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November 2015

Lena K. Sargent Correspondence

Lena K. Sargent

Maine State Library

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SARGENT, Lena K.

Sherman, Maine

November 13, 1936

Mrs. Lena K. Sargent
Congress Square Hotel
Portland, Maine

Dear Mrs. Sargent:

May we congratulate you upon your recent, and we believe first, book, BRUCE, THE FISHERBOY. We received a complimentary copy some little time ago, and were delighted to find a Maine background in the interesting story.

Possibly you know of the Maine Author Collection. It is an exhibit collection of the books of Maine authors, and was started about fifteen years ago. It now includes several hundred volumes, most of them inscribed presentation volumes. The collection is constantly expanding in size and increasing in value and interest.

We want to include BRUCE in the collection, and since we have a copy, may we not send it to you for an inscription? At your convenience, we would be very grateful for some biographical information, also, as of course we like to keep all available material on our Maine authors in a suitable file for reference.

We anticipate with pleasure your next Bruce book, which we understand will have as its locale, Mount Katahdin -- surely a fascinating background for any boy's adventures!

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
BY

lm

SECRETARY



Portland Maine School of Commerce

142 HIGH STREET

Portland, Maine

Lena R. Sargent
DIRECTOR
H. Leroy Caston
PRINCIPAL

November 17, 1936

The Maine State Library
Augusta
Maine

Attention of: Hilda McLeod

Dear Miss McLeod:

I thank you for your letter of November 13 and I appreciate all you say in regard to BRUCE THE FISHERBOY. A letter from the publishers yesterday indicate splendid reception. Anything that I shall ever write would have to have a Maine background as there is no state like Maine.

I did not know of the Maine Author Collection and I shall be very pleased to autograph your copy.

The biographical information: I was born in Aroostook County, Sherman, Maine, was educated in the Sherman and Bangor schools, also had special work at Columbia University and Simmons College. I have been a teacher, both public and private schools, 20 years here in the state. I am asking the Portland Press Herald to send you a copy of the write-up in regard to BRUCE in their issue of October 18. This article states that I was born at Sherman in Oxford County which should have been Aroostook County. If there is any further information you would like, I should be very glad to forward it.

The manuscript for the next book, BRUCE AT MT. KATAHDIN^{II}, will go to the publishers shortly after Christmas. I hope it will be ready for the summer vacationists. This book will be dedicated to Ex-Governor Baxter. I have read the story to him and he was pleased with it and also appreciated the fact it was to be dedicated to him.

Most sincerely yours,

Lena R. Sargent

LKS:MS

November 18, 1936

Mrs. Lena K. Sargent, Director
Portland Maine School of Commerce
142 High Street
Portland, Maine

Dear Mrs. Sargent:

In accordance with your kind and cooperative letter, we are sending BRUCE, THE FISHERBOY to you under separate cover, and will very much appreciate your inscribing the volume for the Maine Author Collection.

Thank you, too, for the biographical information, which is just what we want. We will be glad to have the Press Herald review of the book, and are grateful for your thoughtfulness in requesting that a copy be sent to us.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
BY

lm

SECRETARY

October 30, 1953

Mrs. Lena K. Sargent
East Boothbay
Maine

Dear Mrs. Sargent:

The thorough answer to the Stephen Daye Press has not yet been determined, but we are trying to get the information for you.

Meanwhile, I acknowledge the poem ORONO. Miss Hary explained the circumstances of its background, which makes it especially interesting. We will keep it with your material, if we may; and if it is ever published, I hope you will let us know.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

ORONO

On the shores where moved the waters
Proud as thunder from the sky paths
On the land that knew the harvest
And the hooves of fleeing herds
That were driven to the wastelands
By a steady, slow procession
That would cleave the living fibre
For the FOOD SOURCE of the people.

There were chieftans great and mighty
Proud unflinching in their power.
In the course of men and nations
In the roads of strife and commerce
In the ways of laws and discourse
Men have heralded their leaders
With acclaim, with pomp and singing
Have the gods of earth paid tribute
To the leaders of the nations
Crowned to rule a destined people.
But the suns and moons receding
And the ways of star-marked heavens
Knew the diadems of empires
That no man has placed on record.

Where our campfires knew the rising
Were the smokes the flames of secrets
From our arrow'd flight in airways
Are the messages unending;
Of the winged points of wisdom
Crashing through the air's proud chambers
To a cleavage of the earth force
Far beyond the bowman's station.

From the waters falling thunder
On the mountain's cloud-kocked splendor
Sweeps the healing of the waters
With its course beyond the earth paths
In the forests strange and sombre
Flickered by the lights and shadows
Men moved in a search as huntsmen
In an age long locked and silent.

Long forgotten is our glory
And the freedom of the forest
And the blazing of our campfires
And the winged whirl of arrows
Long forgotten is our tending
Of the crops beneath the soil ways-
Of the fibrous roots and bulb forms
That we tended into fruitage

Long forgotten are the SOURCES
Of the food this land has cherished.
Men remember not the tribute
That they owe to those who tended
Leaf and fibre, bulb and fruitage
In this land before the white man
Made his path of blood and terror
In the forest of our heartways.

In your hearthstones we are speaking
In the herbs and the potatoes
In the kernel of the wheat force
In the maize and in tobacco.
In the thunder of the cattle
Move on the plains with hoofbeats
You can hear our quest through ages
On the land that was our birthplace.

In our symbols we are speaking
Of the rain gods, of the sun god
Of the great might of ALL FATHER
That we loved before you knew us.

In the singing winds of forests
In the music of the rivers
In the sunsets' painted splendor
In the towering heights of mountains
In the stretching length of forests
In the peaceful plains of grass lands.

In the rock, the sand, the marshes
Are reflections of our footfalls.
And this nation standing proudly
Through the centuries short in number
But replete with lightnings' wisdom.

In this nation with its roadways
Straight and strong and hard with asphalt.
In this nation with its towers
Rising skyward ever higher.
In this nation with its babble
Of chaotic sounds of commerce-
In this nation with its wrangling
And its petty greed for earth force.

In this nation of all races
Of all creeds and all perceptions
Drawn from all mighty empires
Of the present, past, and future
In this nation where arises
As a Beacon to the waters
All its mingling of the masses

In this nation you still hear us
In the names upon your rivers
In the names upon your cities
In the names upon your stateways
Massachusetts, Minnesota
Illinois, Iowa, Idaho
Wisconsin, Connecticut, Dakota
Colorado, Missouri and Mississippi.

You have heard us in unnumbered names and places
In your lakes and on your highways
IN YOUR TOWERS WE ARE SPEAKING.
And we pledge with our Crossed Arrows
With the wings of air and sunways
And the tips of flints strong carving
OUR UNITED FORCE FOR FREEDOM.

In this land of our oppression
By enslavement by the white man
We are marching still in freedom
In this land that is our birthright.
And from ancient ways of wisdom
We bring back the trust we carry
And we place it on the altar
Of the sun god's fires to lighten
All the blazing dawns before us.

In this day new-born, triumphant
From the slavery of centuries
From the pettiness of seekers
Who behold the earth their death knell.
And seek only in its darkness
From the iron clad heels of warriors
Marching in a cruel procession.

From the evil of men's seekings
From the darkness of men's heartways
From the bludgeoning of centuries
DAWN AT LAST HAS COME!

O Greet it and behold the Light has risen
And no longer is there darkness!

(This is the poem of which I spoke to your
secretary yesterday. It has never been
published. I would appreciate your opinion)

Lena K. Sargent
East Boothbay, Maine