

7-9-2014

John Thomas Gould Correspondence

John Thomas Gould 1908-2003

Jess Goud

Miss Selma Ey

Miss Joan Grunert

Hilda McLeod Jacob

Maine State Library

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GOULD, John Thomas

Boston, Massachusetts, October 22, 1908-

Resident of Brunswick

GOULD, John Thomas

Born in Boston, October 22, 1908. Graduate of Bowdoin College.. He is co-publisher and editor of the TOWN TIMES at Yarmouth and owns a farm at Lisbon Falls. He is married and has one son and is now Director of Publicity for Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

From: Letter of John Gould, December 10, 1940.



Old Presses
and New Ideas
Join To Make
Lisbon Weekly Unique



EDITOR JOHN GOULD inspects a sample of his editorial, reportorial and advertising abilities.

BY MARION COOPER

Your cat has kittens or you shingle your barn roof, and you're in the news, if you happen to live in Lisbon; you and your neighbors will read these items of interest in the Lisbon Enterprise when it is published next Friday.

"All the news that's fit to print and never mind how trivial it seems" is the slogan of John Gould, new owner of the Enterprise, who attends to the editorial side of the business while his partner, Jesse Goud of Brunswick, is lord of the print shop.

Newsman throughout New England, who have known Gould since his early days on the Brunswick Record, and through his signed columns in the metropolitan dailies, have watched his new endeavor with interest, for the young farmer-editor is recognized as one of the company of Maine wits whose fame goes back to Artemus Ward and Bill Nye.

From Coast to Coast

First step toward national recognition for his Enterprise came last week when the Associated Press sent over its coast-to-coast wire service excerpts from a meat market ad taken from the latest edition of the paper.

Herman Schultz announced through his weekly space in the Enterprise that since he had no meat to sell, he'd been studying the classics and had come up with some telling slogans for his advertising, there upon starting off with a quotation of Robert Herrick, Cavalier poet, to the effect that:

"Is this a fast to keep the larder lean and clean?"

Other quotations utilized by the Lisbon butcher were

"Inquire not what's in another's pot."—Old Proverb.

"There is no love sincerer than the love of food."—G. B. Shaw.

"More than one ass goes to market."—Italian proverb.

54 Years Ago

The Lisbon Enterprise has long been a part of Lisbon. For 54 years Charles F. Mann published the paper, coming to Lisbon Falls after work on other newspapers and purchasing the sheet so that he could print what he wanted to without editorial supervision. Weekly, with the assistance of Mrs. Mann, one hand compositor and a pressman,

Mr. Mann recorded the local doings, editorialized on pertinent subjects and offered local tradesman space in which to advertise their wares. His death in the early Spring of 1945 saddened the people of the Lisbons and likewise left a fear in the hearts of the villagers that no longer would their local affairs receive the consideration of the local press.

Then someone suggested to John Gould that he should take over the venture, and presto! In company with Jesse Goud of Brunswick, a printer, he acquired the paper and started in with his own original ideas of what the readers want in a weekly news sheet.

Postpone for Ball Game

Neighborhood gatherings, items about people are the mainstay of the four page sheet, which is printed on Friday, he says, unless there is a ball game in which case it has to wait until Saturday.

That everybody wants to read about himself and his neighbor is the Gould theory and if there can be a speck of humor in the items, none objects to a little laugh at the expense of himself, even.

No effort is being made to revolutionize the Enterprise; no big city newspaper methods are being employed. The flavor of the true country weekly is its refreshing homely touch, its supposition that the installation of a telephone or the purchase of a cow is as important to the rural residents as the appearance of the Duke of Windsor in New York is to the cosmopolite.

With news from The Kingdom, Sou'West Bend, The Ridge, and other neighborhoods in the Lisbon vicinity featured, there are straight forward accounts of town gatherings, unusual locals and readable ads.

Items of the Week

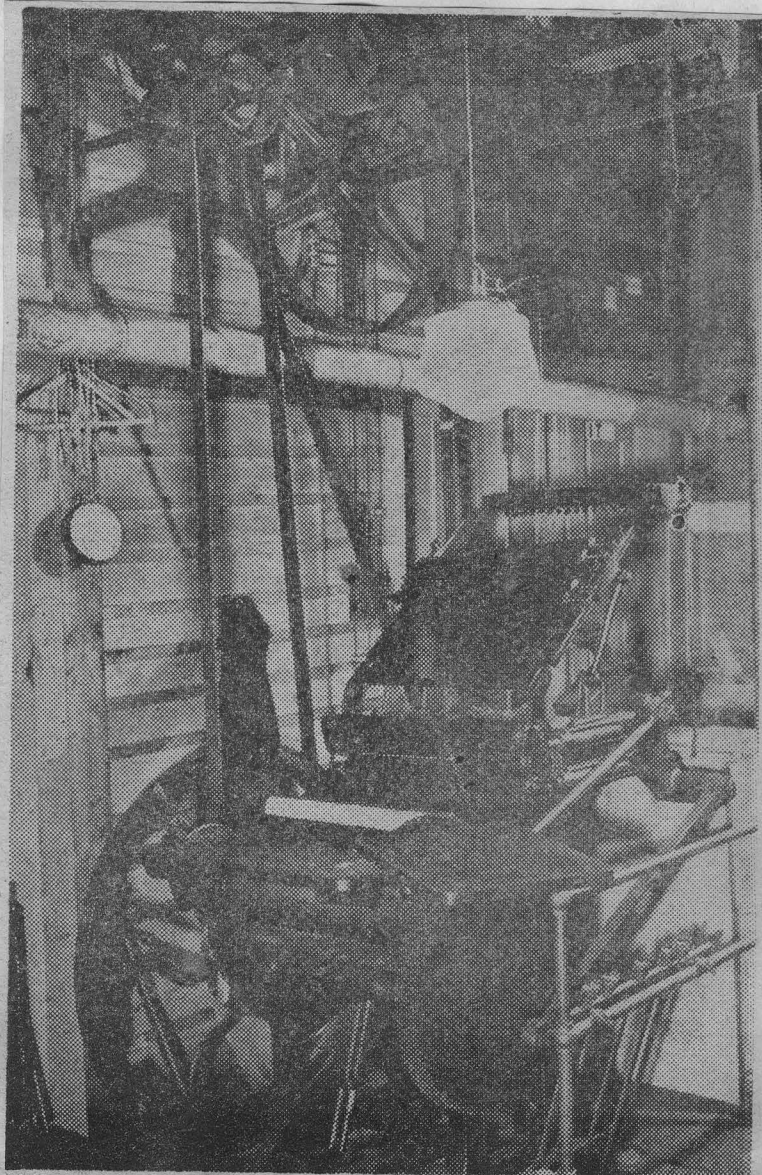
A recent issue paid honor to a Lisbon resident who had never had his name in the Enterprise, noted that he had just painted his kitchen and added "and we are glad to reward him for it."

In the local appears "Margaret Clark got her drake, Donald Duck, back this week. Donald has been visiting ducks at the Gould farm the past two months."

Item of the week was, "Herb Morrell's sow had fourteen pigs last week. Herb says he's sorry but they are all sold."

Twenty-five years ago items, taken from the newspaper's files, are adding much interest, while the pictures that accompany them are taken from a collection of cuts of undetermined age.

There's nothing stilted and ordinary about the Enterprise's advertising columns. Last week Roberts Pharmacy in a double column display informed the reading public that:



UMBRELLAS AND STEP LADDERS couldn't keep this old time job press from running when its motor was turned on inadvertently. Someone heard a noise and looked around to see the old gal, relic of 1861, traveling gallantly back and forth all the while piled high with an accumulation of debris.

"While
store to

from our
office last

Friday, we saw a wayfarer who appeared to be suffering from a bad case of Sun Burn. 'Hello, Stranger,' we called from our perch on the rear of a coal truck. 'Drop in at the Pharmacy and we'll give you a sample can of Roberts' Reliable Salve. It'll make you feel better.' He did. We did. He does. Today he came in and spent 25 cents for a big box of it."

Everything's Grist

Everything is grist that comes to the Gould-Goud mill, for recently when they were cleaning out the type, they boxed a conglomeration in two column style. It wasn't good for anything until it was sorted, but John suggested,

"Let's run it."

So run it they did, right in the middle of the back page, with an introduction to the effect they had all that type that no one wanted which could be easily assembled into advertising copy. Noticed? It certainly was and it's our guess that space will soon be occupied by a rousing good ad.

There are no "canned" editorials in the Enterprise, no ready made opinions purchased by the yard. John Gould writes his own column, about the things that interest his neighbors. Haying time, the new postoffice, etiquette at the old swimming hole, all receive treatment from his pen.

He's not modest, this young farmer-editor, witness a local in one issue.

"An Intelligent Sort"

"Paul E. Bennett of South Freeport was in town----. He subscribed to the Enterprise while here, and seemed like an extremely intelligent sort."

About John

When first I read John Gould's chatty column in the Brunswick Record some twelve years ago. I visualized him as an erratic little old man with a long gray beard. It seemed that to have acquired the

wisdom and humor that his articles evinced one must have lived long and learned well.

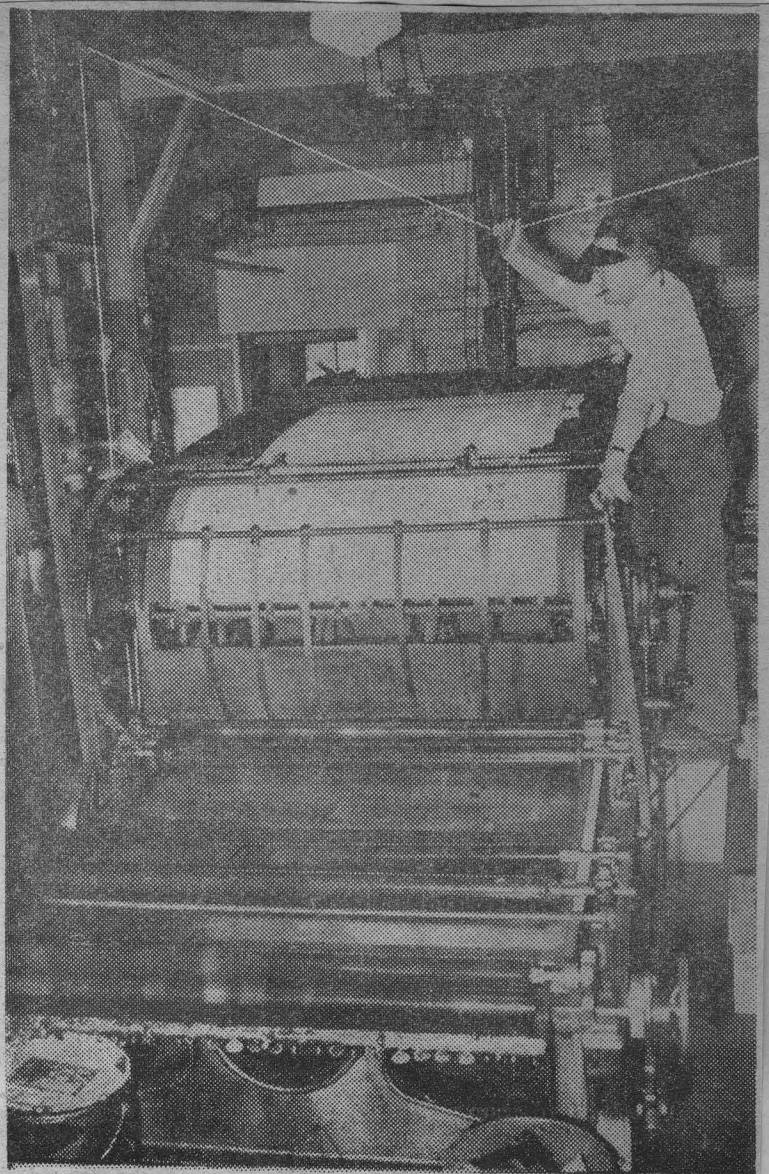
That's why it was something of a shock to be delegated to cover a horse show at Topsham Fair one bright October day and find a slight, beardless young man, recently graduated from Bowdoin College, there on the same assignment.

As John Gould progressed from one type of writing to another, through a period of teaching journalism, publication of a book and authorship of feature articles in metropolitan newspapers, the development of his dry New England humor continued until now, as he assumes the editorship of the country weekly, he gives promise of becoming one of the outstanding regional writers of his day.

Rural Maine is in John Gould's blood and although he has had his try at urban life, he has returned time and again to his native Maine and now has settled in as a real "dirt farmer" on the land his grandfather tilled on beautiful Lisbon Ridge.

Dirt Farmer

With Dot, his wife, who is a "city girl" from Massachusetts, and their two small children, Johnnie and Kathie, John has lived Summer and Winter in a rustic log cabin, since the outbreak of war made production of food a first line defense job; farming by Summer and concocting his fabulous tales of Maine during the long Summer evenings and in the Winter months when farm work is more or less at a standstill.



STOP THE PRESS someone shouts and Jess Goud pulls on his home made brake so he can investigate the trouble.

Knows His Neighbors

Proud of his native State, John has the capacity for seeing the picturesque and astute characteristics of the country people, those citizens of Maine who, through good times and bad, have maintained their conservative, humorous outlook on the affairs of the nation. Colonial backgrounds are strong in this most eastern state; innovations are suspect, and the theory of "what was good enough for my grandfather is good enough for me" still has its supporters.

But honesty and loyalty are un-failing while the hospitable open-handed policy prevails to the extent

that from 20 to 50 family members frequently gather about the Thanksgiving table, heaped with the good produce of the home farm.

All these fine qualities of his neighbors have been praised by John in his country life sketches and increased the knowledge that the Maine farmer has an integrity and wisdom worthy of consideration.

His admiration has been repaid, for this Spring when he assumed management of the Lisbon Enterprise, and applied himself to the task of publishing the daily events in the lives of his fellow townsmen, he found them interested and cooperative with his efforts.

Early Print Shop

A trip through the Enterprise building is a journey back into the early days of newspaper printing. Although Mr. Mann added modern equipment to his plant from time to time, he never discarded any of his first machinery, so included are some gadgets even newspaper men of many years standing are unable to identify.

"Name me a style of type no one could possibly want and I'll show it to you," says Mr. Gould as he conducts his visitor on a tour of the plant. There are cases of type that have never been used; other cases are so filled with dirt they are almost hidden, and even the usable stuff needed soaking in a strong lye solution before it came absolutely clean.

Hand Set

System in the old days was to set all type by hand, and news and advertising alike was set by Mrs. Mann and her assistant, Miss Selma Ey, who learned her trade in the same office some 25 years ago and has never worked anywhere else. Hand type setting was going out of style when she learned it, she says, as she recalls there is only one other paper in the State still using this method.

Seated on a high stool before her case of type, Miss Ey sets her copy with lightening speed, never seeming to glance at all at the unmarked boxes, but instinctively dipping always into the right box for the desired letter. Learning the location of the letters is very much like learning the positions on a typewriter by the touch system. Letters are located conveniently as they are

used, the most frequently needed placed in juxtaposition to their natural companions.

Unique Type Lines

For convenience and rapidity in hand composition the Enterprise type cases contain "type lines", unique in type setting. These are common words or parts of words already set on one line so that the compositor need only add a prefix or suffix and there's her word complete with a minimum of energy expended. Every town has frequent Sunday visitors, so the compositor may dip into one box and pick out a "Sun" and from another she retrieves "day", and there's her finished word in only two moves instead of six.

There are other antiques in the Enterprise office that a collector would pay large sums for but which he would get only over John's dead body. There's a type blower which was used to clean the forms before printing and a shooting stick, which looks like the lid lifter on an old fashioned cook stove and which was used to lock the side of a page form together.

The Presses Roll

The press itself is one of the second type of drum press invented and Jess Goud, who has worked about presses all his life and knows the ins and outs of most of them, admits that this one has him stuck once in a while. He has it pretty well tamed, now, although the paper rack at the back did a flipflop the day he showed it to me and had him puzzled for a few minutes.

When the paper is being run off, Jess sits atop the press, feeds the paper in a sheet at a time and waits for the drum to roll over it and eject it. Although he can't see the finished sheet when it comes off, he has to check it every once in a while to see that all goes well.

"Stop the press!" one of the office crew will cry and Jess pulls hard on the rope at his side that controls the drum. In fact, until he got used to this "press anchor," he sometimes pulled so hard that he almost jerked himself off his shelf. It takes some time to put through a whole edition and then the paper must be turned, the forms changed and the other two pages of the four page sheet printed on the reverse side.



HUMAN LINOTYPE is Miss Selma Ey who has set type by hand in the Enterprise office for the past 25 years, does it almost with the speed of a machine and seldom makes a mistake.

Everyone loves to watch a daily newspaper press, whirling on all cylinders and then ejecting the finished paper, all folded, cut and ready for the newsboy. Well, the Enterprise press doesn't work like this, for after the paper is printed, it must be folded, the type taken out of the forms, cleaned and returned to the type boxes in preparation for another week's edition.

An ingenious workman arranged the back shop of the Enterprise, for all you have to do is turn one switch and belts all over the room get into motion. When they first took over, John and Jess were trying out the press one day when suddenly they heard a loud clatter and turned to find an antique job printing press slapping back and forth with all its might. The fact that umbrellas, a chair and a broom were all parked on it didn't seem to hinder it at all and when they tried it out, the partners found it did a good printing job, even if it was dated 1871. There's a newer job printer in the shop, but the old one holds its own every time.

Umbrellas and Clocks

And speaking of umbrellas; the Lisbon Enterprise has so many black cotton umbrellas with crook handles that they are outnumbered only by the clocks and mirrors. Most of the clocks don't go, although John said they probably would if anyone ever wound them but who has time? Kitchen and dining room facilities are right in the office, for in the old fashioned manner, Mr. and Mrs. Mann made their office their home the greater part of the day. All during their ownership, every window sill in the building was filled with flowering plants, while plenty of small stoves made the offices all comfortable on the coldest Winter days.

Anybody Want a Hall?

At present the owners are in doubt about what they'll do with the fine hall on the second floor of their

building. Equipped with kitchen and dining room, there is a large hall, used once a week by a local lodge. They're sure it could become an important community center if water were piped into the kitchen, and then they'd be able to report all social affairs by the slight effort of climbing one flight of stairs.

Locked cupboards off the lodge room still mystify, but one of the older residents said the Lodge of Redmen, now defunct, used to meet in the hall and that one of the cupboards is full of their regalia. All of which may suggest to the enterprising owners of the Enterprise an Indian pageant for the town of Lisbon.

In Reserve

Still going up, there's an attic and how any newspaper ever acquired the contents of that attic is a riddle. There is an antique cradle, a small trunk of gavels, lengths and lengths of lead pipe, gilt framed portraits of the presidents of the United States, and some that weren't, and all manner of other fascinating objects.

I suggested to John that he might clean it all out and either have a sale or a bonfire, but it appears that the Gould Yankee spirit will prevail and all those things that might "come in handy some day," will be right there if they're ever needed.



OLD THINGS ARE BEST and Miss Joan Grunert finds the old fashioned blower is still useful in cleaning out a case of type.

A Book, Too

But publishing a newspaper isn't enough to keep this ambitious young man busy. He's a real dirt farmer with gardens and orchard to occupy plenty of the daylight hours, while on the literary end he has prepared a collection of his Maine country sketches which will be published in the Fall.

In a world that has been battling long years to defeat a idealogy bent on standardizing life and regimenting thought, there's definite place for many John Goulds who will promote individual effort and develop pride in regional attitudes and accomplishments.

THE PARABLES OF PETER PARTOUT

*A rollicking collection of Down East humor by the
author of FARMER TAKES A WIFE and FASTEST
HOUND DOG IN THE STATE OF MAINE.*

JOHN GOULD



Illustrated by F. Wenderoth Saunders

In need of a good hearty laugh? Try taking one healthy swig of John Gould's peppery Down East humor, then relax and enjoy life.

This is a delightful collection of some three dozen letters to the editor of the Lisbon Falls (Maine) *Enterprise* by that hilarious story-spinner, Peter Partout of Peppermint Corner. What wonderful subjects appear! There's the precocious cat, Paragot, who sat undefiled at the top of a spruce tree one Thanksgiving Day while all the hunters in town — their sights blurred by too much hard cider — blasted away at him with shot-guns, stripping the tree clean of its branches but touching nary a hair on old Paragot's body.

(Continued on second flap)

(Continued from first flap)

And there's Roland, the faithful if senile hound dog, who followed his master out into the cold winter's night in search of whatever it was that had gotten into the henhouse. When old Roland ran his cold nose into the open trapdoor of Peter Partout's longies, the explosion that followed cleaned out the henhouse so well that Mrs. Partout was plucking chickens for a long time.

Readers will learn as much about the character of Maine as they will about Maine characters, romping delightedly through chapters entitled "Cellar Sunset," "The Black Fly," "Sit-down Sink," "Nanny-plum Tolerance," "Old Doozies," "Requiem for a Goat," and "Woodbox Philosophy." Peter Partout spins a fine yarn — ayup.

Jacket illustration by F. Wenderoth Saunders

THE PARABLES OF PETER PARTOUT

A rollicking collection of Down East humor by the author of FARMER TAKES A WIFE and FASTEST HOUND DOG IN THE STATE OF MAINE.

Yes, Virginia, there IS a Peppermint Corner. Halfway betwixt Lisbon Factory and Crowley's Junction (change for Leeds, Livermore, Jay, Wilton and Farmington, please leave no packages and umbrellas in the car!), it is a minor environment long flavorful of wonderful people and heroic events. Here, long ago, a candymaker was noted for his huge cartwheel white peppermints, and buggies driving by stopped for penny sweeties. In later years Miss Cora Gowell perpetuated this memory, and in her Peppermint Corner kitchen she made boxes of chocolates rare and delicious — but she also made special candies for the children (of all ages) who chanced that way. Aging, Miss Gowell no longer makes her candies, but Peppermint Corner always seems, to the sensitive and recollective, redolent of the extract that gave it a name. Acknowledgment is made, therefore, to the Lady Gowell, to the Dingleys, Bradburys, Kramarzes and Collinses, and others at Peppermint Corner, Maine, who are literary neighbors of Monsieur Pierre Partout and his patient wife.

— Preface to THE PARABLES OF PETER PARTOUT

Country Folk of Today and Yesterday Come to Life in an Amusing Manner in "Farmer Takes a Wife" by John Gould

The Gould family lost \$200 the fall John decided to marry a Boston girl in October and the turnips had to be dug before they were really large enough, so that he could get to the wedding on time. There was some doubt all around about the wisdom of the marriage, the rural folk feeling it was a mistake to bring a city girl into the country, while her urban relatives wondered how she was ever going to get along way up in Maine.

But it worked out satisfactorily and John Gould tells all about it in his book, "Farmer Takes a Wife," that went on the market this week.

It purports to be the true story of John and his bride, but well might be taken with a grain of salt, for Mr. Gould, who is making himself a place among the humorists Maine has produced from away back, hangs together such a collection of tales about "My Wife" and "Uncle Timothy" that it sometimes seems impossible all the things could have happened to two people.

Saunders' Illustrations

It's a thin book, but there's meat in every sentence and the format is attractive, each chapter being attractively illustrated by F. Wenderoth Saunders, whose drawings are familiar to those who have followed John Gould in the leading metropolitan daily papers. The jacket is a colorful winter scene reminiscent of the country winter landscape of a generation ago.

Probably because the weather is the first thought of every Maine farmer, the short sketches are seasonal, relating rural events and legends from October to October.

"Marry Smart Women"

Uncle Timothy wasn't too enthusiastic about the city bride his nephew was bringing home, but when she displayed her pie making ability, and even produced one of the vinegar pies with which early farm women silenced the demands for pastry in the late winter days when fillings were running short, he decided that "none of the Goulds ever amounted to anything himself, but they manage to find themselves some awfully smart women."

And she agreed she wouldn't swap him for anyone in the world for, "the way to a woman's heart is through a man's stomach."

The farmer farmed and the farmer's wife cooked and Uncle Timothy did some work and a lot of eating, but in the spare moments both the farmer and his uncle regaled the city girl with stories of the Gould family and the neighbors, stories that had been handed down from father to son.

Sachel-Eye

There was the story of Sachel-Eye Dyer, who kept his house in his barn and his barn in his house, who hoarded beans for years before the Spanish War and then had three ox-carts full when the market price went up. Maybe they were slightly dry from years of storage, but Sachel-Eye's family ate them, and apparently so did the youth of the nation who went forth to fight the war.

Favorite story in the Gould family had to do with the Indian, Samoset, who made his appearance uninvited at an early Thanksgiving Day dinner, one of those years when everything had gone wrong and there wasn't much to be thankful for.

Samoset gave one look at the scantily set dinner table and disappeared with a grunt. When he returned shortly, he was riding on a sled drawn by his squaws and brought with him food enough for an army. That was a great day in the Gould homestead and the rejoicing was tremendous. For many years Samoset appeared and seated himself silently at the Thanksgiving dinner table, but thereafter he came empty-handed. One year he failed to appear and it was only then that they realized that in all those years, the disgusted grunt on the first Thanksgiving Day was the only sound they had ever heard him make.

Delegate-At-Large

Then, there's the story of Oscar, the bull, who used the telephone; there's J. Lorenzo Bascomb who invented a perpetual motion machine, and Mr. McGilroy, the rooster, who was the farm yard delegate-at-large, until the grange announced a chicken pie supper and Mr. McGilroy went to a convention. The account of the pea festival is something new and tantalizing in the way of a family reunion.

Every chapter has a story and while the author admits that Maine people are the greatest lads on earth, his tales are based on real stories about real people, although they may have improved some as they have been retold through the years. Anyway, native State O' Mainers will get a real chuckle out of them as they see vague resemblances between them and folks they used to know or hear about in their own towns, and foreigners will be convinced all over again that they are missing a lot by living anywhere else.

The first year on the farm is com-

pleted when John takes his bride to Boston to market, only to have her come back and tell Uncle Timothy, "Boston's too far away to ever amount to much."

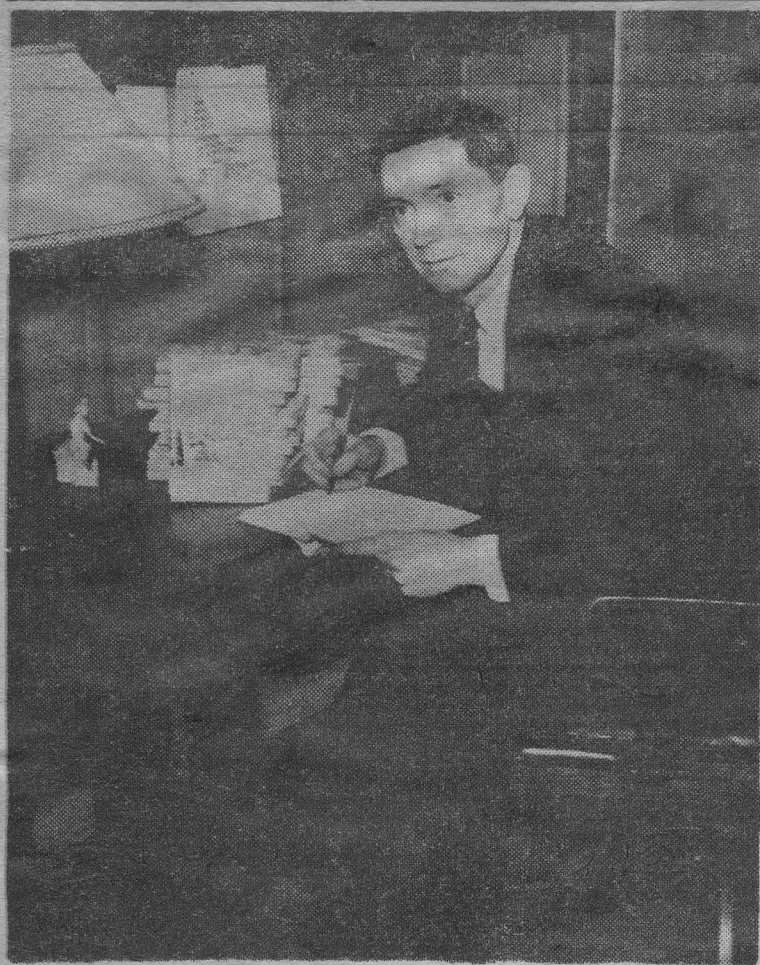
Uncle Timothy said, "No question about it, John—she's been naturalized."

Meet John Again

It's getting so it's pretty hard to tell anybody in Maine anything about John Gould. For years now Maine folk at home and abroad have been following his articles in the New York Times Sunday Magazine, the Christian Science Monitor, the Baltimore Sun, and various other metropolitan dailies. Last year when he came back to the family place on Lisbon Ridge, he and his city wife, Dot, and their two children were prepared to live a busy rural existence. But circumstances

intervened; John became publisher, editor, reporter, advertising manager and circulation department of the Lisbon Enterprise, 50-odd year old weekly newspaper in Lisbon Falls.

Since then, residents of the Lisbons augmented by a rapidly growing section of foreign subscribers (a foreigner is anyone who doesn't live within a radius of a very few miles of Lisbon) wait anxiously every week to find out what progress is being made on Lisbon's postoffice program, the question of a new town dump, the daily doings of the neighborhood folk, and are coming to realize that Editor Gould's small town comments on world affairs are frequently more astute and practical than the advice put forth by so-called international experts. (M. C.)



AUTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR—John Gould, editor of the Lisbon Enterprise, puts his name on the flyleaf of his new book, "Farmer Takes a Wife," that made its appearance this week.

Lewiston Evening Journal
November 10, 1945

March 26, 1940

Mr. John T. Gould
40 Boody Street
Brunswick, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

You are to be congratulated upon your new book, which we understand will be available shortly. A volume on the town meetings will meet a definite need in many instances, and we will of course order a copy, through our regular bookseller, for lending purposes.

We write now in regard to the Maine Author Collection, which you may perhaps know as an exhibit collection of books written by Maine people, or dealing with this state. There are now about a thousand volumes on the shelves, mainly inscribed, presentation copies; and of course although the present interest is great, the future value is immeasurable.

We also gather all available data -- biographical, photographic, critical -- about our authors; and frequently resort to the authors themselves, when information is not to be found in print.

We hope you will want to inscribe and present a copy of your new book to the collection, and also supply us with some biographical information, which we lack.

Please accept our good wishes for the success of the book.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
BY

SECRETARY

hmj

March 30, 1940

Mrs. Francis W. Jacob
Maine State Library
Augusta
Maine

Dear Mrs. Jacob:-

Mr. John Gould has asked me to write you regarding your letter of March 26, and thank you for your congratulations on his new book.

In regard to a copy for the Maine Author Collection and biographical data, he will give it his attention in the near future, but at the present time he is so busy he cannot spare the time.

Sincerely,

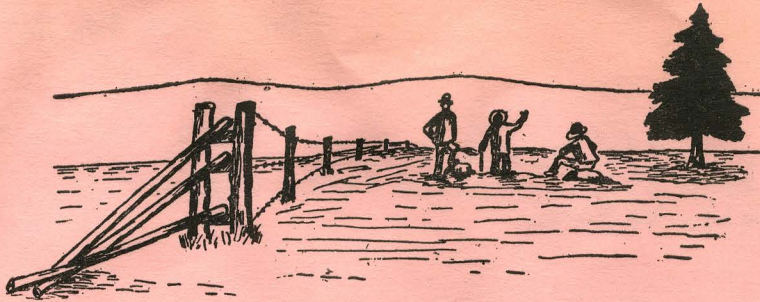
Lorothy Wells

Secretary

40 Boody Street
Brunswick
Maine

ASSOCIATION OF NEW ENGLAND FENCE VIEWERS

es Of
ident, Vice
esident, Secretary,
Treasurer, Janitor,
Chaplain, and
Committee On Wild
Oats.



In Replying Please
Refer to Something
Pleasant.

~~Brunswick, Maine~~
Plainfield, Vermont
December 10, 1940

Hilda McLeod Jacob, Secretary
Maine State Library

Re: Maine Author Collection
Your Letter: 3/26/'40

My dear Mrs. McLeod Jacob:

I feature the McLeod out of respect to a sturdy grandsire who gave up Uig, Skye, for Uigg, Prince Edward Island (Or was it tother way which?) thereby gaining or losing a g as the case might be, but establishing the clan on these shores. Donald was his name, a piper of six and a half feet, the upper portion of which went to whisker. He was passionately fond of four institutions which drew evenly of his carefully budgeted time: liquor, women, piping, and women. I salute your name, and his memory.

I have meant since spring to take care of a copy of Town Meeting for your Maine Author Collection, and I am now doing so. It is going forward at the book rate, inscribed for the collection.

As to biography, you had best wait a time until something happens. I am co-publisher of The Town Times at Yarmouth, nominal editor of the paper, and up until this fall have done newspaper work in Maine. Graduate of Bowdoin, 1931; married, a son John. Own a farm at Lisbon Falls, on the Ridge; where we produce apples and hot buttered rums in season, but it's been a long time.

Am now Director of Publicity for Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont, which is a fine position, but a miserable place for a college. When anyone tells you Maine and Vermont are about the same, you tell him he's crazy.

I'm inclosing a print which may be attached to a card in the filing system, or worn in your locket, or returned for lack of originality. Right now my ambitions are to see Prenatal Care For Fathers, and Mss. #3 published, to get my Christmas shopping done early, and to get over to Sumner's inauguration to dance with Mary Leo.

I am also,

John Gould

Pres., Etc., A. O. N. E. F. V.

GOOD NEIGHBORS MAKE GOOD FENCES

December 30, 1940

Mr. John Gould, President
Association of New England Fence Viewers
Plainfield, Vermont

Dear Mr. Gould:

Your great kindness in sending a copy of your excellent book, NEW ENGLAND TOWN MEETING, inscribed for the Maine Author Collection, is deeply appreciated.

Appreciation also is due for your gay and animated letter, which pleased us tremendously. Having been cloistered for some time within the section of the State House which fosters other pursuits than the liquor, women, piping and women, which you attribute to your remarkable grandsire, we cannot say definitely whether or not we can claim him also; but we likewise join in saluting the memory of such a stout character. What color he lends to a genealogy!

Your biographical sketch is exactly what we want, except that nowhere do you seem to have admitted a birthplace or birthdate. Surely they exist? Perhaps you will be so kind at some moment as to jot down these pertinent facts for us on a postal card, which we enclose, and send them along, so that our files may be complete.

Thank you again for your generous gift and sprightly letter; and for the New Year, may we wish your book further success, and your ambitions, materialization!

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
BY

SECRETARY

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Encl--1



JOHN THOMAS GOULD
FENCE VIEWER

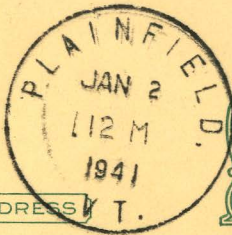
B. - Boston, Oct 22 '08

D -

AET -

A man of Tremendous
physical vitality and
keen mental aware-
ness but poor at
- ARITHMETIC -

Come, let us sing
And sing in the - not



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

MAINE STATE LIBRARY

AUGUSTA

MAINE

January 8, 1941

Mr. John T. Gould
Plainfield
Vermont

Dear Mr. Gould:

Thank you very much for the vital statistics,
and also the delightful humor in their presentation.
Our best wishes again for you and the book and
further interesting adventures.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
BY

hmj

SECRETARY

Lisbon Enterprise
Sale Announced

MAY 29 1945

LISBON FALLS, May 29 (AP)—Purchase of the Lisbon Enterprise, weekly newspaper, by John Gould of Lisbon and Jesse W. Goud of Topsham, was announced today.

The new owners said that the paper, printed on a press close to a century old, will be "toned to conform to the style Editor Gould has used in his numerous other writings". Gould's work appears regularly in the Christian Science Monitor, and he is a frequent contributor to the New York Times Magazine.

Both Gould and Goud were connected with the Brunswick Record. They purchased the paper from the estate of Charles F. Mann, who died recently after serving as the Enterprise's editor for 54 years.

June 11, 1945

Mr. John Gould, Editor
Lisbon Enterprise
Lisbon Falls, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Congratulations upon your return to Maine, and upon your acquisition of the Lisbon Enterprise, to which, under your guidance, we wish all possible success.

We hope that editorial duties will leave a little time in which you may write more books; in fact, as we mentioned not long ago to your uncle, whose COUNTRY STOREKEEPER we are eagerly awaiting, we think it would be a fine idea for you to collect between covers the pungent and altogether delightful columns which you have contributed to the Christian Science Monitor.

We wish it were possible for the library budget to care for subscriptions to Maine's weekly newspapers; but it simply is not, and so we write to inquire whether or not you might feel that you could place a subscription in our name without charge. Some of the other Maine weeklies do so, and we are constantly grateful when the complimentary gesture is possible.

Our very good wishes to you and Mr. Goud for success in your new enterprise.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
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SECRETARY

THE LISBON ENTERPRISE

LISBON FALLS, ME. TEL. 10

June 12, 1945

Dear Hilda MacL. J.:

You're out of luck !

When we took over the Enterprise, as the result of 54 years mismanagement we bought a net paid circulation so low I don't tell people what it was. Our first job was to build up a net paid so we could put the bite on advertisers. Consequently we cut off all delinquent and free customers - of which there were plenty; and our circulation after five issues was just short of 1,000 paid. When we get to 1,500 we'll feel like adding a few complimentary subs; meantime we don't even give the local library a copy - really, I'm not fooling, they pay for it. Bring the subject up again sometime, and see if I've relented.

Poor Uncle Ralph ! I think he's got a good mss., but the outfit that took it went bust last month - the head guy was slapped in the Tombs for fraud. So he's got to find another publishers. That was Stephen Daye - who also brought out my first two books. Come to think of it, I don't think your collection has Pre-Natal Care For Fathers, my more infamous one. I haven't, either. Why don't you see if you can locate one in a bookstore somewhere, and if you do I'll send you the money to buy it. It's \$1.50, and it's been out of print for a short time. I currently hope to salvage the plates, and have another publisher waiting to take it over if I can.

Farmer Takes A Wife, my new one, is due in November, from Morrow. I'll see that you get one, if I don't forget.

Meantime I have a pamphlet here that Henry Beston thought you might like. It was done a long time ago by the old Enterprise editor, and is called Sanfordism Exposed - a hot-stuff treatment of Shiloh at its height. If you don't have it, let me send you one for posterity.

Incidentally, I sent a friend to the library some time ago to do some research work on Malaga Island, and the report I got was that you folks denied there ever was a Malaga Island, and she came away disappointed. What do you have to say about that ? If I thought for a minute you were trying to cover up our juicy past, I'd expose you in a minute the way Mann did Shiloh !

I guess that covers everything, except the weather - and I don't discuss that with ladies.

Sincerely,

JG



June 14, 1945

Mr. John Gould, Editor
The Lisbon Enterprise
Lisbon Falls, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

You're right: the Maine Author Collection cannot boast PRE-NATAL CARE FOR FATHERS. You departed from the state, didn't you, about the time it was published? We recall not wishing to be presumptuous about claiming you, but being glad that your town meeting book was distinctly Maine, and hoping you would come back some day. It is certainly a generous offer you make, and if we should locate a copy, we will be more than happy to let you know. We hope the new one, FARMER TAKES A WIFE, will have the unusually good luck to be published when expected! We look forward to it.

Your stand on complimentary copies of the newspaper is understandable. It sounds like the proper way to make a paper pay for itself, which is probably your idea, anyway.

Yes, we were sorry, too, when the Stephen Daye firm foundered. John Hooper was once connected with it, a Maine man and author; we understood that the United States Army was presently employing him, so perhaps it is not he who was arrested.

We have several items, brief ones, mostly newspaper clippings, on the Shiloh affair, but nothing that seems to answer the description of your pamphlet. If you care to present it to the State Library, we shall be very glad to catalog it and make it available to researchers or the just-plain-curious. And as for Malaga Island, we are at a complete loss to understand why your friend received erroneous information. We find it mentioned officially as an island in a list from the Forestry Department, which made a survey some years ago; and in our library-compiled book on Maine islands, we have two newspaper clippings.

Mr. John Gould
June 14, 1945
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For some time these clipping volumes were restricted to library use only; but we have relented somewhat now, and are willing to send it to responsible persons for a week. Should you care to borrow it, we would be glad to send it if you will let us know.

And as for the weather, there are no "ladies" when it comes to discussion of that topic -- not this year!

Sincerely yours

hmj

Secretary

P.S. There is a Malaga Island in the Isles of Shoals group, but its apparently sole claim to fame is that Mr. Haley built a bridge between Smuttynose and Malaga to help local fisherfolk get from place to place. Somehow we think this is definitely not the island you have in mind!

October 4, 1945

Mr. John Gould, Editor
The Libson Enterprise
Lisbon Falls, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

SANDFORDISM EXPOSED has arrived, and we are really very pleased that we may, through your generosity, add this item to the library. Please accept our thanks and the enclosed postal refund.

We hope THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE will be published when promised, for we are extraordinarily eager to see it. Our especially good wishes to the book, which we hope may also appear, inscribed, in the Maine Author Collection.

Sincerely yours

hmj
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In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

November 15, 1945

Mr. John Gould, Editor
The Lisbon Enterprise
Lisbon Falls, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Well, it seems to be out -- THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE -- though we haven't yet seen it. And that's not because we haven't ordered it, either! It seems almost superfluous to extend good wishes to such a robustly self-sufficient book, but we do. Is the Maine Author Collection to be distinguished by an inscribed copy? We earnestly hope so.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

January 11, 1946

Mr. John Gould, Editor
The Lisbon Enterprise
Lisbon Falls, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

Your New Year must certainly have been happy, when you contemplated the fervor with which the fickle public was taking to your book. It appeared in many a Christmas stocking -- I myself made two gifts in this manner, including a copy to my husband, which is perhaps a form of self-indulgence. At any rate, it is a sparkling true-to-life collection of admirable stories; and those of us who are at all familiar with Maine rural life and characters know that every word could be true, and we therefore believe it to be true!

We hope that the Maine Author Collection will not be permitted to languish without an inscribed copy. It certainly should add its luster to the exhibit. Do you share our opinion?

Sincerely yours

hnpj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

February 20, 1946

Mr. John Gould, Editor
The Lisbon Enterprise
Lisbon Falls, Maine

Dear Mr. Gould:

The regrettable delay in acknowledging your kindness and generosity is due to no lack of appreciation, but to a secretarial indisposition of longer-than-usual duration!

Not only your latest hit, FARMER TAKES A WIFE, but also the elusive PRE-NATAL CARE FOR FATHERS! We are indeed grateful and pleased to be able to add these books to the Maine Author Collection. The latter should never have been permitted to go out of print -- there are too many prospective fathers who should have it bestowed upon them. (It is doubtless salutary reading for prospective mothers as well.)

Please accept our warm thanks for the books and for your interest in the collection, which we hope some day you will see when you give us the pleasure of a call from you.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection