



Northeast Harbor  
Maine 04662  
207-276-3333

16 September 1986

Renowned novelist Rachel Field (Mrs. Arthur Pederson) was a summer resident of Sutton Island, well loved by all who knew her. Many of her novels drew upon her knowledge of this region and its people. The book for which she is locally best remembered, GOD'S POCKET, is the story of Captain Samuel Hadlock Jr., of Great Cranberry Island.

These letters and other papers were given to the library by Miss Aimée and Miss Rosamond Lamb, also summer residents of Sutton's Island, and close friends of Miss Field.

Deeply devoted to their island home for many years, the Misses Lamb no longer find it possible to stay there, and, foresightedly have chosen to provide the library with archives and memorabilia to aid future understanding.

Robert R. Pyle  
Librarian

# A NOVEL of a Maine Shipping Family

**TIME OUT OF MIND.** By Rachel Field. 362 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

BY one of those curious coincidences which seem to happen so frequently, Maine has been the setting for at least a half dozen excellent novels of the last few seasons. Robert Tristram Coffin, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Mary Ellen Chase and Isabel Hopestill Carter have all drawn lavishly on their store of Maine memories and have colored their books with a nostalgia for the past which is also abundantly present in "Time Out of Mind." Miss Field writes more consciously as a romanticist than do any of the others, but her story of a great shipping family and its decline is as richly rooted and quite as savory.

The Fortunes, who owned acres of timberland along the Maine coast, had been notable shipbuilders for three generations. In the harbor village of Little Prospect, dominated by the great, white-columned house known as Fortune's Folly, it was a common saying that "there's no port too far for Fortune pines to cast their shadows." Heir to such a tradition, it was small wonder that proud, stubborn Major Fortune could not foresee the approaching doom of canvas. He refused to believe that steam would crowd out sails, and his blindness brought disaster to his family.

The story of the Fortunes, from about 1880 onward, is told by a country-bred girl whose mother was the Major's housekeeper. Kate Fernald came to the Folly when she was 10 and grew up with the Major's children, under his stern shadow. Rissa, the older of the two, was a slim, lovely, determined girl with all the Fortune arrogance, but the fourth, Nathaniel—a dreamer and a physical weakling—was a bitter disappointment to his father. The Major wanted his son to carry on the Fortune tradition and refused to allow him near the piano, which drew Nat so compellingly. Rissa and Kate, equal in their love for the dark-haired elfin boy, tried in vain to scheme for his music lessons and to protect him from his father's displeasure.

With the proud launching of the Rainbow, the decline of the Fortunes really began. Against all advice, and heedless of the encroachments of steam, the Major insisted on building this fine new ship for whose benefit he was obliged to sell many of his

acres. He insisted also on sending twelve-year-old Nat upon the Rainbow's maiden voyage, from which the boy returned ill and permanently weakened. The Rainbow, ill-fated from the start, was eventually burned without benefit of insurance and the Major never recovered from the blow. He sold more and more of his land, was forced to watch the intrusion of Summer people, and at the dreary end of his days was deserted by his children. Rissa and Nat managed to escape to Paris in order that Nat might have his musical education.

With the two Fortunes gone, and the Major dead, Kate Fernald was left alone at the Folly. A sweet, generous, stalwart girl—as sound and glowing as a russet apple—Kate had been engaged for years to a surly, ambitious native named Jake Bullard. Despite her genuine longing for a home and children, Kate could never give him her whole heart, and Jake—who hated the Fortunes—blamed them for dividing her allegiance and corrupting her with gentlefolks' ways. He half guessed what it took Kate a long time to discover, that she had always been hopelessly in love with Nat Fortune. When, on the eve of her marriage, Kate persisted in going to New York to hear Nat, now a composer of promise, conduct his "Ship Symphony," Jake refused to have anything more to do with her.

From that stirring trip to the city Kate returned desolate. Nat was about to marry a wealthy, empty-headed girl, and her own chance of sober happiness was gone forever. Lonely, faced by the disapproval of

Little Prospect, Kate stayed on, and without wages helped the caretaker at the Folly, even after her mother had died, to keep the great, dismal, peeling mansion in order. She scarcely knew what it was she had been waiting for until Nat, neurotically broken by his marriage and unable to work at his music, came to her at last for refuge. Calmly disdainful of the village scandal-mongers, Kate gave him strength and love, until Rissa—always jealous in her devotion—wrested Nat away.

So rich in incident and so spacious is Miss Field's story that it has seemed necessary to recount it in some detail. An outline, however, cannot measure its quality, nor indicate the skill with which she has interwoven various themes. Rachel Field is a believer in symbols. So it is that the destinies of the Fortunes and Kate Fernald are allusively forecast by a strange hag who reads their palms in childhood; that there are perpetual references to a quaint French clock, which stands for the flow of time; that Jake Bullard typifies the new, energetic, thrusting forces which push the Fortunes aside.

As even a résumé must indicate, "Time Out of Mind" belongs to an old-fashioned tradition. It is a romantic novel of sentiment, wistful with memories of past glamour, insistent upon loyalties and lifelong loves which find small place in modern fiction. Ironic references to "escape literature" cannot, however, destroy the book's great charm, nor minimize in any way the perfection of mood and atmosphere which Miss Field achieves.

Those who are sworn foes to romanticism may not like this novel, but they can scarcely deny that it is beautifully done.

Finally, Miss Field is not so much a mere spellbinder that an earthy vivid reality is absent from her pages. Her descriptions of Maine Springs and Autumn, of the coast with its dotted islands, of the Fortune shipyards and the torchlit launching of the Rainbow have a sharp, immediate pungency which gives the story its backbone. Kate, who is close to the fruitful earth, conveys the very essence of what she knows, and one is as likely to remember the atmosphere of the book as one is its actual plot. Her prose, warm, mellow, evocative, is excellently suited to her purpose, and is largely responsible for her success. Only a very skillful writer could make the romantic Fortunes seem so moving and so real. EDITH H. WALTON.



Rachel Field.

# God's Pocket

The Story of

Captain Samuel Hadlock, Jr.  
of Cranberry Isles, Maine

By RACHEL FIELD

Author of "The Pointed People,"  
"Points East. Narratives of  
Old New England," etc.

All that now remains of Samuel Hadlock of Maine, showman extraordinary, is "a gold snuff-box; a silhouette cut in London in 1824; an old compass, maps, and a chart; a marriage certificate in German script; and two tattered copybooks crowded with faded entries in a vigorous Spencerian hand; these and a story of romantic adventure and love and tragedy."

That story Miss Field tells, with the help of the showman's diary. Samuel Hadlock, Jr., was born about 1792 in Cranberry Isles, Maine. He took up sealing and whaling in the far north. Tiring of this, he conceived the idea of touring the fairs of Europe with a show. Accompanied by two Esquimaux and with an exhibition of native weapons,

(Continued on back flap)

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

New York

\$2.00

For  
Rosamond Smith  
who is really res-  
ponsible for this  
book - Rachel Field  
1934



# A Woman's Search for Reality

Hard Times in a New England Mill Town Provide a Background for Rachel Field's Last Novel

of either. Prosperity was succeeded by depression to the accompaniment of much worried talk in the Blair household, and anxious consultations with bankers; but there was no practical weakening of the protective screen behind which she and her sister lived. As "labor troubles" pressed heavily closer, she tried to understand each side's point of view; but even as late as 1928 a textile strike seemed almost unthinkable—"how could our people hate us so?" And just as she was separated from hard impersonal realities in economic and social problems, so she came to no grips with personal actuality when she fell in love.

Emily fell in love on a Spring evening, with gay, handsome, charming Harry Collins who was in the manager's office at the mills. Here was all the beauty and joy she had dreamed of, a refuge against trouble, a staff to lean on when the way was hard, an answer to her ever-recurring need for "reassurances." And she was as unaware of the easy-going Harry's insufficiency as she was of her own imaginative self-absorption. She was in love, and that was enough. Then, while "hard times" were postponing her marriage, a sudden illness left her stone deaf. It was the clear-sighted, "tough-minded,"

frank-spoken Dr. Merck Vance who made new hope possible, and challenged her to the courage that changed her entire life.

In plot and portraiture, "And Now Tomorrow" develops for the most part on patterned lines; and its distinction is in compassionate feeling and delicate skill of expression rather than in originality or compulsion in the story as such. One may read the early chapters in the enjoyment merely of an orthodox romantic novel, very charmingly done; and then one may reach, as this reviewer did, the sudden realization that it is more than that, as one touches the crux of its significance. One sees Emily Blair's vagueness, so, as the author's deliberate achievement, her deafness as no plot device but a far-reaching symbol in the personification of an idea; even the type characters and conventional incidents which activate most of the important features of her story may serve to point its parable of divorce from reality. I do not know how completely Rachel Field may have planned this story of Emily Blair in such terms of parable. Other novelists—Aldous Huxley, for example—have blurred the lines between the communicative imagery of fable and the clear human evocation which serious fiction demands. But certainly

there is communication a-plenty here.

And communication and human appeal are joined in this wistful, eager Emily, perplexed and well-intentioned and impulsive and lovable, pressed by the urge toward sureness but shrinking from the stark pitiless wholeness of truth. When she can fling away her last wisp of illusion and yet keep courage for the forward step, she is ready for life—and now tomorrow—at last; ready for that fullness of fortitude and complexity and sacrifice and self-containment that can make happiness; ready for love as part of that whole. She is no longer shielded or upheld, or afraid; and she is no longer deaf.

To say that Rachel Field's last novel has its greatest depth and power in this communication is not to say that it is wanting in a story's interest or charm. The story of Emily Blair is interesting, and it is told with the deft charm of both warmth and restraint as well as suavity. It is a woman's story, largely a story of sentiment, not a story that finds a focus in industrial problems (in spite of its "background with figures"). There is—to this reviewer's mind at least—some question of the justifiability of the use of "purely fictional" medical theory and detail. "And Now Tomorrow" is, moreover, quite different from the glowingly dramatic "All This, and Heaven Too," and different, also, from the earlier "Time Out of Mind." But it has its own sound claim to popularity, especially as a modern love-story with a sympathetic heroine and well-handled suspense.



Photo by Carl Levy.

Rachel Field.

**AND NOW TOMORROW.** By Kelly, remained her valued friend. *Rachel Field.* 350 pp. New York: the Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

By KATHERINE WOODS

**F**OLLOWING the fascinating factual drama of "All This, and Heaven Too," Rachel Field's last novel is the tender but searching story of a lovely and sensitive girl who had to find her way to reality. Emily Blair tried to cross the gulf between actual life and her sheltered yet exigent dreams and af-

fections, as she tried to cross the river which flowed between the Blair mills and the home of the mills' owners. And after several mistaken efforts she succeeded. By that time the mills had been lost to the Blair family, Emily had met grief and humiliation and struggle before finding renewal and fulfillment, and the burgeoning of real romance had spread its branches beyond her rooted attachments, circumstances and ideas.

Emily was the older of the two sisters who were heirs to the proud textile mills of Blairstown, Massachusetts; and she felt a warm personal interest in the "other side of the river" and the people who lived there. This might be natural, for her mother had been a mill girl. But the pride of the Blair mills was never snobbish or materialistic. The Blairs were proud of the quality of their factory's product, of their friendly relations with their factory workers, of their benevolent rule. The family accepted Elliott Blair's Polish wife. When the two little girls were orphaned they were brought up in all the Blairs' kindly rigidities. Beautiful, willful Janice was always looking for a good time. But the more serious Emily went to high school with the mill children before making her debut. And even after he became a union organizer and a strike leader, the gardener's grandson, Jo