10-31-2014

Rev. Arthur R. MacDougall Correspondence

Arthur Raymond MacDougall 1896-1983

A.R. MacDougall 1896-1983

Maine State Library

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalmaine.com/maine_writers_correspondence

Recommended Citation
http://digitalmaine.com/maine_writers_correspondence/144

This Text is brought to you for free and open access by the Maine State Library Special Collections at Maine State Documents. It has been accepted for inclusion in Maine Writers Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Maine State Documents. For more information, please contact statedocs@maine.gov.
MACDOUGALL, Rev. Arthur R., Jr.

1896 -
Bingham
Maine

Dear Sir:

Recently we received two copies of Dud Dean Yarns, both kindly autographed by you. These delightful stories have interested us greatly, and since one copy has been placed in our Maine Author Collection, we would like to have some biographical material.

Would it be possible for you to write for our files a few paragraphs concerning your life. We would appreciate this very much.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
By

[Signature]

Secretary
Bingham, Maine,
December 29, 1934.

The Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Hilda McLeod, Secretary,

Dear Miss (or Mrs.) McLeod,

In reply to your note of December 27th, here are such matters as may be considered important: I was born in Enfield, Maine, August 16, 1906. My father was Arthur R. MacDougall, Sr. My mother was Nellie Guptill. He was born in Scotland. She was born in Cherryfield, Maine, which is, or was, a better place to be born in.

I went to Mount Hermon Prep. I then went to Bangor Theological Seminary for four years. Got out in 1924. Got married the same year. She was Leah Parks of Russell, Mass. We have lived in Bingham ever since. Along came four husky youngsters. In this order: Leah Faith, Jean Parks, Nellie Guptill—then came Walter Marshall, who is important, because he is going to be the best fly fisherman in Maine.

I forgot to say that the best years of my life were interrupted by that affair which our historians now call "the last world war." Uncle Sam gave me a free ride over and back. Nobody hurt me.

As to the stuff I have written, I feel like one of those "black crows" that used to come in on the
radio. It makes me tired to think of it. I've written reams that have sold, and reams that didn't. For three years, I wrote one or more boys' stories every month. It paid the odd bills, but I got so I couldn't look a boy in the face. I've written considerable assigned work for the Homiletic Review, but my friend, the editor died, and Funk and Wagnals sold the magazine to a competitor without my permission. Hope you will not think I am trying to be funny. I'm sure that writers are never funny -- from their point of view.

Then, I've written countless articles and stories for all the outdoor magazines that would pay for such stuff. That's not the whole story, but it is certainly enough to expect a person to confess to.

Now and again, I've written considerable verse -- most of which has appeared in the Christian Century. From such sources some of it has found its way into five or six anthologies.

Of course all that is on the side. My job is preaching, at which (like most of my brethren, God pity us) I am a flop.

By the way, I was ordained (Congregationalist) in 1924.

I'm rather ashamed of all this, but proud to say that I do not possess a photograph.

Sincerely yours,

Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr.
December 31, 1934

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. MacDougall:

Thank you for your letter containing the splendid biographical material. We are filing it so that we may have it for future reference. Our Maine authors have been very kind in supplying such information, and we have access to much that is available nowhere else.

May we wish you the best of prosperity and happiness for 1935; and also assure you of a cordial welcome should you be in Augusta at any time.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
By

im
Secretary
Portland Telegram, Dec. 23

‘Dud Dean Yarns’ By Maine Parson
Have Lure Of The Great Woods

Fishing In Lakes And Streams Of This State
Underlying Theme Of The Rev. Arthur R.
MacDougall’s All-Maine Volume

Maine fishing, celebrated in the "Dud Dean Yarns," by the Rev. Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr., of Bingham, is the underlying theme of an exceedingly attractive all-Maine volume just from the presses. Written by a Maine author, the book was printed on Maine-made paper; bound in Maine; and is formally dedicated "To the men of the Upper Kennebec with whom I have fished out so many trophies."

The glow of the open fire to list to the invitation to join the circle in the facts, his homely but sound conclusion. "Not that Dud's amusing Maine woods character is a great tales are spun for anglers only, for plain that he is the creation of Arthur R. Macdougall of Bingham. Summers they spend at their cottage on Wyman Pond.

A Maine Book With A Wide Appeal;
MacDougall’s "Dud Dean Yarns"

An Attractive and Amusing Volume, with a Maine Setting, Written by a Maine Man; Printed in Maine on Maine Paper and Bound in a Maine Binder.

The many fishermen and other sportsmen who read out-door periodicals are well acquainted with "Dud Dean," and await no second invitation to join the circle in the glow of the open fire to listen to the beloved old Maine guide's "fishin' yarns." Not that Dud's amusing tales are spun for anglers only, for, this typical, or perhaps ideal, Maine woods character is a great philosopher and psychologist—in fact, his homely but sound conclusions drawn from his bumbling ventures in the woods make him the great guide that he is.

To those who have not fished with Dud, in imagination, let us explain that he is the creation of Arthur R. MacDougall of Bingham, Maine, himself an expert angler and none the less entertaining writer. Those to whom Dudley Dean has been a fish and blood companion thru his appearances in the sporting magazines, will be happy to learn that 13 of his best "yarns" have been selected by Mr. MacDougall and bound into a handsome-to-goodness volume of 177 pages.

This book, "Dud Dean Yarns," is the only product in entity—its Maine woods setting pictured by a Maine man; it was printed in Maine, hand-set type on Maine-made paper, and bound in a Maine binder. It shows plainly that Mr. MacDougall is a master of his art. The yarns pinch the reader, inspire Maine writers to publication and spur Maine publishers to action. An anecdote of humor, a realization of a writer's dream and a model of typographical excellence, this first edition is limited to 996 copies.

Between the covers of this volume, the reader will find that he or she may be, will grow to love the old guide who is Mr. MacDougall's mouthpiece in the pages of Maine philosophy, the outlet of the author's dry, chuckle-provoking humor and the perspicacity of all.

The first tale in the book is rich in humor, tempered by a gesture of seriousness to the detriment of some. "Man From Atlantia," but this is more than a fishing story, as are all the tales that follow it in the volume.

In the second story, Dud's spouse, Nancy, enters the picture; and she is no less alive than Dud and the several other characters who play their roles with amusing truthfulness. Also Dud's sense of fair-play is exemplified as he betters himself against the boasts of bragart. Here, too, his enthusiasm for angling bursts forth, and his fish-line had been made of piano wire, it can't of played a prettier tune to my ears, as it ran off the reel.

In "Lady Fingers," Dud explores the wilderness of psychology and verifies, with the aid of the unsuspecting Alphonso, Turrell, the ancient axiom, "You can't tell by the looks how far a jump, or a man can spit." Regarding Alphonso, Dud says, "His mind was a smart enough thing," and he goes on to add, "I didn't look like a dime novel that had been out in the rain all summer.

Another yarn relates the guide's encounter with a moose and an English valet, the latter of whom, it was prone to greet all occasions with "Ayn't it a sight?" After having been tried by the just-mentioned moose, Dud recalls a couple of stanzas of Kilmer's "Trees" and adds, "Wa-al, I'm not sure now, I was some grateful God made that tree as big as He did and where He Did it. It just erobut converted me.

One "yarn" humorously takes Dud into and out of a tangle while trying his luck on a private fish pond, and another story is the plight of an outing with "Crazy Stiller," a character who appears to be most appropriately named.

In "My Goodness Professor!" Dud draws the unpleasant task of guiding the "Professor of the half" while the Professor proceeds to illustrate his speakers's statement that he was to be considered "as a barometer." This tale is considerably enlivened by fisticuffs.

The title, "Dud Guides a Lady," hints of Dud's experiences with B. N. Turner, who proved to be one of a kind, if not worse, and comes out of this somewhat the worse for wear.

Perhaps we have erred in referring to Dud as an OLD guide, for Dud himself declares, "I am gradually, I don't own any stock." Of one of his fishing expeditions, Dud says, "Everything went like the devil himself was opened to our trip." And he meets up with a pole-cat, of which he remarks, "He was a little fat, but he was full of potential." And he tells of Doc Brownin's" whisper that "a deaf hound could hear.

Space forbids our giving more than a hint of the contents of Mr. MacDougall's "Dud Dean Yarns." We can do no better than repeat that the book is a highly concentrated mixture of humor, and that its name is "funny," which we believe reaches its height in Dud's description of his new automobile, and the story of one of his fishing expeditions, and there Mr. MacDougall's poetic ability displays itself thru the lips of Dud Dean, who sees the "unsportsmanlike" as thick as quills on a porcupine.

May we say again that, Mr. MacDougall is the man for the background for these "yarns," there is something for everyone in these; and there is something worthwhile in every line uttered by Dud Dean. It is, in a fact, a book that Maine men will proudly add to their library, a book of Destiny, or Fate, snatches a pretty tune to my ears, as it runs off the reel.

S. F. B.
"ANGLING SUCCESS"

Maine Writers Contribute to Book Compiled by Mortimer Norton, Which Should Be on Every Fisherman's Bookshelf.

This is a book that belongs on the fishing bookshelf. It is a symposium, representing 17 widely-known writers, who are lovers and students of Walton's gentle craft. There are 291 pages in this book, and from cover to cover on purpose runs. Each chapter describes a different specie or group of fish, and its writer is a specialist.

By obtaining the co-operation of a number of recognized authorities in the angling world, the compiler, Mortimer Norton, has brought together in one volume ideas, facts, methods, kinks, and unbiased recommendations for the beginner at fishing and the veteran as well. The great game fish are all discussed, and much of the basic facts of their life history are considered to inform the reader. The natural range is considered, where to find the fish. He peculiar habits are disclosed. And then the specialist offers the reader his experience concerning angling equipment and methods. So that a man from Maine may garner information concerning the Muskellunge. Or the man from the Musky country may master the story of the land-locked salmon fishing in Maine.

In addition, the lowly panfish is considered by no less a man than Fred Streever of the National Sportsman's staff. And Fred opens up a somewhat neglected field for sport and recreation. "The dividing line between panfish and game fish is a hazy one," he says. So it is! for the yellow perch will take a dry fly, and prove, on light tackle, a sporty fellow.

Mortimer Norton writes in his preface, "...to present a pretty fine cast—how the book came about. One night, up in the Adirondacks, he sat before a campfire in company with other fishermen.

Fortune had not crowned their efforts that day, and they were at last length one of the anglers said, "I would like to see a book telling how to catch the different fish under a variety of conditions—a book giving real dope by someone who has had actual experience and really knows how to get them!"

Thinking that over, Mr. Norton decided that one man couldn't write such a book. Who could write such a book, dealing authoritatively with each of the different fish species? They had actual experience and really knows how to get them!"

And the result is, "Angling Success." Any reader at all familiar with periodicals published for men and women who go afield to hunt and love the outdoors, will recognize that Norton's roll call includes the outstanding writers in this field. There are such men as Robert Page Lincoln from Michigan, Ben C. Robinson from Ohio, Fred S. Streever from New York State, O. Warren Smith, who is called the dean of American outdoor writers. Samuel G. Camp from Connecticut, Ray Schrenkelsen who serves on the editorial staff of Field and Stream, Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr., from Maine, Arthur H. Carhart from Colorado and Paul W. Gardner, of Maine. MacMillan Co., New York, are publishers. A. R. M.

Book On Angling Features Chapter On Maine Salmon

Each Of 16 Chapters Devoted To A Single Game Fish Species

Maine fishing finds place in "Angling Success," a new MacMillan book compiled and edited by Mortimer Norton of Waterford, N. Y., through the venerable ninth chapter by Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr., of Bingham, celebrating the land-locked salmon and his prowess. Known as a writer of verse and short stories for outdoor publications, Mr. MacDougall has fished widely in Maine and his knowledge of the land-locked salmon is based upon long standing personal acquaintance. Sebago Lake salmon fishermen will find especially interesting the accounts of the fish of their favorite lake, compared with those of other bodies of water as well as the migratory salmon who go down to the sea. The non-migratory salmon of St. John Lake and the Schodic regions, Mr. MacDougall declares, are small fish; but the Sebago salmon (Salmo salar sebago) often exceed 10 pounds, compared rather favorably with the average sea-run salmon, and have weighed up to 20 pounds in recent times. Indeed he quotes a bulletin of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries which contains this note: "During fish cultural operations some years ago, two fish were taken which weighed over 70 pounds.

Lake St. John, Sebec, Green Lake, and Pierce Pond with its planted salmon of several sub-species all are accorded special designation by Mr. MacDougall, who likewise mentions the Long Lakes of the Presumpscot River. He adds many practical suggestions as to rods and tackle for capturing the wary and hard fighting salmon wherever found.

Angling Success is in fact a sort of fish anthology, with each of its 16 chapters devoted to the story of a single game fish species by an author who knows them well at first hand. The purpose of the volume, as set forth in the Introduction by Pen East is to be a textbook on fishing, a kind of one-sided conversation in print with experts in the art of


As to the fish which form the theme of this book, the list includes besides Maine's splendid salmon, the large-mouth and the small-mouth black bass, grayling, muskellunge, chain pickerel, great northern pike, walleyed pike, brook, brown, cutthroat, white-throat and rainbow and lake trout. Pan fish of various types have the honor of a chapter; and the closing one on whitefish, is written by Mr. Norton.

Mortimer Norton himself is no stranger to this State. On a camping trip a few years ago he spent a few days with a friend at a tourist camp near Palermo; and from there he went on his first deep-sea fishing trip. From Palermo his itinerary took him up the road to his home in New York State. The story of this camping trip appeared as a four-part serial in "Pur, Fish and Game," under the title of "Invading Maine.

A writer and sportsman from an early age, Mr. Norton has spent 20 seasons at his own camp on Pierce Lake in the Adirondacks and engaged in all forms of outdoor life. But Maine's own finest outdoor writing is the work of one who has shared his experiences in fishing grounds in that part of the State.
May 15, 1935

Rev. Arthur Macdougall, Jr.
Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

We have purchased a copy of ANGLING SUCCESS, edited by Mortimer Norton, and including a splendid chapter on salmon written by our favorite fishing author in Maine. We hope you will be kind enough to inscribe the copy which we are forwarding, and return it for inclusion on our Maine Author shelves. We enclose postage and a return label.

Very truly yours,
Maine State Library

hm Secretary
May 22, 1935.

Rev. Arthur A. Macdougall, Jr.
Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

We have received ANGLING SUCCESS which you kindly autographed for our Maine Author Collection, and it is being placed beside DUD DEAN YARNS, with pleasure in the two books, and with hope that we will be able to add another in the near future.

Very truly yours,

Maine State Library

hm

Secretary
Poetry Writing A By-Line
For Bingham Clergyman
In Picturesque Camp at Bingham Lake
Muse and enjoys Life

BY ALICE FROST LORD

SUMMER was on the way when the forest-sided trail for miles from the northward suddenly dipped over the crest of a noble hill—and Bingham lay cradled in the green valley.

It is a particularly fine spot, and the whir of the motor ceases. Conversion elbows. The tides of the soul are at the full.

Someday in this river-hamlet must be the little parish and church of a Maine clergyman, whose name is familiar far because of his skill as a lecturer, his adeptness at writing nature stories, and his gift as a poet.

Not that Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr., would make any claim to being in the major class. His letters thru recent years have indicated a strong reluctance to any stress upon the personal element. They also have pointed to the intellectual capacity of the man and to a creative temperament manifest in originality of thought and phrase which have served to pique attention and demand eventual encounter.

This was the day that the preacher-poet was to be anore at his porch chair. The adjective was a little strong. But the Macdougall scrapbook, which the good wife had brought forth from its hiding-place is full of fish stories from East Branch, West Branch, Moose and a score of ponds north of Moosehead and around the upper reaches of the Kennebec. Even Wyman lake at his front door is stocked with rainbow trout and salmon! (Stansie Foster, Bartlett, now of Lewiston, has illustrated some of these stories.)

American outdoor magazines have been partial to his fishing and hunting style, and Maine in the last decade has had a healthy amount of advertising from these well-written adventures with rod and gun.

It is recalled that his study of Maine non-migratory salmon was published in two distinguished magazines. The writer, Mr. Macdougall, was asked if he had ever in his lifetime gone there and whether or not he had been there. He remarked, implying that bird and flower and mineral studies have their gift of happiness for him.

An incidental allusion to gold in Maine led to the admission that he knew quite well where the vein was which he dunned from Kennebec soil not many miles from his present home. This adjacent house, with another Bingham man, Irving Moore, whose vocation is that of pharmacist and whose avocation is mineral collecting.

Then the conversation switched. He had been speaking of those famous flyers and leapers and how much more about them. He seems that he has made these talks mainly biological, with some of his own work. His choices had been the classic poets, Milton, Whittier, Blake, Crabbe, Goldsmith and the like.

Here Mr. Macdougall cited Milton’s “Paradise Lost” as a great poem dealing with a noble theme—God’s ways with men. Then he referred to Crabbe, an Episcopal clergyman, who was born in the bleak English coast and the parish poor in “Village,” portraying life like Goldsmith’s “Deserted Village,” which is written in a different and more optimistic key. Crabbe is the minor poet, in his opinion.

Again Mr. Macdougall said he had made a study that to him was most interesting of the contrast between the present-day opinion of little of the world and of Cardinal Newman, both English men of letters. These are typical of the line of thought that is carrying on along this line, it seems. An entire winter was spent trying to get this for the writer. When it was finished, he said, and he had liked Bliss Perry’s estimate best.

Wilson brook gorge in Piscataquis county in mind, I asked if it extended any distance, and he replied in the negative, having secluded retreat, all woody, with steep ledges and pools and gushing waters.

That was some other day,” was the reluctant verdict, for the afternoon was waning.

So attention was focused on the tree swallows flitting about the pendant house he had put up for them in a tree just in front of the cottage; and on the bird-entombed study in a natural arbor, where he finds quiet for intensive writing.

Somehow conversation did not turn at any length upon the work nearest his heart, that of his church and parish; and he remarked upon it at the close. But this was the sort of thing to be taken for granted. He was a preacher, a friend of everyone here in his upland country. Casual converse at the village store bore witness to that fact.

Rather did his by-lines attract. Here was a fisher not only of men but of the bright, mottled trout in Maine’s lakes and streams, about which he has written for some of the best-known magazines of the country. Here was a lecturer, who has been talking about poets and their work at no one’s better, Bangor Theological Seminary, season after season. Here was a poet, whose lines have been of such excellence as to be accepted by religious and other publications and well-known anthologies.

“I am not a marine fisherman,” he admitted, smiling drolly, as he re-adjusted himself in his porch chair. The adjective was a little strong.

Mr. Macdougall in cap and gown.

Only stillness becomes them. The whir of the motor ceases. Conversion elbows. The tides of the soul are at the full.

Mr. Macdougall in camp and gown.
"What about modern poetry?" I ventured, sure of strong convictions for or against.

Mr. Macdougall was leaning well across the porch table, watching an ominous cloud that was gathering over the hills across the river. Already a stiff wind was blowing downstream, the swallows' tiny house in the birch was swaying violently, and rain threatened.

"Bleak here in winter," he first commented, with a sweep of his hand at the changing scene as a veil of steel-gray mist settled across the picture.

"Modern poetry?" he repeated, shaking his head negatively. "I like it; but some of the great modern masters of technique seem to have sick souls!

"There is our own Maine Millay! Something terrible must have happened to her after she wrote her 'Renaissance'!

"But, have you read her last new book of poems, 'Wine from These Grapes'?" I asked, astonishingly. "Judgment of her work surely should include this last philosophic-

Mrs. Macdougall and the youngest of four, their only son.

al masterpiece which carries a poign-

ant lesson!"

He had not. But he would.

Then I asked if it had been his privilege to meet any of the modern poets—Millay, Pulsifer, Coffin, Vinal, Snow, here in Maine, not to mention Frost in New Hampshire, and others.

"Only Van Dyke." There was unmistakable regret in his voice that there had not been more. "I met him at Cranberry Isle," he mused; "and the first thing he said to me was 'Whoa! So much?" He told me about the work he was doing. Yes, he was easy to meet! I liked this peculiar poet.

By this time, the summer storm was beating viciously thru the porch screen, and an hasty retreat was taken to the shelter of the little glassed-in house-on-wheels which was so admirably to take a wayfarer wandering. The poet was gallantly steering a travel-companion thru plopping pools.

Then he slipped into the green bower of his study, waving farewell. But the scrapbook had more to say, fortunately. It is a most revealing thing! There's no mask to a man's likes, in the selections he chooses to file for recollection.

Here Mr. Macdougall must have had his alma mater in mind when he made his first choice a poem by another, "The Seminary Bell". Then a fellow-poet in Bingham gained recognition. For the second poem was Elizabeth Goodrich Jordan's "To Peace".

Mr. Macdougall says he writes only about three or four poems in a year, and these chiefly as "an escape from the overpowering wonder of living." Much of his product in the last dozen years has found print, some of his "Christian Century," which maintains an ashen standard; in "The World Tomorrow," "The Congregationalist," in "The Homiletic Review," and in "The Churchman." Readers of the Lewiston Journal will recall his name signed to occasional poems used in the State Chat column.

I had asked him his personal preference. He said, "The Captains of the Years," which has appeared in three American anthologies. The poem follows:

"I watched the Captains A-riding, riding Down the years; The men of mystic grip Of soul, a-riding Between a hedge of spears, "I saw their banners A-floating, floating Over all, Till each of them had passed, And Christ came riding A donkey lean and small. "I watched the Captains A-turning, staring, Proud and set. At Christ a-riding there— So calmly riding The Road that men can't forget. "I watched the Captains Dismounting, waiting— None now led— The Captains bowing low! The Caesars waiting! While Christ rode on ahead!"

Four pages over in this scrapbook came his own initial appearance; "Simon Peter", which was among the poems Mr. Macdougall submitted in the first Maine Federation of Women's Clubs' poetry contest. In this poem, as in many others by him, the religious element enters, the almost always with originality of thought and treatment. The poems move one, because he, himself, is moved in writing them.

The last of many of his poems to be found here is one on "War"—and he knew it first-hand in the recent world conflict—when one might expect to find the poem which won second prize of ten dollars in the last contest in Maine, under the same auspices, which was concluded this spring.

This poem was "After the Thrushes Sang," read at the Bates college chapel on Literature Day. It is repeated here as an excellent specimen of his song:

"Oft have I heard the dark-wood thrushes sing, This side a sunset screened by sum-

Yes have I heard and felt the word-

mer rain.

That haunts the world and clumbs above the mind— I would to God that man might march to it, And so, go on tho heaven felt be-

hind.

"Beyond the march of mind it ories us on And breaks, when night has come, the silent hour With higher tidings than the lips of men Have spoken, while with mystic power It nods the lie despair has written large Across the lonely heart of all the earth— The little thrushes sing in tune with God, Their song eternal and their sorrow, mirth."

The allusion to the poet whose "fame was writ in water" is, of course, to Keats, these words being cut deeply into the Italian tombs which commemorates him. Travelers have told the Bingham poet how they saw and read them there.

It is only 11 years since Mr. Mac-
dougall was graduated, so he is young yet; and who knows how much more Maine will have reason to be proud of him in the field of letters, ere his life-work is done!

LEWISTON JOURNAL
SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1935
Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

The announcement of the new Dud Dean book has been received, and we are glad to assure you that we can use two copies, when they are available. It will be pleasant to greet Dud again, and we trust that many others will want to do so.

May we hope for an inscribed, presentation copy for the Maine Author Collection?

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
BY

hm

SECRETARY

No acknowledgement. Books sent with bill, $1.50 each.
September 8, 1942

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

It was a welcome notice that came to us about Dud Dean's new book, and we want a copy of course for our traveling library section. Will you be so kind as to let us know the price, including transportation, to libraries; we shall have the order placed as usual through the state Bureau of Purchases.

We certainly hope that your interest in the Maine Author Collection continues, and that you will want to inscribe a presentation copy for the exhibit that holds your previous work.

Our best wishes for the success of the new volume!

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY

BY

hmj

Encls.

SECRETARY
Dear Mrs. Hildor McLeod Jacob,

Price to libraries on the limited 750 edition would have to be $3.50. Retail is $4.00. If books do not blow to pieces with the exigencies of the times, there will be a cheaper trade edition, later in the year.

I will surely remember the Collection.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

In the midst of today's consternations, it is a delightfully warm feeling to know that Dud Dean is the same. He's just as wise and just as human as when we first knew him, and we are very pleased indeed to add IF IT RETURNS WITH SCARS to the Maine Author Collection.

Incidentally, we notice in the list of your books, FAR ENOUGH FOR ALL THE YEARS. We do not seem to have this in the collection -- should we not?

IF IT RETURNS WITH SCARS is certain to find its genial way to lovers of the outdoor life, and especially to fisherfolk, who will treasure its pages for the sun and wind and water and goodness that you so skillfully portray.

Please accept our thanks for your kindness in presenting a copy to the exhibit.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY

hmj  SECRETARY
Bingham, Maine  
October 13, 1942.

Mrs. Hilda McLoad Jacob,  
Maine State Library,  
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Jacobs,  

Thanks for the letter of October 12th. Including "Far Enough for All the Years" was a stubborn piece of business. I did so, because it contained the best of my writing.

It was a mistake to do so, because I have been forced to write an explanation to Dud Dean's friends who like Dud, but probably would not enjoy the booklet. It's only a very small booklet, as you will see. Scots are stubborn.

I am mailing a copy to you -- to be your own. It wouldn't be at home among the volumes.

Sincerely yours,

Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr.
October 14, 1942

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

Scots are stubborn; and the library yields to your statement that FAR ENOUGH FOR ALL THE YEARS wouldn't be at home in the Maine Author Collection— but only for one reason: it is not a bound book. Its content and author qualify it, however; so we shall hope that one day you may be induced to expand these poems into a full-fledged book.

It has all turned out very opportunely for me. I did not dream of receiving a personal copy, and to have an inscribed one is really delightful. Please accept my sincere thanks for your kindness.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
BY

hmj
SECRETARY
July 9, 1943

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

It was very kind of you to send us the charming booklet, THE LEGEND OF MOOSEHEAD LAKE; but how strange that the printers did not credit the poem to Frances Laughton Mace, or even say "Author Unknown." She is a Maine poet, born in Orono in 1836. It would be more correct to say she was, for she died in 1899.

The Legend, it happens, was one of the poems which I was obliged to commit to childhood memory and recite upon parental command; it appeals to me more in its present edition! Thank you for sending it; we are placing it with her other work in the Maine Author Collection.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY

by

hmJ
Encl--$ postal refund

SECRETARY
Bingham, Maine,  
July 10, 1943

Mrs. F. W. Jacobs,  
Maine State Library,  
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Jacobs,

Thank you very much for the information about "The Legend of Moosehead Lake." I thought you folks would surely know.

Milford Baker, the photographer, published the booklet several years ago. Someone at the old Kineo Hotel brought it to his attention. But he did not learn its source.

Mr. Baker was drowned at the pool beneath the foot of Wyman Dam -- in 1932. I had forgotten the booklet, until a relative gave me several copies.

Now I wonder if the library possesses a copy that is available (I mean of Frances Laughton Hace's poems) that I may borrow for a few days. It seems to me that the poem is evidence of good instinctive craftsmanship. And I ashamed that I had never heard of the lady.

It is hot -- and lovely -- on the Upper Kennebec.

Sincerely yours,

Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr.
A copy of UNDER PINE AND PALM is being sent to you. Several of Mrs. Mace's poems appear in Griffith's THE POETS OF MAINE: The Violets, The Birth of the Rose, Kineo, The Bowdoin Oak, Bar Harbor, and Only Waiting. Of these, the only one appearing in UNDER PINE AND PALM seems to be Bar Harbor. We are not sending you THE POETS OF MAINE, but we should be glad to do so if you want it.

From this latter book, we quote the introductory note: "This author, the daughter of Sumner Laughton, of Orono, and wife of Benjamin H. Mace, a lawyer of Bangor, was born in Orono, Jan. 15, 1856. Her poems first appeared in print when she was only twelve years of age, being published in the Waterville Mail. When her father removed to Bangor, she entered the High School of that city, completing the course at a very early age, and subsequently studying by herself for some years. Her marriage occurred in 1855. She has been the mother of eight children, four of whom survive, and one of whom has become Mrs. Marion L. Parsons, a successful writer of short stories. Mrs. Mace's early contributions to the press soon attracted the attention of the New York Journal of Commerce, and she has been a constant writer for that journal at a liberal compensation ever since. At eighteen she wrote the now familiar hymn, "Only Waiting," and has received letters expressive of appreciation of it, and of thanks for its consolation, from every State and Territory in the Union. Harper's Magazine, the Atlantic, the Century and Scribner's,
July 13, 1943
-2-

are all enriched with the product of her pen. A short poem contributed by her to the Portland Transcript, recently has been greatly admired. Her fame has grown steadily, and has reached beyond the seas. When, in November, 1893, a volume of her collected poems was for the first time published, under the title, "Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets," so great was the demand that the edition was exhausted, and another issued within a few weeks. Her second volume, "Under Pine and Palm," was lately published in Boston, and is dedicated, in chaste and beautiful language, to her father and mother. This, too, is having a large sale. Her words are those of purity, grandeur and splendor, and her verse is "strong, limpid and deep — a river of music in perpetual flow." Mr. and Mrs. Mace went to San Jose, Cal., two years ago for the benefit of their health, and found the region so agreeable that they decided to settle there. The Mercury, printed at San Jose, and in fact all the papers of the Pacific coast have given Mrs. Mace and her family a most hearty welcome, and are proud of their adopted children."

We do not have LEGENDS, LYRICS, AND SONNETS, but we are glad to be able to help a bit in sending one book and some information; and if you would like to see the Griffith book, let us know.

It is hot — and not so lovely — on the Lower Kennebec!

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
BY

hmj

SECRETARY
Mrs. F. W. Jacobs,
The Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Jacobs,

Thank you for all the information about Mrs. Mace in your letter of July 13th.

Once I read in a book of essays about a book the essayist had found. The authorship was not publically acknowledged. The title page only recorded that it had been written by G. The essayist said that he wondered who "G" might be. Then he discovered that a few of the chapters had been first published in the Atlantic Monthly. So he concluded the book had been written by God.

That, I thought, was a good story; and I told it to Bliss Perry, who at one time was Editor of the Atlantic -- you will remember. The delightful Professor and I were fishing on one of the remote, northern lakes of Maine. He turned to look searchingly at me, and said:

"Yes? Well, there were other contributors."

Sincerely,

[Signature]

postal card reply July 27: "Thank you for brightening the day with a wonderful story."
Essentials for Folks Who Want to Write!

By Arthur K. Macdougall, Jr.

Editors suspect that ninety odd per cent of humanity think they can write stories, and are attempting to prove it. Before editorial offices are crowded with incoming manuscripts. Yet while some magazines buy more than one per cent of the manuscripts that come to them by mail, many of the lesser magazines are employing accounting firms to find competent writers and to outline their needs to such persons. Also it is necessary to say, editors are engaged with manuscripts, and yet they are continually searching for the material they need. "Why can aspiring beginners learn the first essentials?" the editors ask. "Is it reasonable for a person who has sold more than one hundred short stories and poems to write and send them to editors?" So the editor asks, "Are my type writers under-equipped?" Hence it is not worth sending out another. All of us have sold stories that we did not want to sell. Therefore you want that manuscript to come back, if the editor to whom you sent it does not choose to buy it. Hence the stamps and the addressed envelope.

Of course, suppose we begin with the first, simple step: that of preparing the manuscript for market. Strange as it seems this is the most common stumble. First, the manuscript, story or article, must be typed. Editors can not read manuscripts that are written in long hand. And they don't. If one doesn't own a typewriter, and if one is not much of the second, he should employ a professional typist to prepare his story. The story should be typed on standard size type writer paper, of reasonable weight and quality. It must be double spaced, because single spaced manuscripts are hard to read—an unnecessary strain upon the editorial eyes.

On the upper left hand corner type your name and full address in the upper left hand corner. In the upper right hand corner type the approximate number of words. The length of your manuscript is told in the number of words. A required short story, although of course each page should be numbered at the upper center. Count the words on an average page, multiply that by the number of pages. Now, your first page will look like this:

Where, Oh, Where?

Suggest alterations.

Now that we have covered the simple steps to manuscript preparation and mailing—the first essentials—are we making any serious mistakes? Where are you going to send it? That is an important question again, for you may be writing an adventure story, love, and what-not. So up jumps the question, "How about it?"

Well, in the first place, if you are writer enough to have sold those top-flight markets, you don't need anyone's advice, much less mine. You know all the essentials, and more. Editors aren't sending you rejection slips. You aren't wondering how other writers send their work. You know. But for those who are not yet in your class, I will face the point you have raised. In the first place, the Saturday Evening Post and several of the best "slick" magazines publish all sorts of stories, mystery, detective, adventure love, and what-not. So up jumps the question, "How about it?"

The Post stories (and this fits several of the super slick magazines) are not true short stories. The natural word length of a short story seems to be 3,000 words, but unless the paper shortage forces the slicks to change their requirements, they will continue to be from 5,000 to 7,000. That means a padded short story, and the Post, in particular, requires at least 3,000 words. True, a short story is not a book, for the reader's interest must be continued from page to page, and it may be a good story, too.

Therefore, carefully study the magazines you plan to sell. Please mark this however: do not try to write your story after the manner of the written stories you find in print. Not that! Every editor wants fresh plots, new stories, different stories, not copies of the stories to the field. If it's a cowboy story, send it to a Wild West magazine, most of those are published and published in New York City.

Long, Or Short?

After you have classified your story, consider its length—the number of words. Various magazines set their word limits, and these are not always arbitrary about that. Editors have to plan their "books" to meet the exigencies of the market. If magazines want short stories that do not run over twenty-five hundred words. Other magazines have a different requirement, what longer manuscript. Be sure the length of your story fits within the limits set by the magazines you plan to sell it to—be sure.

There are two ways to ascertain. One might count the words in typical stories that are published. But the easiest way is to consult one of the various market guides, wherein the editors state their requirements.

And that reminds me that someone is bound to be a bit thoughtless, while reading about the classification of your story, that the Saturday Evening Post and several of the best "slick" magazines publish all sorts of stories, mystery, detective, adventure love, and what-not. But it must be the story of the lesser magazines, such as the wood-pulp, but it is an exceedingly difficult and nice job to stretch a story for the Post. The plot that ordinarily fits 3,000 words must be stretched double. Only an exceedingly clever and experienced writer can accomplish that in an acceptable manner. It is a problem to be solved with more words alone. Nothing may impede the reader's interest. It must, instead, enhance, intrigue, and enthrall his interest. It is a professional job. Furthermore, although the field is wider—including various types of stories—it is also specialized. The tone, the method, etc., are peculiar to these magazines that stand at the top, such as the payment per word is increased. Take your word for it. Or ask any old-timer writer. It is safe to assume that you must serve an apprenticeship, before you sell the top-notchers, for whom clever professionals are eagerly working.

And, as the sum total of the second essential for the beginner's writing, is to study the magazines you know what have to sell, and where to sell it.
Accuracy Is Important

Note these last words. If someone had told me these things, when I began, blunderingly, to write for money, I might have escaped no end of puzzlement and disappointment. For example, watch your facts. Be sure they are correct. I mean, any sort of fact—the miles between this or that, the sort of gun, skirts, dresses, names of places, sort of places, habits of speech—any fact that supports the atmosphere of realism in your story or article. You must watch your facts, because this country is full of readers who derive no end of pleasure in writing to the editor. They burst—sometimes one wishes they might literally—with glee, when they discover some error of statement, description, or history in a story. Such folks read to unearth a writer's mistakes. An editor hates them, but also fears them. Therefore, he is always on guard, both he and his helpers, to catch all such slips before they are committed to print. If he sees them in your manuscript, back goes the yarn from whence it came. He hasn't time to waste with careless authors. And, anyhow, he is afraid to take a chance. It is as though these birds roosted on his office door, and were ready to flop down his neck at the slightest mishap.

He'll almost blacklist the best writer in the United States, if a flood of letters descend upon him, because of some unchecked fact. Be authentic. It's the mark of a good craftsman.

Study The Magazines

Next, I soberly suggest that you subscribe to one or more of the magazines that are published for writers alone. One learns by study. And, finally, do not believe a word from soreheads who tell you that only the big names stand a chance; that editorial offices will not read your manuscript. What in the world do such folks suppose magazines pay a big staff of readers to do, if they do not read all the manuscripts that are submitted? Of course, if the first few pages betray inaptness, and an inability to tell a story, the rest need not be read. And of course, if a writer sticks page eight and nine together, just to prove that his work doesn't get examined, he should blame himself. Did he think that busy people were going to split his pages a part? Don't listen to the lame ducks. No story that bears the earmarks of an alive workmanship fails to reach the editor's desk. The first readers know just how eager their editor is to find new writers, because the supply is too small to meet his needs. Editors are business men.

They know, or they hope that they know, what the customer wants. They will not buy something else. Stories are the market commodity in which they deal.

And good luck to you.
June 17, 1946

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. MacDougall:

It is ever a joy to anticipate another Dud Dean book, and we are happy to tell you that the copy for our traveling library section has already been ordered. It has not yet arrived, so we are still eagerly awaiting that first glimpse into the new book.

May the Maine Author Collection hope to have an inscribed copy to place with Dud Dean's earlier books? We certainly wish the new one the best of luck, and are looking forward with pleasure to reading it.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. MacDougall:

The reviewers seem perspicacious: we have seen nothing but praise for DUD DEAN AND HIS COUNTRY, which is as it should be.

The book goes into our traveling libraries -- dare we hope that an inscribed copy will go into the Maine Author Collection, along with the earlier books about Dud? It would be a sad gap, if it weren't here.

Our good wishes to it, and to its author, who is probably catching fish and more Dud Dean stories right now.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr., a Down East clergyman and fly-rod expert, is considered by many the best teller of fishing and out-of-door stories in the country. His *Dud Dean Yarns* which have appeared in many of the sporting magazines have become justly famous. Mr. MacDougall himself printed small editions of these stories which overnight were snapped up and are now almost impossible to secure. Cries of anguish from the followers of Isaac Walton rose, and the demand became so insistent that Mr. MacDougall finally agreed to allow the stories to be generally published. This edition, brilliantly illustrated by Milton C. Weiler, contains stories from *Dud Dean Yarns*, *If It Returns With Scars*, and *The Sun Stood Still*. This new collection will find a much wider field of readers than merely sportsmen, for the Dud Dean tales are read and enjoyed by people who are not fishermen and hunters.

*Illustrated by Milton C. Weiler*
A De Luxe Edition of four hundred copies, numbered and signed by the author, will be published at the same time as the regular edition. These will have a frontispiece in full color, will be handsomely bound and printed on special paper. Orders for both editions may be listed on the coupon below.

Please send me ___ copies of the De Luxe Edition of DUD DEAN AND HIS COUNTRY at $12.50 each.

Please send me ___ copies of the regular edition of DUD DEAN AND HIS COUNTRY at $3.00 each.

☐ Payment is enclosed

☐ Charge my account

Name

Address

City and State
Make a Pilgrimage
TO THE
Anglers' Sunday Service
AT BINGHAM, ON THE KENNEBEC

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Sunday, July 28, 1946
11 A.M. D.L.S.T.

Highway 201  BINGHAM, MAINE
Flying by plane from Popham, in a northerly direction, to our northwestern Canadian boundary, gives a wonderful bird’s-eye view of a river basin comprising about one fifth of Maine’s area. It may be appropriately divided into two parts, the UPPER and LOWER, of about equal size. In each, there is a distinct physical type.

The LOWER consists of a rugged coastline with its fisherfolk, then rich agricultural lands with small wooded areas, villages and industrial towns.

The UPPER is a great forest area with many hills and mountains. Nestling between these mountains are numberless lakes and ponds, each one a silvery gem in an emerald setting. Many brooks, streams and rivers (some times quietly, and again with much tumult) bear these waters in their course to the sea.

It was up these waters that Benedict Arnold’s Army toiled and suffered in its fruitless attempt to capture Quebec.

It was down these waters that have floated countless millions of logs to do their part in adding to our comfort and industrial welfare.

This river basin is what we State-of-Mainers call “Kennebec Waters.” Robert Coffin has called it, “Kennebec, Cradle of Americans.”

Bingham is the gateway to the Upper Kennebec Region. To this town there came (I know not just when) the Rev. Arthur Macdougall as pastor of the Congregational Church. Like many other new ministers he was somewhat of a gamble, but he soon made his way into the hearts of the people. He not only loves the people, but he loves the country, and he loves to fish.

In his “Dud Dean” and other stories he has put in lasting form on the printed page a true, interesting and entertaining picture of the woodsman, riverman and guide who is a product of the Upper Kennebec.

Whether you be fishermen or not, the friendliness, kindly philosophy and droll humor as depicted in “Dud Dean” will make you like him. Thus it is the Rev. Arthur Macdougall has become to all anglers who know him, just plain “Mak.” The Upper Kennebec is his country. He “fits” in his country and his country “fits” him.

I believe you can well afford a Sunday to hear “Mak” speak to anglers. It may make you a better fisherman in more than one sense of the word.

GEORGE J. STOBIE,
Commissioner of Inland Fisheries and Game.
It has always seemed to me that the State of Maine was deeply in debt to Arthur Macdougall, or "Mak" as he is known to more than a quarter million readers of Field & Stream. It just isn't possible to read a Dud Dean yarn without feeling that Maine is a pretty good place in which to fish and hunt, and that Maine people, especially those in the Upper Kennebec region, are pretty good folks to know. Publicity of that quality is priceless.

HENRY S. BEVERAGE

Our hotels and restaurants are crowded at meal-times. If you bring your picnic lunch and sugar, we'll have coffee ready in the Parish House.
Bingham, Maine

July 18, 1946.

Mrs. Hilda McLeod Jacob,
The Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Jacob,

I'm sorry. The little "this" and "thats" with their ill manners and dirty paws have been sitting on my neck. Otherwise, but for the fact I was born lazy, I should have written you in reply to the first note about Dud Dean and His Country.

First, don't you think that "perspicacious" is a terrible word to spring on a fellow during such hot weather? And then, second, I have been in doubt about the ethical position of this book of Coward-McCann's. You see, folks don't bother to read the frank statement somewhere inside the jacket. These are not new stories. The publishers have seen fit to rearrange -- choosing some from one, some from another, of the first books of Dud Dean. That involved the original copyrights, and made it necessary to copyright again under different titles. Hence this isn't new material. It is really only a second edition with a new name. But if you folks feel that there should be such a copy among the upright Maine authors, I shall be pleased to send one.

Please do not spring such words as perspicacious on any of the Representatives or Senators.

Sincerely, 

[Signature]
July 22, 1946

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

But it's a book, isn't it? It wouldn't seem right for it not to be in the Maine Author Collection. As for the nice long word you think shouldn't be used on our august legislative body, it means "of acute mental vision or discernment," says Webster; and that's just what people have who like Dud Dean and the books about him. Yes, we hope you will inscribe and send one for the collection. All good wishes to it, and to the Anglers' Sunday Service.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
July 24, 1946

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

It gave us a great deal of pleasure to find the inscribed copy of DUD DEAN AND HIS COUNTRY in the morning mail. The book goes into the Maine Author Collection at once, and our thanks go to you: for the gift and also for capturing in permanent form the flavor of speech and character of the Upper Kennebec.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. MacDougall:

One of the pleasant things we learned at a recent library conference was that we may expect another of your delightful books: UNDER A WILLOW TREE.

We have made proper notes for the library, and we hope that your generous interest in the Maine Author Collection will continue, so that an inscribed copy of the new book may be included.

We can write much more intelligently about the book after we have seen it, but we have every reason to expect the usual reading enjoyment that your writing brings us. Good luck to UNDER A WILLOW TREE.

Sincerely yours,

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Bingham, Maine
October 25, 1946.

Mrs. Hilda M. Jacobs,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Jacobs,

Mr. Coward tells me that the book doesn't come out until February. I hope you win and I shall send a copy.*

Be sure to enjoy these last October days!

Sincerely,

C.R.M.Sr.

* And I'm very pleased to do so.
October 29, 1946

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. MacDougall:

Till February is a long time to wait, but we learn patience about publishing! UNDER A WILLOW TREE will be something pleasant to anticipate.

Your admonition about October’s "bright blue weather" is kind. It has been unusually wonderful, I think; and a few weekends ago, on our way through Bingham to Coburn Mountain, I was sure that the color was the most perfect (if such a thing is possible!) that I had ever seen.

Sincerely yours,

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. MacDougall:

For once, a publication date moved forward! Congratulations; we won't even ask how it was done, we're so glad to know that UNDER A WILLOW TREE is out now.

We look forward eagerly to the inscribed copy which you so kindly promised the Maine Author Collection, and wish it all sorts of success.

Sincerely yours,

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Bingham, Maine, January 8, 1947.

Mrs. Hilda M. Jacobs,  
The State Library,  
Augusta, Maine. 

Dear Mrs. Jacobs, 

I think that you are a wonderful person. If I might have had such a secretary, I'm sure I should have forgotten little and accomplished much. I might, even, have written a dictionary — remember? 

That book seems to be out among folks who review, but I haven't it. When my copies come, I'll send one. 

Probably you will remember who it was who said, that of the making of books there is no end. I would add, no end of trouble. My neighbor, Mr. Gould, seems to feel that it is a lark, but I seem to have missed his fun and luck. Right now, I'm sweating over the stuff for the third book of Dud Dean, which might get out next September, and a-wishing I were snowshoeing, or whatever else. 

God be with you! 

Sincerely, 

Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr.
Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

Your letter, we suspect, is undiluted flattery; but we like it! Yes, we do know where it says "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." But does the same chapter not tell us that "To every thing there is a season"? -- including, we hope, snowshoeing!

UNDER A WILLOW TREE has come, and we are delighted to add another volume immortalizing Dud Dean to the Maine Author Collection. The sketches are charming, aren't they, and so suitable to the spirit of the book.

The dedication is worthy of special mention, for its sensitive allegory.

Thank you very much for the presentation copy for the collection.

Sincerely yours,

hmj

Encl.--10¢ postal refund

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
September 18, 1947

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

It is good news that we may anticipate another book this fall. Is WHERE FLOWS THE KENNEBEC a book of Dud Dean? We don't see how it could help being that; we have grown accustomed to a pleasant synonymity between Dud and his Kennebec.

Anyway, good wishes to the book and to Dud, and we hope that the Maine Author Collection may continue in your generous regard.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Mrs. F. W. Jacobs,  
The Maine State Library,  
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Jacobs,

I hope that Dud Dean may continue in your generous regard. And I am sure that he will want to send you a copy of Where Flows the Kennebec when it appears. But in this queer world even the Lord might be supposed to be in doubt as to when anything might happen... and to be indifferent. As for Dud and me, we don't know. The book was said to be due in September, but since we have lately returned the first proofs, and it must be corrected and proofed again before the final printing and binding, it isn't apt to appear before December.

Meantime, the spruce trees have grown phenomenally --the terminal shoots grew from eighteen inches to two feet this summer. The swallows are gone. There's a chill in the air that is no part of summer's kindness, and the white maples are turning from lush green to a halleluiah red --and all good neighbors hope that the moths did not riddle anyone's woolens.

Have you read E. Merrill Root's great book of poems, BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES?

Sincerely, [Signature]

Bingham, Maine  
September 19, 1947.
December 10, 1947

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

Just in time to contribute to holiday cheer is the delightfully inscribed copy of WHERE FLOWS THE KENNEBEC for the Maine Author Collection.

Dud Dean's appeal continues unabated, his humor and wisdom are just as fresh and unspoiled as when we first knew them. It is a fine tribute which appears on the jacket, and E. Merrill Root must speak for many readers who thirst for woods and waters.

We congratulate you upon the latest Dud Dean book, and upon your ability to maintain the flavor and atmosphere which you established when introducing Dud.

Thank you very much for the Maine Author Collection copy.

Sincerely yours

hmj

Encl--4¢ postal refund.  In Charge of

Maine Author Collection
Bingham, Maine
December 11, 1947.

Mrs. J. W. Jacobs,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Hilda,

No dignity, that is I!

Thank you for the kind, smart, and efficient letter.

Black, ugly, sick to the west, as if a furious storm were coming out over Fletcher Mountain. And I am confident that it is.
But the church carollers are ringing Christmas carols—have answers to all storms.

Good Christmas to you and yours, and a bust of new years.

Sincerely,
G. R. M. Jr.
Friends of DUD DEAN:

For over twenty years the nature-loving public has followed the famous Dud Dean yarns--book after book from the facile pen of Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr. Now the creator of Dud Dean turns to a new medium.

Actually FAR ENOUGH FOR ALL THE YEARS is a collection of poems, old and new, the choicest and richest verse written in odd moments by Mr. Macdougall--poems long beloved by magazine readers and by those close to the author...poems of mood and inspiration, poems of country life, of nature and the outdoors, war and peace, faith and religion.

At the moment FAR ENOUGH FOR ALL THE YEARS is in manuscript form, as yet unpublished. It will be published if a sufficient number of advance subscriptions can be secured to cover the considerable cost of publication.

To make possible publication of this fine collection this prospectus is issued for the express purpose of giving friends of Mr. Macdougall, who have sought his verse, an opportunity to reserve a copy. It is planned to print and bind a beautiful edition, and Mr. Macdougall has agreed to autograph copies personally to each subscriber, or to any designated person, or persons.

If you plan to make a gift of a book to a friend, FAR ENOUGH FOR ALL THE YEARS is an ideal present. If you like inspirational poetry, if you collect fine editions, if you wish to possess the famous Dud Dean signature, this is your opportunity to fill out the enclosed subscription form, reserving a copy on publication.
Far Enough For All The Years
by ARTHUR R. MACDOUGALL, JR.

The beloved writer of the Dud Dean stories has written a book of poems. FAR ENOUGH FOR ALL THE YEARS is a collection of the choicest of Mr. Macdougall's verse...poems of country life, of nature, of war and peace, and of faith and religion...mood and inspirational jewels composed in odd moments by this great outdoorsman.

I wish to order......copies of Far Enough For All The Years at $2.50 a copy.

Name.................................................................
Address............................................................
Check herewith □ Send C.O.D. □
Please bill □
July 23, 1948

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

Of course we want FAR ENOUGH FOR ALL THE YEARS, and we have immediately added it to our order list for the lending section of the library.

We hope that the Maine Author Collection may be privileged to include an inscribed copy, also.

Is this an expanded edition of the little booklet you published several years ago. If it is, we have sampled the contents, and are eager to read more. If it isn't, our curiosity is aroused. At any rate, we hope it achieves the right number of advance reservations, and comes into being.

And we hope that lots of people will be luckier than we, and can get to Bingham this coming Sunday!

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Bingham, Maine
August 5, 1948.

Mrs. Hilda Jacobs,
The Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Jacobs,

I can't find the letter, here in this August disorder, but I think that you wrote me about that projected book of verse.

It is all in the limbo. If they get enough advance orders to assure them, they'll go ahead. Aside from the work of a half dozen gifted poets, such a thing never happened.

If it should go through, I'll autograph a copy to the collection with gold ink.

I trust there are cool and good moments beside China Lake! But do not think that I ever mean to complain about summer's lovely ways with men and whatever. At her worst, she seems delightful beyond compare --with January and February, which are the devil's own mood.

I wish that you would tell the folks at the desk that I am now about to run for the study camp on Wyman Lake, and that they may fire all the books on Herman Melville that are listed in the bibliography. I am out to get Moby Dick or bust.

Sincerely yours,

Arthur R. Macdougall.
January 12, 1949

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

It was an unexpected pleasure to find the inscribed FAR ENOUGH FOR ALL THE YEARS in our mail. We congratulate you upon joining the company of the half dozen gifted poets whom you mentioned last summer. But you also mentioned that the collection copy would be autographed with gold ink! Even without the gold ink, we'll add this copy gratefully and proudly to the collection.

These poems must have been gleaned carefully. They were not written suddenly, but seem to have been slowly and judiciously polished to their fine sheen of understanding. There are lovely poems here -- too many for me to say "This is my favorite." So many of them capture the atmosphere of your home part of the state. I like your fall and winter poems, too, despite the cruelly unjust things you said about winter in last summer's letter. And I suspect that you and thrushes enjoy a particular sympathy.

Thank you very much for remembering the Maine Author Collection. And good luck to the book.

Sincerely yours

hmj
Encl--8¢ postal refund

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Bingham, Maine
January 20, 1949.

Dear Mrs. Jacob,

You are a gifted daughter of Maine, your letters are keen and delightful, and I only wish we had another book to read.

Do you know that our gifted lady, Florence B. Jacob, of East Madison, has a book of poems coming out by way of Macmillan? She has a genuine poetic talent.

It is late, but I wish you the best for the rest of the new year.

Sincerely,
Mark.
February 16, 1949

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

It seems that in July, 1829, the church of the Penobscot Tribe of Indians at Old Town required repairs, which were effected: "building pews, fixing gate, seat in gallery" and so on.

The bill may have prompted the next step, but it was, of course, a common practice to rent the pews. At any rate, it was resolved in council to rent the pews for three months. Pages from the Indian record book list the purchasers and the price, "payable in one month." It is mildly interesting to note that Missel Neptune's price was but two cents, while Capt. Jo Mary's was six dollars, and two ten-dollar entries appear.

The inspiration of this letter, however, lies not in the worldly means of the godly Indians, but in what happened five days later: "It was ordered, the occupancy of the Pews by those who bid them off should be continued till the fishing season next spring."

Fish and religion -- from ancient mythology to Bingham, not excepting Old Town.

The order goes on, somewhat prosaically, "The reason assigned for this is that the prices generally are too high for merely three months, and it will be impracticable for the pew-holders to raise that sum in the course of that time."

Well, anyway, it brought you to mind, and we thought you might like the story.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of

Maine Author Collection
Bingham, Maine
February 21, 1949.

Mrs. F. W. Jacobs.

Dear Mrs. Jacobs,

Well! thank you for a good story. I think it will come in very handy next Anglers' Sunday service. And if you are in the audience, I shall see to it that you are credited with its discovery.

And will you please thank Margaret A. Whalen for the information about the worthy Larkin Dunton —that is, tell her I am very grateful. I am slowly putting together a book about my twenty-five years as pastor in the Enchanted Country. And I needed something authentic about Larkin for a chapter, "Going Out To Concord in October."

Good fortune to you folks, down there among the books!

Sincerely yours,

Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr.
August 17, 1949

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

DOC BLAKESLEY, ANGLER, is eagerly anticipated, and as usual we hope that the Maine Author Collection will merit your generous attention.

I'm sorry that we couldn't be among those who enjoyed the Anglers' Service. I hope there were many. It seems a fine thing to do, and you have a beautiful location for this kind of service. The only time we seem fortunate enough to get into your country is occasionally in the fall, when we can manage time off to climb Coburn.

I hope the fishing is good this year.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

hmj
Dear Mr. Macdougall:

When we heard that a newcomer, Doc Blakesley, was having a book all to himself, we wondered loyally about Dud Dean and his fans. We are obliged to admit, however, that you knew what you were doing; and we feel that Doc will win a host of friends and admirers as did your famous Dud.

Thank you very much for making it possible to add your latest book to the Maine Author Collection. It is refreshing to have stories like these with the breath of woods and water in them, and we hope that Doc will make more appearances.

Congratulations, and good luck to the book.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of
 Maine Author Collection

September 8, 1949

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

When we heard that a newcomer, Doc Blakesley, was having a book all to himself, we wondered loyally about Dud Dean and his fans. We are obliged to admit, however, that you knew what you were doing; and we feel that Doc will win a host of friends and admirers as did your famous Dud.

Thank you very much for making it possible to add your latest book to the Maine Author Collection. It is refreshing to have stories like these with the breath of woods and water in them, and we hope that Doc will make more appearances.

Congratulations, and good luck to the book.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of
 Maine Author Collection
Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

Some of the best news we've had this spring is that a new book by you may be expected. We rejoice that Dud Dean is to be found up around the Enchanted, but don't popularize that country too much -- you don't want it spoiled by an influx of tourists, do you?

Anyway, we shall be delighted to welcome Dud again between covers, and we hope that the Maine Author Collection is still in your good and generous graces.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Bingham, Maine  
June 22, 1953.

Mrs. F.W. Jacobs,  
The Maine State Library,  
State House, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Jacobs,

I am not certain that my graces are generous or good, but the Author’s Collection is a keen idea, and you are a good and keen lady. But I have notice that Dud Dean is delayed. In fact, I suspect I should find another publisher and should have done so in the first place.

Hope the temperatures over and near China Lake are cool and kindly.

Sincerely,

— K

Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr.
June 25, 1953

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

Oh, dear! We are disappointed but (shall we whisper it?) not surprised. The firm seems to have a history of dilatoriness. Well, Dud can always go fishing while waiting, and we'll just sit quietly and hope for the best.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

hmj
September 10, 1954

Bingham
Maine

Dear Mr. Macdougall:

It's been a year, and better, since we last inquired about the progress of that new book. We heard you autographed some copies this summer, so we deduce that progress of a sort has been made.

This isn't really a request, because you have already kindly promised the Maine Author Collection as copy of DUD DEAN AND THE ENCHANTED. It is simply an assurance that we are still looking forward to the happy day when the book is an actuality, and not just a publisher's promise.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection
Bingham, Maine, 
September 14, 1954.

Mrs. F. W. Jacobs.

Dear Hilda,

I met your husband. And while we talked, I meant to ask him if you always won. Anyhow, in behalf of the library, you win. It is my pleasure of course.

But will you do something for me? When you go home, leave the second copy (enclosed) at the Governor's office --wish you would hand it to him.

I feel like the devil about the election. And I feel that way especially at the way the vote went in Bingham. If you happen to be a Democrat, don't tell on me.

Sincerely,

Arthur R. Macdougall, D.D.
Dear Dr. Macdougall:

That title does sound dignified, doesn't it, and we're glad that you have it; but it will make no difference to your friend Dud. It is wonderful to be able to sit down and visit with him again and hear his tales and enjoy his speech.

Governor Cross received his copy of your new book this morning, and seemed warmly pleased -- said he always enjoyed reading your books, and would I thank you, although of course he'd write to you, too.

As for the election, there aren't as many Democrats in the State of Maine as there were votes for Mr. Muskie, so whether one is registered as a Republican or a Democrat doesn't count this fall, does it? Anyway, I can see by the Bingham figures that you tried hard.

And now, thank you very much for the Maine Author Collection copy of DUD DEAN AND THE ENCHANTED. Don't let anything happen to Dud. Just keep on writing about him year after year, will you?

Sincerely yours

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection