television program. He really goes too far. It's a beautiful country and I think the Africans themselves -- I'm not talking about North Africa now, but sub-Sahara -- it's been amazing how much they've developed in the last 50 years. That's only two generations to do what took us ten thousand years to do. Of course, they've been exposed to advanced civilization, meaning the West which is the dominant one at the moment. So they've had examples beside them, and they've been given opportunities to learn languages -- learn reading, I don't mean languages. Well, the poor things, I hope they won't make them learn Dutch forever in South Africa. That seems so stupid. One language is enough, and a world language at that.

Q: Did you feel that you got a chance to know Africans personally on this kind of a trip with the Stokes?

PATTERSON: We went too fast to make friendships. Of course we met a few when we visited the mission schools. We only stayed a day or two. There was one in South Africa with two very nice young men who spoke good English -- Africans -- in suits and ties, and they were teachers. They could have done just as well in the United States. I mean, they were really with this generation. It was such a contrast to the others.

Q: Were there any other experiences on that African trip that were at all impressive to you?

PATTERSON: People often don't realize how different different African countries are, and different tribes. Tribes are more important than nations, and the European nations made some blunders when they divided what should be French, what should be German, what should be British. They should have taken into account nature and the tribes. They didn't have a broad enough knowledge to do that. So they've cut them in the wrong places sometimes.

It really surprises me to think how much the black Africans have developed in three generations. They were still attacking each other, and had tribal wars -- I mean, so recent as that. When we were there, of course, we met friends, and some cousins of the Stokes who had lived there for some time, who told us about people they had seen and what had happened before. It's quite amazing. Apartheid is a difficult problem. They've made many changes in their social laws now. Somebody straight out of a _____. In the old days really we would regard as primitive. It would not be easy to have around all the time. Oh, I think some of it is quite wrong what they're doing with apartheid. On the other hand, if they said you can live wherever you like, you'd probably have slums coming up everywhere, like the favelas in Rio, or the barrios in Lima. I can't think of them all, but people come from the mountains, or the hills, looking for a job and they don't find one, and they just create another slum. Is that any better than where they are now?

Q: It's a problem. Did you ever feel after that African trip that you would like to go back to Africa to live, work, film, photo?

PATTERSON: I went back to East Africa once with Jeff. He didn't really want to go there when we were in Cairo, it would have been so easy. We were there three years, he just wasn't interested. He liked, if he had a vacation, to go to Europe, and go to the museums in Vienna, and the music, that sort of thing. He was very conscious of civilization. But we did, after he retired, we went to East Africa again to Kenya, and a little bit of Tanzania, and Uganda.

Q: Did he then find that part of the world intriguing?

PATTERSON: Yes, and some of it very beautiful, too. We were fortunate we could rent an airplane, with a pilot of course, who had been an RAF officer, an Englishman, and knew every airstrip everywhere. There were only two or three really big airfields. He knew his way around. It was a six passenger plane. That meant we could leave when we wanted, we didn't have to be downstairs in the hotel with all our luggage at 7:00 a.m. He was already getting older, and it was a sensible way to do it. The pilot asked, since there were only two of us, he asked very politely, if it would be all right if his wife came along. She'd never had a chance to go. He was always taking a tourist, and she was left at home. So it was like two couples traveling together, and very nice too.

Q: Oh, and how much they could share with you.

PATTERSON: Yes, their knowledge. They'd been there 20 years, I think, and we saw much more.

Q: And, I think you told me, didn't you, that that experience in Africa had really changed your career life.

PATTERSON: Yes, because of the photographs. Really it did, because I was the photographer of the party. Olivia, my friend, studied shorthand and typing to be her father's secretary, and I was the photographer. He used my photographs in his lectures when he came back to America -- big glass slides they used to have then, about 2"x8". But then I also found I could sell the pictures, and then I could sell them if I would write an article to go with them. That really impelled me into photo-journalism. It was after that that I took the course in photography, and then went on from there. I had a little studio in New York, a one room studio, and a one room like it to live in. And I'd go where I wanted to, largely. So the idea sometimes before, sometimes after. And what I didn't sell myself, I sold through an agent which is good because I don't like to spend all my time trotting around selling. I'd rather go out making.

Q: What do you think your parents' attitude was toward this? You must, at that point, been going in quite different directions from many of the young ladies whom they knew.

PATTERSON: Well, my parents were friends of the Stokes. I remember when Mrs. Stokes came to call on my mother, to ask if I might come along, a hat and gloves and everything, very formal -- it seems so strange now to think people would be that formal among themselves as friends. They were delightful people, I was just devoted to them. We never had a cross word in six months.

Q: What a marvelous way to travel, really.

PATTERSON: I was so lucky to make the contacts that they had.

Q: Yes, that could make a place entirely different, if there are people who know people, than if you're just traveling by yourself.

PATTERSON: We had no time, as you asked before, to make friends with Africans -- we didn't say black Africans. We spent about ten days around Cape Town, and the Stokes had some cousins there, obviously white too. We went to a dance at the Country Club with them. I mean, that kind of thing. But there was no socializing, or there wouldn't have been much culturally, at that time, with affinity. Here I have some good friends who are black, with the same interests that I have, and it's great. I never mind thinking that one day I was probably a little man painted blue, running around the forests in England. Didn't they paint themselves blue at one time? I mean, it doesn't embarrass me. Why should the Africans be embarrassed because at one time they were less civilized in what's grown up around them?

Q: Everyone has grown, and evolved through a great many, many years.

PATTERSON: Maybe the educated ones are not worried about it, but some of the others that are practical think of it. I think they have just as much cultural background as the western people have.

Q: Then when you went on to study photo-journalism, what was your parents' thought of that kind of thing that you were doing?

PATTERSON: They thought it was fine. They probably would have liked me to get married by that time, but I hadn't found anybody I wanted to marry. I was enjoying what I was doing, and of course, the photography took me to Labrador, Georgetown, British Guinea -- I can't think how many places now. But I had a good deal of travel, and enjoyed the life very much. I had a kit made which I gave to a museum in Philadelphia. There used to be a museum of photography in Philadelphia and when that was given out the man who was really was the founder gave it all to the Eastman Kodak. But I had a fiberboard suitcase make up about this big, and about this high, and this deep, which would take a camera, changing bag, film, developing tank, chemicals -- I mean, everything I would need to develop and to make a proof, not a print, but a proof.

Q: Oh, I don't think I ever realized that you did the developing and that sort of thing, as well as actually taking photos.

PATTERSON: Well, of course, certainly. I didn't in Africa, it would have been a lot of stuff to carry around with you. But at the school it began first by mixing chemicals. Now you can buy them ready made, or packaged -- different kinds, you have to know what you want. Oh, yes, developing, printing and enlarging. You couldn't print an enlarged with this one suitcase, but you could do everything else. So if you were someplace far away and would never get back, be sure you've got what you want or else you go back the next day and take. So it was very useful, yes. I designed this, and had it made, and the director of the museum was quite intrigued by it. I had given up photography, I was doing something else by that time.

Q: Oh, that is interesting. I think we've talked about a number of things that we haven't had before. Is there anything else that you can think of? We've just got a few minutes, I guess, before its time for you to show the film on the Frontier Nursing. Is there anything else that you'd like to…

PATTERSON: I haven't told you about my dog, Diana. Diana de Borgerac Patterson. I bought her in Belgium. Jeff got there three days after VE day from Peru. I stopped a couple weeks with my parents then joined him over there. But things were somewhat unsettled. Belgium, of course, is a very stable and civilized country, but right after the war with the soldiery around, the people _____ soldier uniforms. Jeff thought it would be safer to have a dog. I had just had all the carpets cleaned, and I wasn't so keen at first -- because we had to take all our furniture with us in those days, and he found a very nice house. The Belgians told us that the red room was the one that Hitler had slept in. Well, there was one room with a red wall-to-wall carpet, it must have been that one. It was a new house before the war. However, he felt we better have a watch dog.

So we began to inquire as to where to get one. The Germans had taken all the dogs that would be useful for military purposes, so you couldn't get them in a pet shop. Finally, some Belgium friends said, "Go to the main market, the Grand Plaza, on Saturday or Sunday morning. There's a big fair for small animals, dogs and cats, chickens and geese, and small animals." So we did that, and it as so cold that they moved it into the slaughter house, and the slaughter house was clean as a whistle. There I found a six month old puppy, gangly, and very sweet, and loved her, bought

her and brought her home. It didn't have any papers because the Germans had taken all the ones that had papers. But she won prizes in both the Brussels and Antwerp show -- honorable mention in Brussels and Antwerp. She couldn't get a prize because she didn't have papers. The next day we found out that she had distemper, but we got her over that. Then I used to take her to school. This is another way you can meet different kinds of people. We belonged to the Club Royale du Chien Ugene. Which I think is a lovely word. It met every Saturday afternoon in a yard behind a bar on the edge of Brussels. You got in there with your dog -- I think it cost $2.00 a year, but that couldn't be right -- it was something very modest. It didn't have formalities about joining. But anybody could come with a dog. A row of chairs and you sit with your dog on your left, and the head about even with your knee, and wait for your turn. The teacher would take one dog at a time with his master. The teacher would almost never talk to the dog, they'd talk to you and tell you what to do. Except when the dog was supposed to heel and didn't heel. The only other thing the teacher ever did, to talk to the dog, was when the master was out of sight. You mustn't let a dog mistrust his master, and the teacher would throw a little bit of food at him, and then the dog would go ____, stop it, with a horrible voice. That was the purpose, don't take food from a stranger, because they were being poisoned sometimes. Well, anyway, she learned French and English. She was brought up with both, and when we moved a year later to Cairo, then she had to learn Arabic. But she never learned Spanish, and I sad that was because she was getting deaf. Jeff said, no, four languages is too much for a dog. But I could talk to her in sign language, anyway. Even out of a second story window I could tell her what to do, and she'd do it. I loved her dearly. And she was married in Cairo, too. Our house was on the Nile, it just had a paved street, and some grass with palms, and the Nile between us on the water. It made a very nice place to walk a dog. I used to see this handsome -- there are not many German shepherds in Egypt -- and I'd see this dog being walked up and down by his servant. The only dog I ever knew who had a servant that had nothing in the world to do except take care of the dog. The dog belonged to a lieutenant in the Royal Bodyguard, whose father was the Grand Chamberlain, and their house was about a block and a half away, also on the Nile. So we arranged a match, and Diana had nine puppies, I think. Two of them didn't live long, the others did. We had a waiting list at the Embassy of people who wanted Diana's puppies. We kept two. Of course, the owner of the father had the first choice. He was away, so the Grand Chamberlain came over at my invitation. We gave him thick coffee, of course, the polite thing to do. He was amused by all these little things. We had a guest room that opened onto a porch with a stone wall around it so it was very safe to be indoors or outdoors, just moved all the furniture out, and that was the dog's room. When they were six months old, we had a bones party. "Miss Isma__ Patterson, Master Mahut Patterson, request the hilarity of the company of -- at a certain time and place," and in the corner, "Bring your masters." So they brought the children too. We had bones for the dogs, and coca cola, and things like that, biscuits or cake perhaps for the children. But they wanted to see what Diana could do, put her through her paces of what she'd learned and it would help the owners to train their dogs. She did very well. She was very good at tracking. One could go out in the garden, leave her inside with the door wide open, but she's way inside, and say, "Sit, stay." And go out and hide a pair of gloves, for instance, under a pile of new mowed grass or something and she'd have to stay until I got back, and I say, "Diana, fetch." (French) She'd bring it back, and sit and give it back to me.

Q: What a wonderful source of companionship, entertainment she must have been.

PATTERSON: Yes, she was my favorite amusement there.

Q: Perhaps we'd better go now, and see that film you're going to show on the Frontier Nursing Service. I've just enjoyed working on this with you so much as we've tried to get at a few things that hadn't already been written about you. Thanks ever so much.

End of interview