

April 2016

Charles G. Wilson Correspondence

Maine State Library

Charles Grenville Wilson 1897-

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WILSON, Charles G.

CHARLES G. WILSON
KINGFIELD, MAINE

January 24th, 1935.

Rev. Henry E. Dunnack, Librarian,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Mr. Dunnack:

I should like to bring out a small book of verses, running to about 100 pages, under the title of "Winter in Maine, and Other Poems" this coming Spring. I believe the book will appeal not only to the people of Maine, but to the tourists, thus having considerable advertising value.

I should like to find a publisher who would be willing to undergo half the cost, and whose channels of distribution would help to widely circulate the book, but in case none are willing I will finance the book and do my own distributing for I have faith in the work.

Will you be good enough to send me the names and addresses of two or three publishers whom you feel might be interested so that I may approach them and talk the matter over carefully.

I trust that I will be in Augusta in a few weeks, and at that time I should like very much to drop in and have a chat with you.

Thanking you for this favor, and with kind regards, I am

Very truly yours,

Charles G. Wilson

COPY

January 30, 1935.

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

I have received your letter of January 24 in reference to your book of poems. The only way to know whether a publisher would be willing to share the cost of printing your book is to submit it to him. The following is a list of publishers and their addresses:

Macmillan Company, 240 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.
The Viking Press, 30 Irving Place, New York City.
Harcourt Brace & co. 383 Madison Ave. New York City.
Little Brown & Co. 34 Beacon St. Boston, Mass.
Doubleday Doran Co. Garden City, N.Y.

Should these not prove encouraging I suggest you try the Stratford Company, 234 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. I think this firm published books at the expense of the author, and are very reasonable in their price.

A good publisher in Maine is the Southworth Press, 105 Middle St., Portland, Maine.

Very truly yours,

State Librarian

HED/m

CHARLES G. WILSON

~~KINGFIELD, MAINE~~

Villa Nova, Pa.

February 26th, 1935.

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

Dear Mr. Dunnack:-

I am very regretful at not having answered your kind letter of January 30th, in which you gave me information about publishers, long before this.

I have found a publisher and made suitable terms and the little book will appear early in June. It will bear the title "Winter in Maine & Other Verses." About half, or more of it, will reflect Maine, its seasons, its scenery, its people and its folk life. I shall send you a copy of course for the Library with the greatest of pleasure.

I would deem it a great privilege if you would review it for the Augusta papers. I think you will like it and trust that you will find it refreshing, and of appeal to the general public in that it strives to weave a thread of poetry in the prose of the daily round of life shared

us all.

CHARLES G. WILSON

KINGFIELD, MAINE

Again thanking you, and with
best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Charles G. Wilson

CHARLES G. WILSON
KINGFIELD, MAINE

May 24th, 1935.

Miss Theresa C. Stuart,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Miss Stuart:

I regret so much not having acknowledged your nice letter of the 14th, and thanked you for it and the two maps, long before this. I have gotten way behind in my letter-writing, not being used to the publishing game, and I must plead guilty to neglect.

It was most kind of you to secure the maps for me and I find the large railroad map to be just what I needed. I have it up on the wall and have already learned some very interesting things from it. It was very kind of you to do this for me and I thank you very much. And please thank Mr. Stubbs for me, won't you?

I return the books you loaned me. I have read what I can at the present and found that which I have read most informative. I have made notes of their numbers and will send for them later when I have time to really settle down to them.

I have been forced to put off publication of my verse until June 22nd on account of delays over which I have had no control. It is remarkable what obstacles can arise.

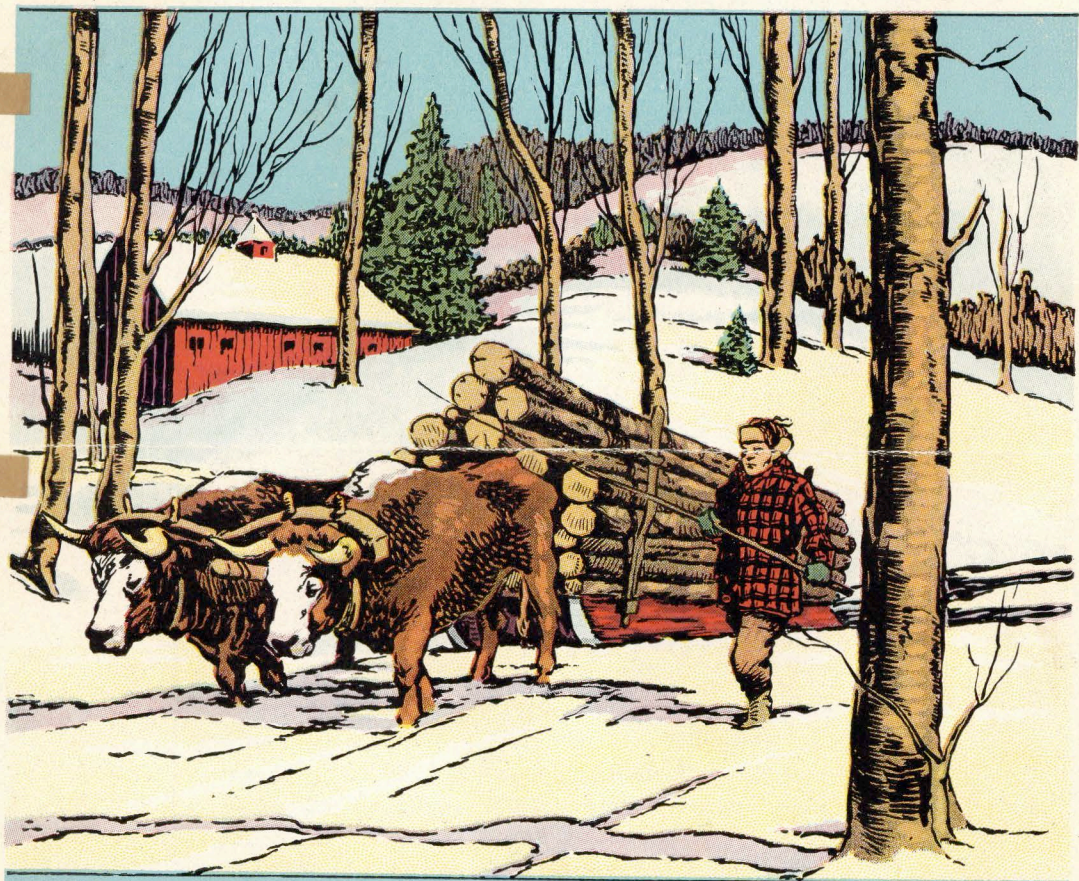
I enjoyed our conversation very much indeed, and Mrs. Wilson and I hope that at any time you are in this neighborhood you will drop in for a visit.

With kind regards, I am

Cordially yours,

Charles G. Wilson

WINTER IN MAINE



AND OTHER POEMS
By Charles G. Wilson

The Knowlton & McCleary Co.

OF

FARMINGTON, MAINE

Take Pleasure in Announcing

The Publication

June 22, 1935

of

WINTER IN MAINE

AND OTHER POEMS

by

CHARLES G. WILSON

of

KINGFIELD, MAINE

IN the first fifty poems of this volume the author dwells with charming versatility upon the varied aspects of the State of Maine. In sharply-etched lines he introduces the reader to the characters of hamlet, farm, and woodland: the country doctor, the village printer, the hermit, and the lumberjack. Here is Maine in all its rich pageantry: the old brown earth shouldering up through the snows, like an awakening bear, in Spring; the coming of the birds, the new grass; Summer with its peace and abundance; the painted Autumn and the hills aflame; the death of the leaves; the grimness of the blizzard, and the scintillating snowfields of mid-Winter. Here is Maine in its homespun humor, Maine at its loveliest. Here is the redolence of the pine, the tang of spruce and balsam; here is the sweeping tide battling the rocky shores; here is Arnold and his army on their epic march to Quebec; and here the village steeple bells calling humble folk to prayer. In unforgettable lines warm with human feeling and simplicity Mr. Wilson pays his tribute to the Pine Tree State.

In the other half of the book the author ranges through American history with lilting lines; he dwells with nostalgic memory upon Philadelphia, his birthplace; he recreates the atmosphere of mediaeval Europe, peopled with strange and romantic figures, the crash of battle-axe on buckler, and the loot of a proud city. And he writes deft sonnets on red neckties and newborn babies.

This book will be on sale at the following bookstores:

AUGUSTA
The J. Fred Pierce Store

KENNEBUNKPORT
The Blue Wave

LEWISTON
Berry Paper Co.
Peck's

WATERVILLE
Farrow's Book Shop
The Little Gift Shop

PORTLAND
Loring, Short & Harmon
Eastland Hotel
Portland Union Depot

BANGOR
Dillingham's

Lakewood, Rangeley, Brunswick, Belgrade Lakes, Boothbay Harbor, and many other points along the coast and inland

ALSO

JOHN WANAMAKER'S, Philadelphia

Copies may also be obtained by mail by addressing

The Knowlton & McCleary Co.

FARMINGTON, MAINE

PRICE \$1.75
POSTPAID

"This volume of verse is thoroughly steeped with the suggestion of Maine, whose loveliness in all seasons merits peculiar study by the poets.

"The writer has lived his poetry in the very heart of the land, and the descriptive and interpretative songs are as true as the Winter's snow, the forest dawn, or the landscape of hill and valley."

Arthur G. Staples

OF THE LEWISTON EVENING JOURNAL

CHARLES G. WILSON
KINGFIELD, MAINE

June 21st, 1935.

Miss Thereas C. Stuart,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Miss Stuart:

I am sending to-day by parcel post the two copies of
"Winter in Maine, and Other Poems" that you so kindly ordered
for the State Library.

As a matter of interest you will find reviews of the book
in The Lewiston Evening Journal Magazine Section Saturday, June
22nd, (date of publication) and in the Portland Sunday Telegram
of June 23rd. Also The Christian Science Monitor, and the Boston
"Transcript" next week.

Again thanking you, not only for the order, but for your
friendly interest, I am

Sincerely yours,

Charles G. Wilson

COPY

June 22, 1935.

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

Proud as we are at any time to acknowledge a new Maine author, we are particularly happy to welcome you through your WINTER IN MAINE which has reached the library this morning.

The poems are indeed delightful - you have captured the very essence of Maine, especially in such deft bits as THE COVERED BRIDGE, THE LONE PINE, the character sketches, and of course the title poem, WINTER IN MAINE.

We are sending one copy of the book to you, hoping that you will be kind enough to inscribe it for our Maine Author Collection. We enclose a return label and postage. We also hope that at your leisure you will write for us a few biographical paragraphs. We do appreciate the generous help of our authors in making the collection a thing of interest and value.

May we congratulate you upon the assured success of WINTER IN MAINE, and wish for you many future successes in the literary world.

Very truly yours,
Maine State Library

Secretary

hm

CHARLES G. WILSON
KINGFIELD, MAINE

June 25th, 1935,

Miss Hilda McLeod,
Secretary,
Maine State Library.

Dear Miss McLeod:-

I am deeply touched by your letter welcoming my little book to the Library. It has made me very happy, and it is a letter that I shall keep and reread through the coming years.

I wish to thank you all at the Library for your kind interest and material aid.

I have inscribed the book and am returning it by this mail.

With kind regards; & again my thanks,
I am

Sincerely yours,
Charles G. Wilson

COPY

June 26, 1935.

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

We have received WINTER IN MAINE which you have so very kindly inscribed for our Maine Author Collection, and we thank you most sincerely. We appreciate your gracious words concerning the welcome we accorded this book, which we assure you is well merited. We are proud to add your name to our list of Maine authors, and hope that we may, in the coming years, add to the collection with more books bearing your name as author.

Very truly yours,
Maine State Library

Secretary

hm

CHARLES G. WILSON
KINGFIELD, MAINE

July 15th, 1935.

Miss Theresa C. Stuart,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Miss Stuart:

I am so sorry to have been so long in answering your very kind and friendly letters about the little book. Letters such as yours are a most gratifying reward and make me inexpressibly happy. I am also very proud that the book is in the State Library, and grateful for the cheque.

I am pleased also to report that the book has done well, much better than I hoped for. Saturday night, three weeks after publication I had less than 100 copies left out of the printing of 500. I am enclosing reviews, not out of any sense of self-appreciation, but thinking that from your interest in the job they might be of interest to you. The reviewers have been most kind and I am deeply appreciative.

I wonder if in the library you have a book - "The Boy Pioneers, Sons of Daniel Boone," by Daniel Beard? If you have I should like very much to borrow it to look up some Indian data that I need.

I was sorry to learn that Mr. Dunnack has had such a hard time. I hope that he is now well along the road to good health and will be able to get some enjoyment out of the Summer. Please convey my good wishes to him.

Will you be motoring this way during the Summer? If you should be do drop in and have a chat and a cup of tea. My wife and I would be delighted.

Again thanking you for your friendliness, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Charles G. Wilson

Kingfield Author Brings Out First Book of Poems, Dealing With Maine

BY ALICE FROST LORD

It was on one of those heavenly summer days in Maine, when a light breeze drove cumulous clouds across the sun and sent cloud-shadows chasing themselves over the enameled slopes and across the blue waters, and patterned themselves on the birch-trimmed lawns at Lakewood.

Charles G. Wilson had been only a name. His poems had been seen in Boston and in Maine papers and in the magazines. His letters were post-marked "Kingfield". But here he was, tall and slender, with nervous hands and eyes, and rather a haunting look about him that one sees in men who have gone thru action in the world war.

While a colorful throng of people sifted about the Lakewood groves, and sunlight flashed, flickered and faded over the hot tiles where we sat and chatted for an hour, Mr. Wilson emerged from being merely a name into a personality, friendly and entertaining, with stories of travel and viewpoints in literature and the other arts that were individual and piquant and sometimes challenging.

It is always gratifying to a Maine-born man or woman to find people who have scouted all over the earth coming to this State and finding it good. That is true of Mr. Wilson. He was born in Philadelphia, has been to Europe eight or nine times, received part of his



CHARLES G. WILSON
Poet and Traveler

in Maine and Other Poems." It is a Maine book. As "A.G.S." writes for the picturesque jacket, "This volume of verse is thoroly steeped with the suggestion of Maine, whose loveliness in all seasons merits peculiar study by the poets.



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson at Kingfield

education at St. Michael's school at Westgate in Kent, and at Oxford and one day came vacationing to camps on Loon lake in the Rangeleys.

Fate must have been laughing up her sleeve, that day. For she had a prize package all done up in a spell-binding piece of womanhood waiting on the porch of the house where he went to stay. She is his wife, now.

Fate had another laugh, when in the company of friends he enjoyed a delightful Sabbath-day dinner at a Kingfield hotel, fell in love with this mountain-girt hamlet, and is now located there, having called the place home since 1925 and having built his own domicile there five years ago.

His surrender to the beauty of the Franklin county region is complete; and it is attested by the book of poetry which is fresh from the presses of a Farmington concern, and which went on sale at the bookstalls this 22d day of June.

Those who have been following Mr. Wilson's poems in various periodicals are not surprised that he should choose for his title, "Winter

The writer has lived his poetry in the very heart of the land, and the descriptive and interpretative songs are as true as the winter's snow, the forest dawn, or the landscape of hill and valley."

Mr. Wilson deals little with significances. He is not a psychological poet. Narrative is his field. The familiar is his forte. But his words are alive, his pictures vivid, and there is an originality of treatment that takes them out of the commonplace. Here is a sincere lover of beauty, gifted to put his thought, his painstaking observations, and his moods into singing lines.

The title poem, "Winter in Maine," carries nearly 50 lines that are pictorial and true to this clime. It starts:

"What is there about this land in winter
That plucks at the heartstrings
with poignant fingers?
This sweetness of beauty that
swells in the throat?"

Then he asks if it is the shadows, or the forest, or the oxen, or horses, or the lumbermen, with graphic lines for each. The poem concludes:

"What is the beauty that comes in the winter?
Comes in the grimness of blizzard and hailstorm
And warms up the heart?"

While Mr. Wilson is reluctant to name any special poems which are most to his liking he does admit that "A Northern Hamlet," which was printed in the Christian Science Monitor in 1927, remains a truthful picture of Kingfield village from his own front door.

"The sawmill chatters to the turquoise skies,
The resinous dust whirls off across the snow,
Across the bridge the oxen trudge, work wise
They bear the yoke in patient calm, they know
The long road's end will bring them rest, and hay
Still fragrant with the summer's lingering bloom.
The sun slips down, and purple shadows play
Upon the snow; the friendly mountains loom
Protectingly around the little town.
Lights spring like jewels and stab the gathering night,
The jingling bells of homing teams float down
The traders' windows glow with friendly light,
And cheerful voices call as rises soon
The friendly, glowing lantern of the moon."

Kingfield people recognize local characters in some of these poems. "The Country Printer" is a sonnet dedicated to "W. P. W." who was the late W. P. Watson; "The Country Doc" is a tribute to Dr. Charles Bell; "A French Artist in Maine" is none other than Gaston Collesolle; and "Rollin' Into Kingfield" made such a hit with H. S. Wing of that town that he had 20,000 copies put into circulation, because he liked this rollicking story of the Sandy River Line.

There are other dedicatory poems, not all of which Mr. Wilson identified, in casual conversation about his work. Typical pictures of Maine people and scenes include "The Covered Bridge," "Lumberjack of Maine," "The Arnold Trail," and "Monhegan Sunset."

Other titles which bring joy to the reader include such as "Rain", in native lingo; "The Awakening", which is a spring song of real beauty; "Storm in a Maine Village"; "Ship Models"; "Arizona Nocturne"; and "Stratford Comes to Lakewood".

Of 30 poems, in this handy volume in blue covers, about half are in sonnet form, which Mr. Wilson handles well; the remainder are ballads and lyrics. There are four sections, "Winter in Maine", the title poem; "Altar of Earth" which includes nearly 50 nature poems; "Of Thee I Sing", with 11 poems of patriotic and National character; "Feathers of Divers Colors", with a dozen as varied as "To a Newborn Babe" and "To a Postage Stamp Collection"; and finally, "Plants of Strange Vines", in which his fancy roams afar, and experiences and dreams the

poet had while abroad, or in recollection of those days, come forth in rhyme.

It was during the Lakewood chat that Mr. Wilson fell into the mood of Visby, a story half fact and half fiction, about which he has written for syndicated pages, and which he refers to in at least two poems in this book. "The Ballad of Visby," one of the longest, and "Ancient Houses—Visby." He is an engaging raconteur, making the romance and tragedy of this Gothic capital, sacked by a Danish king in 1361, a palpitating reality for listeners. The fact that he has spent three months there attests his study of the theme.

The ballad style has especial appeal to him; and "Morgan's Raid" is picturesque. It had particular in-

terest for this Kingfield man, because his grandfather and a great-aunt figured heroically in it. Moreover, the ballad style more than likely will be chosen for a longer and more pretentious work which Mr. Wilson has in mind, which will deal with pioneer America, raw and mighty, when life was roaring and tragic.

* * *

"Winter in Maine" is Mr. Wilson's first book. It represents his own choice for perpetuity from all that he has written in rhyme thus far. More fortunate than most poets, Mr. Wilson has seen ninety-five per cent of these poems in reputable

publications, and has had cash in hand for all but about ten per cent of them.

Asked as to his method of writing, Mr. Wilson said that he is favored with a good memory. Usually some picture, scene, or mood is etched into two or more graphic lines, around which he builds the whole poem.

Altho, as has been hinted, Mr. Wilson has not grown philosophical, choosing deliberately to be descriptive, yet one finds a few signs of a winged spirit, striving for the light. In "Moonstruck", he feels
"—a fluttering Thing within me
move
And beat embryo wings in vain to

rise

From out the sluggish veil of flesh
and seek above
The Mystery dread that lies beyond
the skies."

And he cries out for this "lamp
of eternity to light his path to im-
mortality."

In a spring poem, "Resurrection," Mr. Wilson uses the Bible symbolism of the tomb and rolled-away stone, along with stirring nature, and finds oneness

"—with Life that triumphs over
death,
At one with Life, the universal
breath."

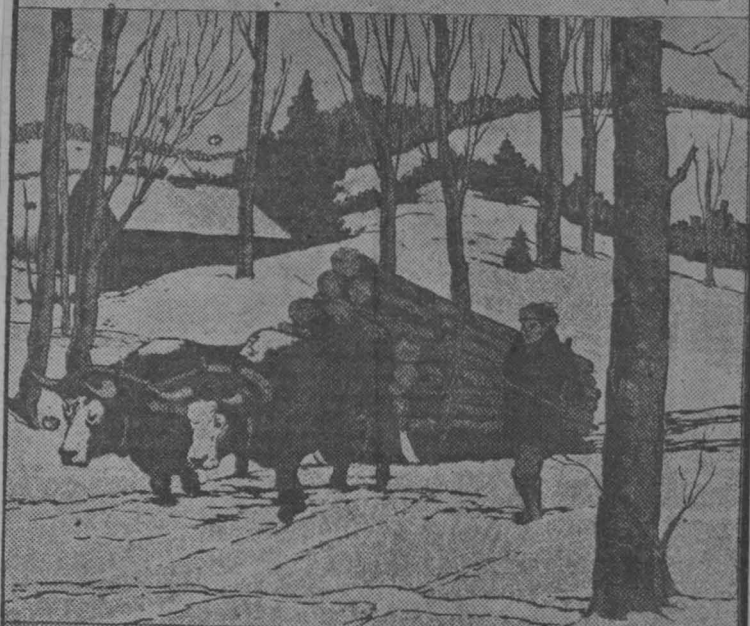
In still another poem, "The Deed," which celebrates the transfer of property to him by which he is "possessed of trees and rocks and loam," he declares his humble purpose as he discovers a spiritual beauty and value unpossessable, and cries:

"Possess? Nay rather do I give my
heart
To these, and humbly strive to play
my part."

That his lines are vibrant with music is attested by such poems as "Song of the Skis:"

"This is the song the slim skis
sing as they hiss thru the
crystal snow,
When the air is as keen as a Span-
ish blade from the breath of
the arctic floe.

WINTER IN MAINE



AND OTHER POEMS By Charles G. Wilson

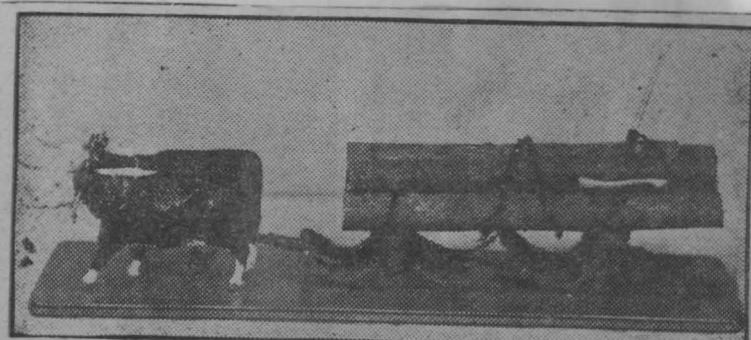
Typical Maine Scene on Jacket of Mr. Wilson's New Book of Poems

And the runner sways like a young
white birch, or a Hindu
dancing girl,
And the wind flings up the frozen
flakes that gleam like a dia-
mond whirl,
And the tented spruce go leaping
past like stags that are bay-
ed by hounds,

And the runner's soul mounts like
a bird—"

One could go on quoting, ad in-
finitum. But here is evidence
enough that Mr. Wilson has writ-
ten much of peculiar pertinence to
Maine people at home and abroad.
The savor of Maine is here for all
to enjoy.

(Knowlton & McLeary Co., Pub-
lishers)



Specimen of Mr. Wilson's ingenuity in wood-carving, also Maine-winter type.

LEWISTON JOURNAL

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1935.

Book Of Poems By Maine Man Paints Poetical Picture Of Pine Tree State

Verses Of Charles G. Wilson Reflect Own Observations Of
Country Life, Musically Colorful And With
Striking Realism



Upper left: Charles G. Wilson on his skis ready for a trip across the snowy countryside. Upper right: Log-laden ox-sled typical of the Kingfield region which appears on the jacket of Mr. Wilson's new book of poems, "Maine in Winter." Lower left: Author's home in Kingfield. Lower right: Mr. Wilson in his study.

Charles Grenville Wilson of Kingfield, author of "Winter in Maine and Other Poems," the latest book of verse on the Pine Tree State, just from the press of the Knowlton & McLeary Company of Farmington, presents in its pages poetry of outstanding quality, colorful, musical and accurate. These too often contradictory characteristics he welds smoothly together

with a rare appreciation of the Maine countryside and its people. His sense of values is absolute and his mastery of expression well beyond the ordinary, perhaps comparable to Alfred Noyes. To unite picturesqueness and pure truth in verse rhythm of a memorably lyric graciousness is a gift possessed by few; yet it is in part explained by the story of Mr. Wilson's life.

Served In France

Born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1897, he received his preparatory education in the DeLancey School of that city; at Westgate-on-Sea, England; and at St. Paul's School in Concord, N. H. The many sided instruction at these widely separated secondary schools, was followed by a year at Oxford.

On his 20th birthday Mr. Wilson enlisted as a private soldier in the United States regulars and served eight months in France with the American Expeditionary Force. Of his subsequent experiences and his coming to Maine he speaks as follows: "Broken in health by the war, and

longing for some quiet and picturesque retreat from a world gone topsy-turvy. I walked one day into a travel bureau in Philadelphia and explained my desires to the clerk.

"Why, that's easy," she exclaimed, "Go to Maine."

"And thus, quite by chance, I discovered Maine. Never to this day have I forgotten the early morning arrival in Portland, the 'lift' of the salt air and the blaze of sunshine; nor, as the train swept northward, the little white houses in the rolling fields, and the wide-armed pines standing in groups like soldiers wearing plumes.

"I discovered Kingfield, too, quite by chance. A delightful lady made up a motor party and suggested lunch at Kingfield's Hotel Herbert. We rolled down through the flaming hills. It was Autumn, and as we dropped into the valley of the Carrabassett where the village lies at the apron-hem of old Mount Abram, I knew I had that which I had long sought; a peaceful and picturesque village in a perfectly natural setting. I moved my trunk down the next day, riding into Kingfield seated on the rear platform of a Sandy River Line car, my feet dangling over the ties, and my brain dazed with riotous coloring of the forests along the right-of-way.

Settle Down

"With the exception of two six-month trips abroad, and a yearly visit to Philadelphia, my wife and I have continued to live in Kingfield. We stayed at the Herbert until it closed that Fall; and the following year we built a home of our own.

"My Maine poems are the result of simple observations of country lying, the roll of the seasons, earth's changes of raiment, storm, wind, snow and rain, and a deep-rooted attachment to the simple life. I began writing them for my own pleasure and the amusement of my friends; and I publish them in the same spirit. In the words of a homespun writer of the frontier, these poems were 'rit with no higher aim than to amuse the idle hours of my friends; and if they fail to do that, it's a spilt job."

There is ample evidence that it no spilt job, when Charles Wilson took to poetry. His verses appeared in periodicals of such diverse character as the "Christian Science Monitor," "American Forests," "The Sportsman," "Adventure," the "Oxford Times," the "Lewiston Evening Journal," "The Leatherneck," organ of the U. S. Marine Corps; the "Evening Bulletin," Philadelphia; and the Salvation Army "War Cry."

And now these and others are gathered into a neat little gold-lettered blue-cloth bound volume. On the jacket a lumberman in red-checked mackinaw plods down the snowy road beside his log-piled sled, drawn by a yoke of white-faced oxen. Red barn, bare trees and the snowy, evergreen fringed hills in the background beneath a coldly clear blue sky, make a typical Maine country scene.

It might indeed serve as an illustration for the first poem of the book, "Winter in Maine," which lends its title to the volume. The beginning runs:

"What is there about this land in Winter
That plucks at the heartstrings with
poignant fingers,

This sweetness of beauty that swells
in the throat?"

"Is it the shadows:

Swift wings of violet, edged with
the flames tongue
That sweep from the hollows of wind-
rippled snow,

Bursting in jewel glints, exploding
in splendor,
Darting like fire-birds swiftly low
flying

Over the snowfields to home with
the sun?"

Hints Of Old Poetry

An elusive hint of old Anglo-Saxon poetry seems to breathe mysteriously through these lines descriptive of the newer land of their descendants.

This opening number is followed by a considerable group, "Altar of Earth," the majority of the poems in which deal with Maine themes; "Of Thee I sing" and "Feathers of Divers Colors," varied in their range of subjects; and "Plants of Strange Vines," with its songs of long-ago or far-off scenes: "The Ballad of Visby," "The Ballad of Winetha"; "Oxford from the Bodleian," "Flower Girls of Nice," and "Cote d'Azur."

Here also are two poems which have a touch of Joyce Kilmer's insight to perceive the romance of the everyday: "All Day Parking — 35c" and "The Travel Bureau."

Color and glamor are manifest in "Salute to Adventurers," while for sheer loveliness "The Inn" with the sub-title "Thoughts of an English Christmas Eve," stands out from the rest, and for stark simplicity, "Epitaph for the Pioneers."

"They carved an empire with a scalp-
ing knife,
Their ballot was the smooth-bore's
stinging ball;
Weaned on a powerhorn and born
to strife,
Westward they marched to make
the forests fall."

All these characteristics are evident by turn in the poems of Maine life which predominate in the first of the book. Mr. Wilson's portrait gallery in verse embraces the country printer, the country doc, the lumberjack and other familiar figures. Our countryside is celebrated through the changing seasons in "Storm in a Maine Village," "The Awakening" when "Up through the snow and tawny earth comes shouldering, tawny and gaunt like some old bear in Spring," through the advent of bird and flower described in "Transition" and "Coming"; while the gorgeousness of a Maine Autumn inspired "October's Moods." Sport has its saga in the splendid "Song of the Skis."

A sonnet, "The Concrete Bridge," emphasizes Mr. Wilson's gift for recognizing beauty in unexpected places; and history has a share in "The Arnold Trail" and "At the Grave of Elizabeth Dyar," a one-time resident of Freeman Center, who, when a young woman, helped mix the paint used as a disguise by the Indians of the Boston Tea Party. For joyous swing and lilt, "Yankee Footsteps" with its picture of the American Army in France; and "Rollin' into Kingfield," are unrivalled. The Sandy River Railway's future destiny as transportation for Nicaragua was yet to be known when Mr. Wilson wrote the six verses which end with his

hope that when he leaves for the
better world.

"Then I'll go once more a "rolling
through heavenly fields an' fine
From Kingfield over Jordan on the
Sandy River Line."

His Hobbies

Not only did the Sandy River Railroad delight the poet as a means of transportation, but the ox-teams of the north country furnished a never-failing thrill. Questioned on his personal tastes, he replied:

"My hobbies are my books, my home and the making of things for its decoration, and the photography and study of oxen. I won't walk a mile to see a camel; but I'll walk two any time to see a team of oxen, to watch their

sow out sure course behind the plow, and to talk with the driver. There is something very gentle and very quaint about ox-drivers. They seem to be men set apart from others, stamped with cosmic simplicity and naturalness.

"This strange fascination that oxen wield over me is, I think, perfectly natural. My grandfather twice removed, Felix Renick of Chillicothe, Ohio, purchased in England in 1834, and drove from the seacoast west over the Alleghenies to the Northwest Territory, the first consignment of pure bred shorthorn cattle ever to cross the mountains. All his descendants up to my generation have been famed for their pure bred herds.

"I have been forced to take this love of cattle out in other ways—photography, study; and in the past two years, the making of small scale-models of ornamental ox teams. Last Summer a missionary of the Baptist Church, the Rev. Theodore Bubeck, in going out to the Belgian Congo for a four year term, took with him a model ox-team with wagon sleds and a load of long lumber to remind him in the equatorial heat of the green-plumed pines of Maine."

Already bookstores in Boston and Philadelphia, as well as Maine cities, are stocking "Winter in Maine," and to many former residents and present lovers of the State, the book will prove as strong a spell to evoke the distant land of their hearts, as was the little ox-team carved by Mr. Wilson in the hands of the African missionary.

COPY

July 18, 1935

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

We certainly appreciate your sending the clippings for us to read. I personally had not seen them as I had been away on a vacation. The one in the June 22 issue of the Lewiston Journal being particularly fine, Miss McLeod, who is in charge of the Maine Author Collection, had tried to secure an extra copy for her files, but it seems to be impossible to get one. Should you eventually find that you have an extra copy of this particular review which we might have, we would be very glad to receive it. I am returning these reviews which you say are so kind! How could they be otherwise - your book is truly delightful and I continually wonder how you could have made it so varied in scope.

We regret very much that we do not have the book THE BOY PIONEERS which you need to check up your Indian data. If you should write to Mr. Boyd of the Bangor Public Library and explain why you need this, it is quite certain that you would be able to secure it from them. We do not have juvenile books here as a rule in our individual loan collection.

Should Kingfield lie in the path of my travels this summer, as it has for some years past, I shall certainly knock at your door, in response to your very cordial suggestion.

Very truly yours,

TCS/m

Assistant State Librarian

CHARLES G. WILSON
KINGFIELD, MAINE

July 19th, 1935.

Miss Theresa C. Stuart,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Miss Stuart:

Thank you so much for your kind letter. It
has made me very happy.

I am enclosing the clippings for which you
asked with pleasure.

Mrs. Wilson and I look forward to seeing you
with happy anticipation.

Very sincerely yours,

Charles G. Wilson

COPY

July 20, 1935

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

Please accept our thanks for the
clippings. We certainly appreciate your returning
them to us, and hope you have not robbed yourself
in so doing.

Very truly yours,
Maine State Library

By

TCS/m

POETS AND POETRY

As They Pertain to Maine
Writers, Clubs and Lov-
ers of Words Beautiful
Conducted by Alice Frost Lord

From Over Seas

Charles G. Wilson of Kingfield, writing on the Cunard liner en route to England, says: "We have had most pleasant voyage, during which I have conversed most of the time with Dr. John Van Ess, head of the mission school of the Dutch Reformed church at Basra, Mesopotamia—the most vital and thrilling character I have met in many years. He is an authority on those parts, having spent 32 years among the Bedouins and Arabs who live along the Euphrates. 'Come,' said he, 'and sleep with the Bedouin under the Chaldean stars and you will live poems!'"

"Our voyage has been somewhat darkened by the cryptic radio bulletin about Mussolini's warlike activities.

"Last week upon hearing that the Grand Fleet had cleared for battle in the Mediterranean and that booms and mines were out in Gibraltar harbor, I wrote the enclosed verse and sent it with my compliments to the Captain.

"He sent us an invitation to his quarters and was most complimentary about the poem, if such it may be called. He is sending it to Cunard headquarters for inclusion in the monthly magazine published by the line."

Mr. Wilson's poem follows:

The English Fleet

"The Grand Fleet clears....!"
The grey guns lift through murk
and rift,
St. Andrews' Cross breaks free,
The great hulls loom with threat-
ening doom—
The Grand Fleet puts to sea.

"The Grand Fleet clears....!"
The bulldog breed with forthright
creed
Growls off the alien lea,
Lord Nelson's sons stand to their
guns—
The Grand Fleet puts to sea.

"The Grand Fleet clears....!"
Ah, heart be still, if this His will
Then must it surely be;
Old England stands, clean honest
hands—
God bless the Fleet at sea!

Ballad of New Orleans

(An Echo: 8 Jan. 1815)

Sir Edward Michael Pakenham,
And his most gracious Lady,
Came sailing into New Orleans
With ten thousand foot and the Royal Marines
To drive out the Yanks in their butternut jeans,
And rule there with his Lady.

Andy Jackson lay stretched on his bed—
For he was sick and ailing—
Old Hickory was sore beset,
His troops were green and their noses wet,
They hadn't been properly blooded yet,
When the British came a-sailing.

Andy Jackson sprang from his bed
And whistled his whelps together:
Long-haired men from the Tennessee,
French cadets in their filigree,
Coffee's irregular cavalry,
And Kentucky men in leather.

Old Hickory rode down the line—
The fog hung low like a pall—
Each lad lay prone in the woodsman's lore,
Until sudden a screaming rocket tore,
And the guns of the Fleet began to roar
As Cochrane opened the ball.

The Yankee gunners touched the match
And gave them ball for ball;
The long ships' guns of Dominique You,
Jean Lafitte and his pirate crew—
The heavens shook with their sulphurous spew,
By the Rodriguez Canal.

A light wind whipped the fog to shreds
And the sun came tumbling out,
Like a field of red the British came
In their splendid coats of scarlet flame,
Jogging along like lads at a game—
On they came with a shout.

Andy Jackson passed the word—
His voice was like musketfire:
"Hold your beads where the white belts cross!"
He watched the pulsing bayonets toss,
Grimly he reckoned the terrible loss . . .
"Hold hard . . . hold hard . . . now fire!"

"Fire!" and a sheet of orange flame
Leapt from the parapet,
The scarlet lines reeled under the stroke,
Formed up again in the stinking smoke,
Came charging on, and again they broke—
The field lay red and wet.

With swinging kilts the Scots came down
Across the bloodstained stubble:
The blasting grapeshot rutted their ranks,
The rifles tore at their quivering flanks,
Still on they came on their hairy shanks—
Charging in at the double.

The buckskin boys lay cheek by jowl
And cut them down like grain:
The Royal Marines and the Pioneers,
Wellington's veterans and Fusiliers,
And the pious praying Highlanders—
They fell like the ripe, ripe grain.

Andy Jackson rode to town,
Back to New Orleans,
With his French cadets in their filigree,
With Coffee's dismounted cavalry,
The Dirty Shirts from the Tennessee,
And Kaintocks in their scalp-fringed jeans.

Sir Edward Michael Pakenham
Sailed off with his gracious Lady:
He was confined tight in a hogshead of rum,
His eyes were blind and his lips were dumb,
And his heart was as quiet as a bursted drum . . .
God save his gracious Lady.

CHARLES G. WILSON

May 17, 1940

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

With delight we notice that your new book of poems, *OF MEN AND MOUNTAINS*, is available. We have, of course, added it immediately to our order list.

At the time that *WINTER IN MAINE* was published, you were kind enough to present an inscribed copy to the Maine Author Collection. We hope that you will want to continue your generosity in this respect, and that *OF MEN AND MOUNTAINS* may thus add distinction to the exhibit.

Please accept our best wishes for the success of the new volume.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
BY

hmj

SECRETARY

Kingfield, Maine
May 21, 1940

Mrs. F. W. Jacob, Secretary
Maine State Library
Augusta, Maine

Dear Mrs. Jacob:

Thanks for your kind letter about my new book,
"Of Men and Mountains." It is very gratifying to know
that you have already ordered a copy for the State Library,
and I am sending you another copy, inscribed to the State
of Maine for the Maine Authors Collection.

With very kind regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Charles G. Wilson

May 24, 1940

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

The Maine Author Collection copy of your new volume, *OF MEN AND MOUNTAINS*, reached us before the other, which as we mentioned, we had ordered for lending purposes.

Books like this, full of the meaning and enjoyment of life, and of the keenly sympathetic observation of the simple, lasting things of life, are worth waiting for! We are of course deeply pleased that we in Maine can have slight claim upon you by virtue of residence.

OF MEN AND MOUNTAINS is a truly distinctive addition, one which we will be proud to indicate as representative of the state's contribution to literature. Your inscription is charming and sincere; for it and the book, we thank you.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
BY

hmj

SECRETARY

February 24, 1942

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

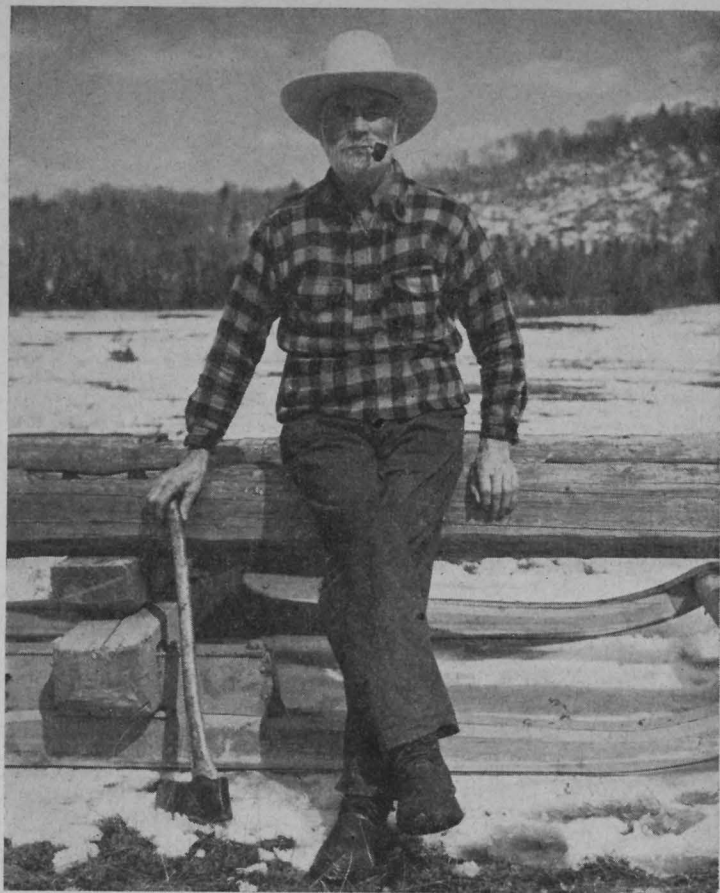
Your continuing kindness in assuring us of copies of your pungent Maine poetry is genuinely appreciated. An outstanding characteristic seems to be a deceptive simplicity with words, appealing at once to a poetry lover, but belying until second or even third reading the fundamental truth and wisdom of your gift of observation.

Miss Stuart's thanks are included with those of the entire library for your generosity, and for the privilege of claiming you as one of our Maine authors.

Very truly yours

hmj

MAINE STATE LIBRARY



Maine Remembers

by Charles Grenville Wilson

She recalls her lovers . . .

None but the stern and the strong have dared be my lovers:
Only the horn-handed men with iron sinews,
And deep-seated bowels, and hearts that beat as the tide race;
Rough-bearded men with eyes blue-burning like starlight.

Ski Picnic

AT PICO PEAK, VERMONT



Men who could walk with death shoulder to shoulder
 Into the silent soul-searching gloom of my forests,
 Where the snapped twig broke with the tumult of
 Indian war drums;
 Men, who, when death laid hand upon them and
 felled them,
 Dying, could snarl in defiance and spit in his face —
 Yet knowing their graves would be the bellies of
 lynxes,
 And in the Spring gladness the mice would gnaw at
 their bones.

These, these were my gallant sons, and my lovers.

the Spaniards . . .

I remember the first-coming men in their ships creeping,
Plying their plummets, groping in through the mists,
Threading the perilous islanded channels, their voices
Ringing, yet muted, like the clink of falling doubloons.
These did not stay long — they set up their dolorous
god,
A pain-twisted figure in torment, spiked to a tree,
And fell on their knees before it, and worshipped it
briefly,
Eyeing the sands of the shore for gold as they prayed.

the Yankees . . .

Then came the men destined by fate as my masters:
Gaunt as their oxen were gaunt they plodded together,
Threading the valleys, camping at night by the pools;
Restlessly moving onward again with the first light,
Halting on every horse-back to spy out a homesite,
Until when they found it they halted the lumbering
 wagons,
Unyoking the cattle to graze —

and the ringing axes

Sent the plumed hemlocks to earth to make them their
cabins . . .

Cleaving the mould of the ages, the plough, the
creator,
Opened the virginal earth, moist for the sower;
The corn, and the squash, the potato and pumpkin
were planted.

Acrid they were, and their voices like saw blades
broken,
Yet they wore their wool-hats as conquerors wear the
laurel;
No laughter with them, they spoke with oaths on
their lips —
Albeit they cursed it was lovingly as they seized me,
Laying rough hands upon me they ravished my heart;
Gladly I rendered to them my love and my treasure,
And strength was mated with strength in a wilderness
nuptial.

On me they begat their sons in the stillness of Winter,
Born in the Summer sunshine with the spotted fawns;
To them I gave the heart of a wild thing as birthright
and portion:
The spirit of woodland and water, of mist-curtained
mountains,
The heart of the moose in the madness of Autumn I
gave them —

These, these, are my gallant sons and my lovers!



September 28, 1950

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

When we read the spring reviews of THE WIND BLOWS FREE, we failed to realize that the author was "our" Charles Wilson. As a matter of fact, the next book we expected from you was the postponed (only postponed, we hope) book of photographs of Maine.

THE WINDS BLOW FREE is, however, a pleasant surprise, and though our congratulations are tardy they are enthusiastic.

Your earlier books are in the library, and you may remember that you very graciously inscribed and presented them to the Maine Author Collection. We hope that you may want to do so with THE WIND BLOWS FREE.

We trust that its success is assured and gratifying to you, and that this is only the first of a number of fine stories for young people.

Sincerely yours

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

hmj

October 7, 1950

Mrs. F. W. Jacob,
Maine State Library.

Dear Mrs. Jacob:-

I can't own up to the authorship
of The Winds Blow Free —
I ain't that Charles Wilson!

But your most kind
letter was deeply appreciated
in that it is indicative of
the spirit of Maine towards
her writing folk.

I am tentatively scheduling
a book of verse for
Spring, to beat the atom
bomb! And if/when that
is out I know I'll get a
nice letter from the
State Library — and of course

I shall present a copy
to the Maine Author Collection

It was good to hear from
you.

Sincerely yours.

Charles G. Wilson

September 10, 1951

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

Last fall you said you were tentatively scheduling a book of verse for spring, to beat the atom bomb! It looks as though you might have a little more time, but the state of the world is so precarious that we have begun to want that book of verse. Was it published? Have we failed to notice it listed?

If it didn't get between covers last spring, there is probably little hope of a fall publication; because how could any true poet pay attention to dull business details and galley proof and such, when the hillsides begin to shout with scarlet and gold?

The delay only whets our anticipation.

Sincerely yours

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection

Kingfield, Maine,

May 14th, 1953.

MAY 15

The Librarian,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir:

Twenty-five years ago I wrote the enclosed article and made the drawings of a Maine woods wagon-sled, the type of vehicle which in the old days was so extensively used for lumbering.

I came across it the other day, and I wondered what to do with it. Based as it was on real research (it was written for a craft magazine on order) a ^{very} complete, I hated to throw it away. I wondered if you would care to put it into your archives of folkways, with the thought that possibly in the dim future some researcher might consult it when delving into the primitive past.

Let the decision be entirely your own.

With very kind regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Charles G. Wilson

Charles G. Wilson

May 18, 1953

Mr. Charles G. Wilson
Kingfield
Maine

Dear Mr. Wilson:

Your kindness in thinking of the State Library when looking for an appreciative home for the article and drawings and patterns of the woods sled is certainly a friendly gesture.

We are enthusiastic and delighted. This is the sort of thing a librarian searches and searches for, often enough in vain; and some dim reproduction of an old picture is frequently all we have for our pains. We are going to mount the large drawing, with hinges; and make the others into a pamphlet. Then we shall catalog the work as one item, and it will be ready to help anyone who is looking into old lumbering days and ways.

Thank you so much for your generous gift.

Sincerely yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
By

hmj

Secretary

P.S. How about that book of poems?