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## Alice Lawry Gould Correspondence

Alice Lawry Gould 1894-1965

Mrs. Stephen P. Gould 1894-1965

Henry Ernest Dunnack 1867-1938

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GOULD, Alice Lawry (Mrs. Stephen Gould)

Born at Vinalhaven.



15 Weaver Street,  
Auburn, Maine,  
January 12, 1926.

Mr. Henry E. Dunnack,  
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Mr. Dunnack:

I shall feel it  
a great distinction to have  
little "Flotilla" in such com-  
pany as you propose. Thank you.

I will write Mr. Badger for  
a copy today. It is his book  
to sell, else I should gladly  
send it gratis for such a  
purpose.

I'm afraid I could never  
condense the intangible  
"reasons for writing" into a

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sentiment pithy enough for a flyleaf; but your question, the fact that you are a librarian, and the fact that you live in Augusta, - suggest a line of reminiscence.

I always loved books (of course), and among my earliest associations with them is the picture of a big man, a big square sort of man, who worked in a granite quarry days; but who, because he believed his island home should have a public library, fathered one, evenings, in a room behind the post office. Thither, as a small girl, I learned my way, and was thereafter a most

3.

regular visitor. Here I stood  
tip-toe on a box to reach the  
Prudy books, "Back of North Wind,"  
and - let us hope - "The Child's  
Garden of Verse". The big man  
often helped the small girl.  
He would hardly remember, she does.  
This man was Tom Lyons, subse-  
quently appointed Labor repre-  
sentative in Augusta where he  
still lives, I presume. ~~He probably~~  
~~was~~ Later came our Carnegie  
Library (in Uinalhaven), and  
my flair for verse. The relation  
of <sup>poetry</sup> ~~poetry~~ <sup>to other reading matter</sup> I regarded somewhat  
as that of flowers to vegetables,  
dessert to meat; but I read rather  
furtively; such funny taste,  
people thought! I only wish

"Flotilla" more nearly justified  
it.


---

Sincerely yours,

Alice Lawry Gould







15 Weaver Street,  
Auburn, Maine,  
January 18, 1926.

My dear Mr. Dunnack:

I am sending a copy of "Flotilla", and the bill for what the book costs me. Through Mr. Badger's courtesy, it is less than his usual price for this copy. I wish I could afford to omit the bill.

Sincerely yours,

Alice L. Gould

ALICE LAWRY GOULD

Author of:

Flotilla

Inscription:

(On being asked to write something that would enhance the interest in an autographed book of poems fifty years from now)

Hush! Fifty years, Why is it grown so  
still?

In sudden silence, and alone, I peer  
Down long and vasty corridors that  
stretch  
Into a future no man living knows.

That these should be preserved - these  
little moods,  
These fragmentary bits of passing thought,  
While struggles, yearnings, friendships,  
crises, lives,  
Falling like meteors into the deep,  
Leave not a ripple where the  
star-dust fell!  
Funny it is, and curious, and sad.

Departed years are strange; but those  
not come  
Are stranger, Birds will sing, and  
Flowers smile  
In the familiar places; the same trees  
Will lift their dryad arms to the same sky;  
Rocks will remain; the everlasting hills;  
And the great changeless, ever changing  
sea.

And friends - those loving ones  
who read this now?  
Ah, here or There, be kind to them,  
dear God,  
Within Whose faithful sight a  
thousand years  
Are but as yesterday when it  
is past.

Signed

Alice Lawry Gould

CLUB OF THE CITY

MEMBER

NAME

RESIDENCE

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It is a pleasure to have you as a member of the club.

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# First Bates Graduate To Publish Her Poems

In Book Form Is Mrs. Alice Lawry Gould of Auburn, a Native of Vinalhaven

(By ALICE FROST LORD)

We may be all wrong about it. Bates college may have furnished the world books of verse which we either have not happened to see, or else have this moment forgotten.

But the chances are good that this headline is correct; that to Mrs. Alice Lawry Gould of Auburn, belongs the distinction of being the first graduate to set forth her songs in a little volume such as is now finding favor on the book-stalls this season.

So it is that "Flotilla" is heralded on the Bates campus with eager interest; and it is "Flotilla" that is the especial pride of the Class of '17, of which Alice Lawry from Vinalhaven was a member, before ever she became Mrs. Stephen P. Gould.

Other Bates Versifiers

Of course, there have been other Bates versifiers.

Many a student has written, for better or worse, for the old "Bates' Student."

Spoftford Club members have launched their poesy crafts on the troubled sea of undergraduate criticism.

Odes and class poems have been turned out, ream upon ream, Commencement after Commencement.

College songs have been added to the Bates collection.

Alumni have now and then sent verse to other magazines, which has had its day of publicity.

But none, so far as we recall, listened long enough to the muse to warrant a book of poems, until this modest offering comes to hand.

The Lady, Herself

After having experienced the quaint and somewhat startling sensations attendant upon the Bowdoin College Literary Institute lectures of last spring, Maine lovers of poetry may be excused if they fully expect these folk to affect the eccentricities of genius.

But perhaps this pertains only to the poet hard-boiled with success, set-up by prize awards, and idealized, if not exactly idolized, as a platform reader of self-made productions.

Not so, with the author of a first venture, albeit it is surprisingly good; and in the case of Mrs. Gould we have a suspicion that time will not taint the sweetness of this particular personality nor mar the charm of a modest and unassuming manner.

FLOTILLA

So many ships have set out!  
It may be that some will come back  
Laden with myrrh and cloth of gold,  
With other treasures in the hold;  
But bring they much, or cargo lack,  
The dreaming mattered most, no  
doubt.

THE INVIOULATE

Erase the figures from the board  
That say that two and two are  
four!

No truth is lost: the fact remains  
And will remain for ever more.

Stay the clock's swinging pendulum:  
Mute and unmoving let it be;  
Stop all the clocks in all the world:  
They alter not eternity.

Silence the wise man and the seer  
With ignorance and human will;  
Make Galileos all recant:  
The universe is moving still.

So let this body be erased,  
These members cease from mortal  
strife;

The senses lie about the truth—  
Nil desperandum: God is life!

A Vinalhaven Setting

The Maine seacoast flavor haunts the conversation of this young woman and the sog of the sea is an undercurrent thru many of her poems.

She is a native of Vinalhaven and girlhood friend of another Vinalhaven poet, already well-known, Harold Vinal, with whom she has renewed her friendship from summer to summer in these later years of literary success, up to the time he went abroad.

Asked where she first received inspiration to write verse, Mrs. Gould, in her cozy home on Auburn Heights, shook her head deprecatingly. I wrote rhymes as a child, and I have my mother to thank for this little book; for it long has been her cherished dream. Then I remember the first bit of my verse which was ever published; a little parody on the "The Last Rose of Summer," being about "The First Rose." It found publicity in the Rockland Courier-Gazette, of which W. O. Fuller is still the kindly and considerate editor.

Other poems have been published

2014



MRS. ALICE LAWRY GOULD  
Of Auburn

in Boston papers—the Transcript and the Monitor—in the American Poetry Magazine, and in other similar periodicals.

Many of her poems, perhaps some of the best, have not been used in this volume because they were occasional verse, associated with people or events of little general interest.

#### FLORET

Oh, peonies are gorgeous things,  
Rejoicing eyes, and yet  
They cannot bring the lyric thoughts  
Of one spring violet.

And rhododendrons, one would think,  
Could never be forgot;  
Strange, how the heart remembers  
best

A blue forget-me-not.

#### RETURN

It is a solemn thing to wander back  
To scenes that early happiness en-  
dears,  
Grown brighter still in fancy thru  
the years  
Until no touch of loveliness they  
lack.

Oh, you will find them—buildings,  
trees and hill,  
And even people: one recalls your  
name.  
You see, it is, it must be, just the  
same;  
But you, but you who were, are ab-  
sent still.

#### Knew The Millays

Altho Mrs. Gould knew the Mil-  
lays of Camden, including a slight  
acquaintance with Edna St. Vin-  
cent Millay, whose poetic fame has  
been soaring zenithward of late,  
there is no trace of the Millay in-  
fluence or style in Mrs. Gould's  
work.

The latter is modern; but there  
is no satire nor sting; and there is

a depth of feeling and poignancy of  
emotion which presage a future for  
this young woman, if she chooses  
to follow the trail of fancy on from  
where it has thus far led her.

There is originality of idea in  
many of her poems; and there is  
the simplicity which is unaffected  
and hence strong and convincing.  
She confesses shyly the fascination  
that "playing with words" has for  
her.

Nature and her island home retain  
a compelling charm. There is the  
irresistible longing of the inland  
heart for the surge of sea, for cliffs  
veiled in mists, for ocean horizons  
across which the moonbeams dance  
or the sun slips beneath its crimson  
counterpane.

Comparatively little suggests the  
atmosphere of college halls, tho it  
is understood that Professor A. C.  
Baird, with whom Mrs. Gould was  
associated as an assistant in her  
senior year, gave the cue for one of  
these poems; and there is "Year's  
End on the Campus" and "College  
Faculty" which bear the stamp of  
her later educational period.

For the most part, Mrs. Gould has  
chosen the lyric form. To this  
she adheres consistently. Her ten-  
dency is neither toward the dramatic  
nor the ballad.

Here are pensive pen-sketches;  
impressionistic; tender in sentiment;  
never subtle; never flippant. To com-  
mon themes she gives a fresh in-  
terpretation. Whimsies, like exqui-  
site butterflies, are caught on wing  
and impaled for inspection. Nor does  
she give for bread, a stone. There is  
solid meat here; clear thinking; an  
uplift to the things of Spirit,  
Beauty, Truth, God.

Perhaps this seems much to say  
of this tiny volume; but the per-  
fume of these things is here; the  
lure of promise for the years to be.

#### Her College Days

Mrs. Gould, who is now the wife  
of a teacher at Edward Little High  
(himself a Maine-born man, native  
of Rockland) is recalled on the cam-  
pus as given to scholarly work, with  
English literature her major sub-  
ject. She was literary editor on the  
"Bates Student" board, active in  
the Spofford Club, for which she  
counted as her personal friend, the  
late President George C. Chase, who  
encouraged her in the expression of  
her poetic talent. For her class she  
wrote the Lest Chapel hymn, was a  
participant in the Junior and Senior  
parts, and was a Commencement  
Day speaker. The Phi Beta Kappa  
honor fell to her, as well as the  
Bryant Prize of fifty dollars for  
literary work.

Today, her book of poems takes  
its place on the Alumni Shelf, first  
of that "Flotilla" which may in-  
crease with the years, it is to be  
hoped. It is from the Gorham  
Press at Boston, Brown covers, a  
most attractive little value.

