CHAFFEY, Harold Leland

Born at Eastport, Maine, 1900.
Thornton Hall,
Saco, Maine,
Oct. 14, 1926.

Mr. Harry E. Premack,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

My dear Mr. Premack:

On the fifteenth of the coming November, Harold Washal, New York Publisher, will present a volume of Poetry entitled "First and Spray" to the reading public. I am glad to be the author of these poems.

The book consists of two parts: I. Miscellaneous Poems, II. Sea Songs and Ballads.
The Bangor Library has even now ordered copies for his
Department. Gerard F. Wieder
of the Bowdoin Library has
known me intimately during
the last four years, as I
was an assistant in the
college library. He has also
encouraged me in my
writing.
I have advised my
Publisher to forward you a
copy of "Peep and Syrup" just
as soon as it comes from the
press. I sincerely hope
all of these poems were
written last year while I was
a senior at Bowdoin College.
They are a direct product of
the "Institute of Literature"
held there last year.

You undoubtedly remember
Will Beale, author of
"Frontier of the Deep". We are
a fellow townsman of mine
and is very much interested
in my little book. He has
encouraged me and
helped me in many ways.

Mr. Boyd, librarian at
I hope you will enjoy it and feel free to speak a good word for it. Remember that many of the poems were written late at night in old North Windigo Hall, where both my fellow and Howe were cared for in Bowdoin.

Hoping again that you will enjoy "Red and Gray" and will find time to say you like it,

I remain,

Cordially,

Harold S. Chaffey
Dear Sir:

I have been waiting with keen anticipation the arrival of your book of poems. This is the 19th - four days beyond the 15th - you can easily imagine my condition on the close of this fourth day. We are greatly interested in anything produced by the men and women of Maine.

Our Library Bulletin goes to press the middle of December, therefore, we will greatly appreciate a photograph and a brief sketch of your life that we may use in a write-up in the bulletin.

We will do everything we can to further the sale of your volume of poetry.

Sincerely yours,

Henry E. Dunnack,
STATE LIBRARIAN.
HAROLD LELAND CHAFFEY,
AUTHOR
"DUST AND SPRAY"

Present Address: THORNTON HALL,
SACO, MAINE.

Home Address: #37 CLARK ST.,
EASTPORT, MAINE.
Dear Mr. Pennock:

This time that several days have passed since November 15th. I too have been awaiting each mail with much anxiety. As time passes I am becoming more and more nervous. Only the appearance of my book will set me back to a normal state of existence.

A tremendous thanks for your more than kind letter. I am very much qualified to feel that you are taking such an interest in my poems. One reason
Home yet winter.

May I submit the following sketch of my life:

Born at Eastport, Maine, in 1900.
Son of the late Guy C. Chaffey and Jane Eline Belden.

Educated in the Ansonia Schools of Eastport. Graduated from Head Memorial High School in 1920.

Held the position of Principal of the Ellsworth Falls Grammar School for the next two years.

Entered Bowdoin in 1922. Was graduated from that college in June 1926. Degree: A. B.

Elected Senior Class Poet for 1926 at Bowdoin.

W. M. Morse.

why many of us attempt things which seem almost impossible in fact, so many friends are ever interested in us and are always ready to encourage and to urge us on. We who try things a bit out of the ordinary first decide to succeed because of the faith our friends have in us.

I am continuing to write poems here in Dacor. As Head of the English Department of Bowdoin Academy I am often in contact with all treasures of literature. I have written over fifty poems since I came here but truly believe they possess more poetic merit than any 1
Poetry Prize 1926. Also prize for best poem on Bowdoin in the same year.

Worked as Assistant at Bowdoin for three years.

Member of Chapel Choir, Bowdoin Band (May 1926), File Club, and "Quiet" Board.

At present head of English Dept., Fisk University, N.C.

Here you love it in a real shell.

From my grandfather and father I inherited my love of the sea. They both loved the sea and understood its

Think, something of its mystery. They lived all their lives at the coast and dearly loved the 'Quoddy country'. This understanding and love they passed on to me as my heritage. I hope they feel that I have been faithful to my trust.

Here is something about the sea that enthralls me and the mystery of it all is always a fascinating thing to talk and think about. And when a strong wind blows in men Quoddy Bay, who
the sea. His "Foulness of the Deep" is full of the smell of sea weed, the cry of the gull, and the rush of wave against shore. And his book is one of the few truthful presentations of coast life. What a wealth of material we have along our coast! Ballads, chansons, poems, etc., all waiting to be captured by a hand of these things. The aged ballad of Ballads in short to pass beyond. We must act quickly! If my first volume meets with success why

knows what it might tell us if we may trust "time in" in it. Faintly it would tell of the family of tropic isles, of sailor's photos and many many other fascinating things. I have a poem about all this. The looklines are:

"...when the wind's nor'-west, who dare declare there is no romance in the air?"

Perhaps it will be published some time.

I think that will Real
come to have a recent understanding with
I shall short editing my poem with another word and in view. I wonder if you would be willing to help me do my selecting? I like to have poetry read and my manuscript and pass opinions.

You, I feel that I have bored you too much. If so, please forgive me. I have written to Vivid today, and you showed some reception your copy. And remember that I have a shower full of you fully or good, if not better, than those in "Dew and Spray."

I will try to get a picture to send you later.

Ever cordially,

Harold T. Haffney
SING HEY, MY BULLIES, O!

Bring the anchor up my boys,
     Turn the old winch round;
Bring the rusty anchor chain
Shrieking up the hawse-pipe main,
Soon we'll be to sea again,
     So hey! my bullies, O!

Drop and raise your winch bars, boys,
     Sing a sailor's song;
Chant a ditty while you raise
The anchor up; for many days
You'll hear the strainin' of the stays,
     So, hey, by bullies, O!

Here's the mud hook showin' boys,
     Strap her to the rail;
Put the puddin' in, for we
Are headin' Sou'west out to sea,
Bound to cross the Caribee,
     So hey, my bullies, O!