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September 2015

Harold Leland Chaffey Correspondence

Harold Leland Chaffey 1900-1961

Henry Ernest Dunnack 1867-1938

Maine State Library

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CHAFFEY, Harold Leland

Born at Eastport, Maine, 1900.

Thornton Hall,
Saco, Maine,
Oct. 14, 1926.

Mr. Henry E. Punnack,
Maine State Librarian,
Augusta, Maine.

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
RECEIVED

OCT 16 1926

AUGUSTA, MAINE

My Dear Mr. Punnack:-

On the fifteenth of this
coming November, Harold Uhlial,
New York Publisher, will present
a volume of Poetry entitled
"Frost and Spray" to the reading
Public. I am glad to be
the author of these poems.

The book consists of
two parts: I Miscellaneous
Fand Poems, II Sea Songs and Ballads.

The Bangor Library has even now ordered copies for his Department. Gerald F. Winder of the Bowdoin Library has known me intimately during the last four years, as I was an assistant in the College Library. He has also encouraged me in my writing.

I have advised my publisher to forward you a copy of "Prest and Sprap" just as soon as it comes from the press. I sincerely hope

all of these poems were written last year while I was a senior at Bowdoin College. They are a direct product of the "Institute of Literature" held there last year.

You undoubtedly remember Will Beale, author of "Frontier of the Prep". He is a fellow townsman of mine and is very much interested in my little book. He has encouraged me and helped me in many ways.

Mr. Boyd, Librarian at

that you will enjoy it and feel free to speak a good word for it. Remember that many of the poems were written late at night in old North Wintthrop Hall, where both Tuffellou and Hawthorne roomed while in Bowdoin.

Hoping again that you will enjoy "Prest and Sprag" and will find time to say you like it,

3 remain,

Cordially,

Harold V. Chaffey

NOVEMBER
19TH
1 9 2 6

Harold L. Chaffey
Thornton Hall
Saco, Maine

Dear Sir:

I have been waiting with keen anticipation the arrival of your book of poems. This is the 19th - four days beyond the 15th - you can easily imagine my condition on the close of this fourth day. We are greatly interested in anything produced by the men and women of Maine.

Our Library Bulletin goes to press the middle of December, therefore, we will greatly appreciate a photograph and a brief sketch of your life that we may use in a write-up in the bulletin.

We will do everything we can to further the sale of your volume of poetry.

Sincerely yours,

Henry E. Dunnack,
STATE LIBRARIAN.

HED/t

HAROLD LELAND CHAFFEY,

AUTHOR

"DUST AND SPRAY"

Present Address:- THORNTON HALL,
SACO, MAINE.

Home Address:- #37 CLARK ST.,
EASTPORT, MAINE.



WEBBER
BRUNSWICK, ME.

Noys

Thornton Hall,
Faco, Maine
Nov. 22, 1926

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
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NOV 24 1926

Dear Mr. Pennock:

It is true that several days have passed since November 15th. I too have been awaiting each mail with much anxiety. As ~~time~~ time passes I am becoming more and more nervous. Only the appearance of my book will get me back to a normal state of existence.

A thousand thanks for your more than kind letter. I am very much gratified to find that you are taking such an interest in my poems. One reason

3

have yet written.

May I submit the following sketch of my life:

Born at Eastport, Maine, in 1900
Son of the late Guy C. Chaffey and
Grace Gene Balkin.

Educated in the Public Schools
of Eastport. Graduated from Grand
Memorial High School in 1920

Held the position of Principal
of the Ellsworth Falls grammar
School for the next two years.

Entered Bowdoin in 1922. Was
graduated from that college
in June 1926. Degree: A. B.

Elected Senior Class Poet for
1926 at Bowdoin.

Was on the Forbes Pickard

why many of us attempt things
which seem almost impossible is
that so many friends are ever
interested in us and are always
ready to encourage and to urge
us on. We who try things a
bit out of the ordinary just decide
to succeed because of the faith
our friends have in us.

I am continuing to write
poems here in Saco, at the head of the
English Department at Bowdoin
Academy. I am ever in contact
with the treasures of our literature.
I have written over fifty poems
since I came here and really
believe they possess more
poetic merit than any I

Poetry Prize 1926. Also prize for best poem on Bowdoin in the same year.

Worked as Assistant in Bowdoin Library for four years.

Member of Chapel Choir, Bowdoin Band (Mgt. 1926), Glee Club, and "Quill" Board.

at present Head of English Dept. at Bowdoin Academy, Faco, Me.

Here you have it in a nut shell.

From my grandfather and Father I inherited my love of the sea. They both loved the sea and understood, I

think, something of its mystery. They lived all their lives on the coast and dearly loved the 'Quoddy country'. This understanding and love they passed on to me as my heritage. I hope they feel that I have been faithful to my trust.

There is something about the sea that entices me. And the mystery of it all is always a fascinating thing to talk and think about. And when a strong wind blows in over Quoddy Bay, who

the sea. His "Frontier of the Peep" is full of the smell of sea weed, the cry of the gull and the rush of wave against shore. And his book is one of the few truthful presentations of coast life. What a wealth of material we have along our coast! Ballads, chants, poems, etc, all waiting to be captured by a lover of these things. The aged singer of Ballads is about to pass beyond. We must act quickly!

If my first volume meets with success why

knows what it might tell us if we only could "tune in" on it. Surely it would tell of the South, of tropic isles, of sailor's photos and many many other fascinating things. I have a poem about trees about all this. The last lines are:

"...when the wind's sou'-west, who dares declare there is no romance in the air?" Perhaps it will be published some time.

I think that Will Beale has come to have a secret understanding with

I shall start editing my poem with another volume in view. I wonder if you would be willing to help me do my editing? I like to have poetry lovers read my manuscript and pass opinions.

You, I feel that I have bored you too much. If so, please forgive me. I have written to Vival today, and you should soon receive your copy. And remember that I have a shower full of poetry as good, if not better, than those in "Dust and Spray".

Ever cordially
Harold T. Chaffey

P.S. I will try to get a picture to send you later.
H.C.

SING HEY, MY BULLIES, O!

Bring the anchor up my boys,
Turn the old winch round;
Bring the rusty anchor chain
Shrieking up the hawse-pipe main,
Soon we'll be to sea again,
So hey! my bullies, O!

Drop and raise your winch bars, boys,
Sing a sailor's song;
Chant a ditty while you raise
The anchor up; for many days
You'll hear the strainin' of the stays,
So, hey, by bullies, O!

Here's the mud hook showin' boys,
Strap her to the rail;
Put the puddin' in, for we
Are headin' Sou'west out to sea,
Bound to cross the Caribee,
So hey, my bullies, O!