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Cora Estelle Waldron Correspondence

Cora Estelle Waldron

Maine State Library

Gilbert Patten Brown

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WALDRON, Cora Estelle

Frankfort,

Freeport, Maine,

Feb. 10th 1936.

The Maine
State Library,
Augusta,
Maine.

Dear Librarian,

I am sending you under
separate cover a copy of "
Maine and Vermont Poets
which I would like to present
to the Library, if you will
allow me to do so, providing

My handwriting was so "illegible" in
my poem The Miser that it could not be
read correctly and they made it read:

"Poorer than bigger in the street
Without an inch for your weary feet -"
When it should be ^{in the Miser}

Poorer than beggar in the street
Without an inch for his weary feet

Are you, oh wretch, with the counter ^{etc.} store
whoever made the change in words showed
talent in selecting some that did not preserve
the sense of the poem.

you have not a copy already
and care to own one.

If you do not care for the book
I am sending you may please
return it to me at my expense,
and I shall be sorry to have
troubled you.

Sincerely yours,
Lora O. Waldron.

February 12, 1936

Miss Cora E. Waldron
Freeport
Maine

Dear Miss Waldron:

We have received your complimentary copy of MAINE AND VERMONT POETS, and we are delighted to be able to add this volume to the Maine Author Collection. We notice, however, that it is not inscribed, and although we hesitate to trouble you, especially since you have been so thoughtful and generous in the matter, we are returning the book to you for this added touch of distinction. We enclose a return label and postage, and trust that you will be so kind as to write a few words and an autograph in the book.

Perhaps you are not familiar with the Maine Author Collection. It is a project started some years ago, an exhibit collection of the works of Maine authors -- those who were born here, have lived in the state, or written about it. The books are nearly all inscribed, most of them presented, and form an extremely interesting and valuable background of Maine literature, which is daily increasing in size and worth, through the gracious efforts of our writers.

In connection with this exhibit collection of books, we maintain a biographical file, and we find that we have no information available concerning you. Would you be kind enough to remedy this lack? We would like the more important dates and events in your life -- just a paragraph or two; and if it is possible, we would very much appreciate a picture to file with the biographical material.

Your poems which are included in the present anthology display a keen sense of poetic, material and spiritual values, and we are glad to see FIRST SNOW AT A MAINE FARM, because it is so typically Maine. Have you published poetry in any other anthologies, or in newspapers and magazines?

We assure you that we are very grateful for the interest and assistance manifested by our authors, and we extend to you our most sincere thanks for

your kindness in presenting us with the copy of MAINE
AND VERMONT POETS, and also a very cordial invitation
to visit the library and the Maine Author Collection
when in Augusta.

Very truly yours

Maine State Library

hm

Secretary

Freeport, Maine.

February 18th 1936.

I was born in the Town of Frankfort on the Penobscot river so many years ago that I no longer am young, though I was young at the time I wrote the Poems, The Miser, and First Snow at a Maine Farm. I have written poetry only at intervals during my life.

After having written the two poems above mentioned, and some others there was an interval of over seventeen years of non-writing, which was caused by my own poor health, which has been constantly with me throughout my whole life, and a physical breakdown following the

long illness and death of a brother two years older than myself. I always have had so great a reverence for the art of writing poetry that I never have offered much of my writing for publication, feeling that I cannot write well.

Only in two newspapers "The Lincoln Co. News" and "The Rockland-Courier-Gazette" have I ever had any verse printed, both papers being of local interest to me.

The Poets of Maine and Vermont is the only anthology in which I have been represented. About a year ago Gilbert Patten Brown Ph.D. LL.D. D.D. of Boyteville N. J. (Maine born) with whom I have had a life long acquaintance requested me to allow him to print in his anthology which he was going to have published "as soon as he got time". I think he has not done so yet as he is a very busy man.

- I always complete a poem mentally, making it as perfect as I am capable of doing before I put a word of it on paper. I can carry the words of a poem mentally for a year and have no trouble in remembering the words to put them on paper at the end of that time. I think it an honor to be included in the Maine Author Collection, Cora Estelle Waldron,

Freeport, Maine,
February 18th 1936.

Maine State Library,
Hilda McLeod,
Secretary.

Dear Secretary:

I received your letter of the 12th
and the book, Maine and Vermont Poets,
which you returned to me, and which I
have inscribed and am remailing to you.

I thank you for your kind words in
regard to my two poems in the anthology.
I did not know about the Maine Author
Collection until I received your letter.

I have had published so small an
amount of verse that I hardly feel
entitled to the honor of being included
in the Collection.

To have any of my verse in print

gives me an uncomfortable feeling for I always feel that it is not well written.

I did not know I was to have a poem in the Rockland Courier Gazette until it was done, and the editor sent me several copies of the paper. In the summer of 1933 I visited Spruce Head, village, (there is an island, Spruce Head Island, which is connected with the village by a bridge) and there saw an old, abandoned house, ^{I don't know whose poem "made up"} close by the water's edge, and which is typical of many such houses on the Maine sea coast, in which seafaring people have lived for several generations. After coming back home I wrote the poem - An Old Old House by the Sea. During the winter of that year I sent the poem to one of my cousins in Rockland who knows of the house as her summer home is at Spruce Head, asking her to read the poem and then destroy it.

Instead of destroying it she took it to the

In regard to the photograph which I am sending will say it is the latest I have - have not had one taken recently. I leave it to your discretion to use it or not. I shall not feel hurt if you return it. While I am older now, of course, I was not ^{few years} little ^{old} when taken than I was when I wrote the two poems, The Minor, and The First Snow at a Maine Farm. E. E. M.

I cannot send a very interesting sketch as my life has been very quiet and uneventful because of poor health.

I am not at all particular about having the two poems enclosed with this returned to me, as I have the title of the Courier Gazette which the editor sent me, & it is no trouble to write a copy of Spruce Head Island, so if you are convenient for you just drop them into your mail envelope.

editor of the Courier-Gazette and asked him
to print it, which he did. Soon after a friend in
Augusta said she saw the same poem in a
Newiston paper. I did not. After a time I sent
the little poem Spruce Head Island to the
Courier-Gazette which he published.

I am telling you this so that you may see I
have just little, very little poems published.

Though the Shakespearean ^{Mother} sonnet, I
had published in the Lincoln County News
could not be called a little poem, no poem
could be small with Mother for its title.

I have written several poems with
Maine for their title, but never have had
them printed. Have written quite a large
number of poems, on various subjects.

I think the state of Maine has good
reason to be proud of the Maine State
Library - and hope it will continue to increase.
Very sincerely yours. Cora Estelle Waldron.



From
The Rockland
Courier Gazette - 1933

THE OLD, OLD HOUSE BY THE SEA

(Spruce Head, Maine)

An old, old house stands close by the sea,
And the old, old house is gray.
The old, old house is closed, forlorn,
Its people are gone away.

The old, old house is full of dreams,
Each room has its own full share,
And ever and always its dream-folk
come
And whisper together there.

They tell of the day the bride came
home,

A sailor's bride was she—
And she is there and tells her tales
Of what there used to be.

Her lover-husband tells with joy
Of how she came by his side;
"And she was fair as a staunch new
ship,"
He says of her in his pride.

They tell of the day their baby came,
The first born of their three,
And tell with tears of the awful day
That he was claimed by the sea.

And he is there in the old, old house
That stands by the deep, cold sea,
And tells of his youth, and tells of his
loves,
Of his few years bright and free.

Their older daughter is there with the
rest,
And tells of her care-free life,
Of how she sailed from many a port
A happy, though childless wife.

And oh, their youngest, their baby girl,
Who stayed at home by the sea
And cared for her parents' closing years,
Her children upon their knee.

She, too, is there, with her little brood
And her husband who sailed the main,
And all is laughter, and all is peace,
Forgotten are death and pain.

And so they live in the old, old house—
Dream people by the sea—
Though all have been dead full many
a year,
And tell of what used to be.

Thus the old, old house that stands by
the sea,
Is peopled by Memory.

Freeport, Me.

Cora E. Waldron.

A Sound Pine Tree.

Strong and defiant it lifts its plumed height,
Tall, stately Pine Tree, a well-beloved sight.
Its beauty and grace no tree can excel.
It stands like a tried and true sentinel.
It grows on the mountain and grows on the plain.
It is the proud emblem of the great state of Maine.
Bora Estelle Waldron.

February 24, 1936

Cora Estelle Waldron
Freeport
Maine

Dear Miss Waldron:

MAINE AND VERMONT POETS, delightfully inscribed, reached the library this morning, and we are very grateful for your kindness and interest in the matter.

Thank you for sending us the biographical data, and also the poems and photograph. They will all be filed in the volumes which contain our correspondence with Maine authors, and a copy of the biography will be available for future reference.

Such assistance as you have rendered is deeply appreciated, and it is just this personal touch for which we strive in the Maine Author Collection. Please accept our thanks for your generous help, and our best wishes for continued success.

Very truly yours

Maine State Library

lm

Secretary

Freeport Me.

Feb. 24. 1936.

Hilda McLeod,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Maine.

Dear Hilda McLeod,

In the little poem Spruce Head
Island, which was in the letter
I wrote to you last Friday is the
line: As if they were trying
although in vain.

I am very sure that I wrote the

line:

As if they were trying although
in vein.

Although in vain of course is
correct.

I intended to correct the
mistake, but think I did
not. So you will please destroy
if you do not return to me.

This is as one woman
to another.

Very sincerely yours,
Boas E. Waldron.

I am sorry to trouble you again.

February 26, 1936

Miss Cora Estelle Waldron
Freeport
Maine

Dear Miss Waldron:

It is very kind of you to wish to correct the almost imperceptible error in your lovely poem, SPRUCE HEAD ISLAND. I am enclosing it in this letter. Please return it to us, tho -- we want to place it with your correspondence and picture, in the Maine Author volumes. You are very kind, and we appreciate your interest.

Very truly yours

hm

Secretary

Freeport Maine.

March 1st 1936.

Hilda McLeod,
Maine State Library,
Augusta
Maine.

Dear Hilda McLeod,

As you request I am sending Spruce
Head Island;

I thank you for your kind words
about my poems.

I am much interested in the Maine
Author Collection, and sincerely
hope it will increase in numbers.

Very truly yours,
Cora E. Waldron.

Spruce Head Island, Maine.

Spruce Head Island is the summer
home of Wilbert Snow, a Maine author.

Spruce Head Island.

A spruce-clad isle is a gem of the ocean
Close by the coast of the state of Maine,
The waves wash against it with constant motion
As if they were trying although in vain
To sweep it away to a distant harbor -
There to be viewed by a greater throng -
And make it into a spruce-scented arbor -
Filled with gay laughter and wild bird song;
Or carry it off to some flowing river
Lovely with tints when the day is done,
Where rushes grow lush and shore grasses quiver
And fish break water and flash in the sun.

But, wave-laved Island, you are ours forever,
You are sacred to living and dead.

No time nor tide from our heart-strings can sever

You, green little Island, beloved Spruce Head. Cora Estelle Waldron.