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More About "That Ben Williams"

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ferently about the writings of Ben Williams from the way they feel about those of other authors who write about Maine. Some years ago he published a story about an old friend of his—Burt McCrorison—who fished, farmed, ranged the alder swales and lived contentedly on next to nothing in Searsmont, a little town on a Maine hill. Copies of that story were passed from hand to hand in my section of Maine until they were limp and tattered.

“That Ben Williams,” State of Mainers say, “he knows what he’s writing about.”

MORE ABOUT “THAT BEN WILLIAMS”

Many of our readers will be reading or will have read Time of Peace—some because they like to read anything by Ben Ames Williams, some because they are members of the Literary Guild, the December “selection” of which was this latest Williams novel, and some because they have read reviews praising the vivid and dramatic way in which Mr. Williams has caught the spirit of our times in this work. All these readers will be specially interested to learn that the manuscript of this story is now in the Colby Library—a gift of the author. It shows in a most instructive way how the story grew from its first conception as a short novel, or long short-story, until it evolved into the present full-length account of “the decade that ended with Pearl Harbor.” The author explains the origin of Time of Peace thus: “In September 1939, on the outbreak of war, I decided to write a book about a father and son who were close to one another and to make that story run from the son’s boyhood up to our participation in the war.” On the last page, the son’s wife turns on the radio, that famous Sunday afternoon of December 7, 1941: the news flash about Pearl Harbor was just coming over the air.

The manuscript of this novel was placed on exhibition
in the college library shortly after Armistice Day in 1942, together with a copy of the book, a portrait of the author, and as many of Mr. Williams's thirty-two books as the Colby Library has been able to assemble. The list of his published books follows; an asterisk marks each title still missing in the Colby collection, and all members of the C. L. A. are invited to co-operate in the search for them:

1919 *All the Brothers Were Valiant;* New York, Macmillan. Exhibited with this book was a holograph letter in which the author said: "All the Brothers made a good movie. In fact it was made three times, though the last version had no resemblance to the original except that the characters had the same names."


1920 *The Great Accident;* New York, Macmillan.

1921 *Evered;* New York, Dutton.

1922 *Black Pawl;* New York, Dutton.


1924 *Audacity;* New York, Dutton.

1924 *Once Aboard the Whaler;* London, Robert Hale. For boys.

1925 *The Rational Hind;* New York, Dutton.

1926 *The Silver Forest;* New York, Dutton.


1927 *Splendor;* New York, Dutton.

1928 *The Dreadful Night;* New York, Dutton.

1929 *Death on Scurvy Street;* New York, Dutton. In England, called "The Bellmer Mystery." We have both editions.

1930 *Touchstone;* New York, Dutton.

1930 *Great Oaks;* New York, Dutton.

1931 *An End to Mirth;* New York, Dutton.

1931 *Pirate's Purchase;* New York, Dutton.

1932 *Honeyflow;* New York, Dutton.


1933 *Pascal's Mill;* New York, Dutton. A holograph letter from the author was shown with the book, in which he answered an inquiry as to whether Pascal's Mill was in Maine by saying: "Pascal's Mill is on the B. & A. R. R. somewhere toward Albany. I used to see it on my way to Ohio."

* Please remember: this book is on our “Wanted” list.
SOME ROBINSON LETTERS IN MY COLLECTION

By Howard George Schmitt

It is interesting to me to learn that Colby College has received Edwin Arlington Robinson's copy of Virgil. I wonder whether he wrote anything in it.* This acquisition reminds me of two letters which came into my possession nearly four years ago. They were written by Robinson to his friend, Arthur R. Gledhill. Why these letters did not accompany the fifty or more Robinson-Gledhill letters now in the Widener Library at Harvard I do not know. Writing from the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire, Robinson addressed his boyhood-friend as follows:

* Robinson used a copy of Virgil's Works with notes by Carl Ruaeus (Philadelphia, H. C. Carey, 1825) which his father and his brother had used before him. Since the poet's death the book has remained in the possession of his niece Mrs. William Nivison, by whom it has now been deposited in the Colby library. It contains about a dozen notes in the early handwriting of Robinson—chiefly dates when he completed his readings. For instance, he finished Book II on November 11, 1888; Book VII on January 31, 1889; Book X on March 30, 1889. At the end he wrote: "Finished Aeneid May 12, 1889. E. A. Robinson."—Editor.