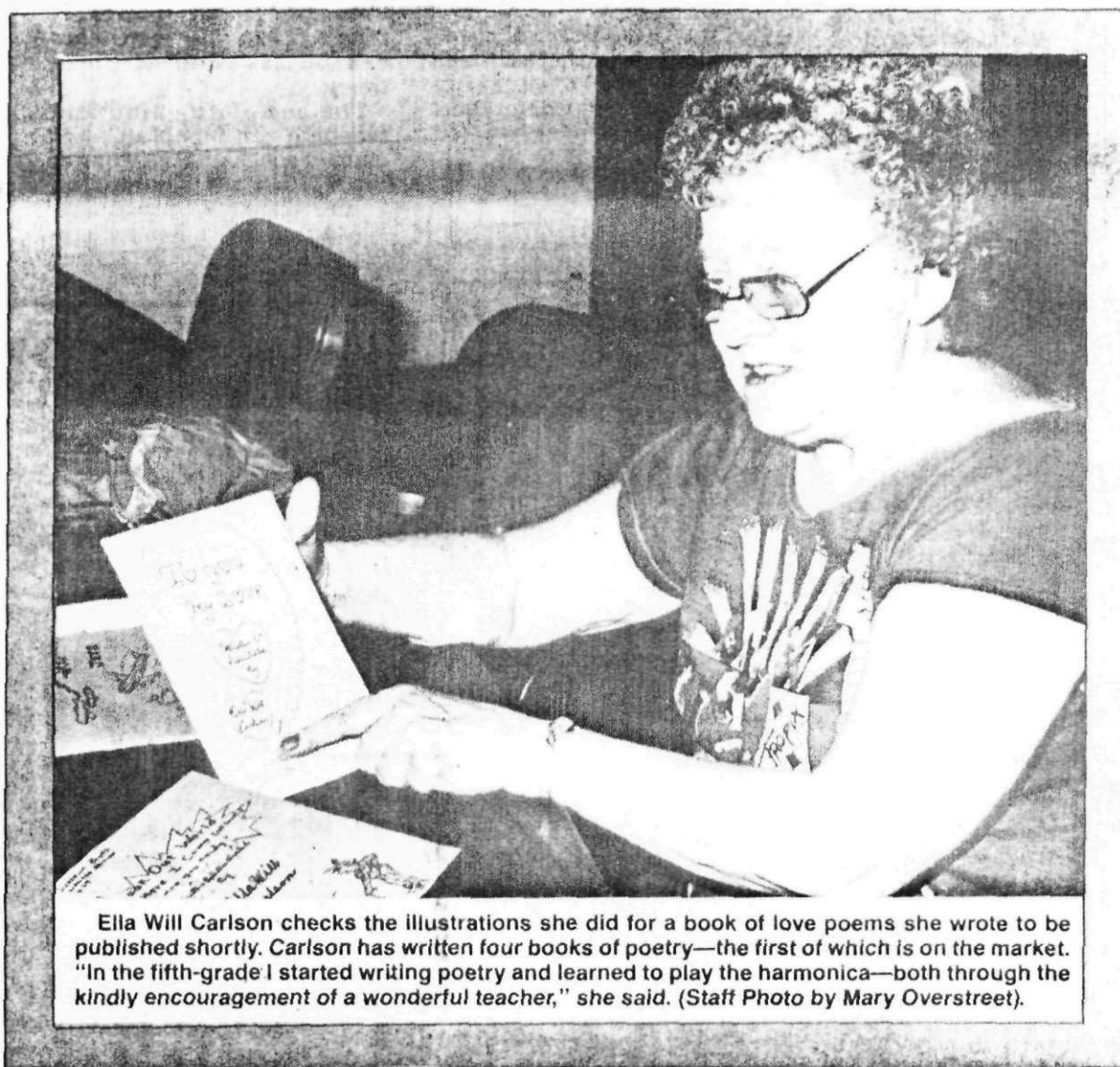


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2010

Carlson, Ella Wills Part-Time Poet Pens Publishing Plans



Ella Will Carlson checks the illustrations she did for a book of love poems she wrote to be published shortly. Carlson has written four books of poetry—the first of which is on the market. "In the fifth-grade I started writing poetry and learned to play the harmonica—both through the kindly encouragement of a wonderful teacher," she said. (Staff Photo by Mary Overstreet).

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Carlson, Ella Wills
(Cont.)

by Shirley Cole

*I'm a toothless old hag
Just a tired, homely bag...
Badly battered and beaten-
A bitter old nag...*

*I'm a worn-out old witch
with one foot in the ditch
without even the urge left
to scratch when I itch...*

*Life is either hum-drum
or it's too troublesome...
All the best things are past
with the worst yet to come...*

*I'm an old battle-axe
in babushka and slacks...
Any day now I'm sure
I'll drop dead in my tracks...*

*I'm a run-down old wreck
and I don't give a heck...
But don't dare to agree
because I'LL WRING YOUR
NECK!*

Ella Will Carlson, 67, started writing poetry in grade school. She continued to write all during her lifetime. "Someday I'm going to put a book out," she said.

Busy raising three sons, Carlson kept putting it off. "Your own needs get put on a shelf," she said.

Recently she finally decided it was time and had the first of four booklets of poetry printed by Superior Printing and Office Supplies in Bensenville. The other three are in the making.

Carlson, who has lived in

Elmhurst for 32 years, titled her first book, "Look Out World Here I Come (at last) Are You Ready?" It contains several poems on growing old—and a number on her philosophy of life. It may be purchased at Century Photo, 104 W. Park Ave., Elmhurst, or Brentwood Drugs, York Road and Grand Avenue, Bensenville.

At the end of her book Carlson tells of going to live on a farm with her grandmother at the age of six after her parents were divorced. She tells of attending a two room school-house where the teachers made potato soup in the basement for lunch. She recalls her love of the country in things like moving the handle of the pump to draw water from the well.

When Carlson's grandmother died, her father brought her and two brothers and a sister to Chicago, where he hired a housekeeper to care for the children. Many housekeepers came and went and Carlson often had to stay home from school to keep house.

When she was 18, her father said he was no longer responsible for her and she left home. Carlson found her mother, who got her a job with the telephone company. Eventually she married and had three sons.

"In the 5th grade I started writing poetry and learned to play the harmonica—both through the kindly encouragement of a wonderful teacher.

She still loves music of all kinds and said others enjoyed hearing her play the harmonica on camping trips. Today she has a collection of more than 1,000 records and many tapes.

Carlson has saved for a long time to pay for having her poetry printed in book form. She also drew the illustrations that appear in the book.

She considers writing poetry an excellent form of self expression. "I never know when a writing spell is going to come," she said. "But I know I never feel better than when I write."

Carlson's second book, "Thunder-Jets and Castanets," contains a number of poems written about her sons. It will be printed in September.

The third book, "Fragile Moments," will appear in November. It contains contemplative poems.

"To You My Love," a book of love poems, will be printed in December. These are poems about Carlson's life when she was in her teens and 20s.

For information about obtaining the books, call Carlson at 838-8288.