

September 2015

## Joanna C. Colcord Correspondence

Joanna Carver Colcord 1882-1960

Lincoln Colcord 1883-1947

Marion Cobb Fuller  
*Maine State Library*

Hilda McLeod  
*Maine State Library*

Hilda McLeod Jacob  
*Maine State Library*

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalmaine.com/maine\\_writers\\_correspondence](http://digitalmaine.com/maine_writers_correspondence)

---

### Recommended Citation

Colcord, Joanna Carver 1882-1960; Colcord, Lincoln 1883-1947; Fuller, Marion Cobb; McLeod, Hilda; and Jacob, Hilda McLeod, "Joanna C. Colcord Correspondence" (2015). *Maine Writers Correspondence*. 181.  
[http://digitalmaine.com/maine\\_writers\\_correspondence/181](http://digitalmaine.com/maine_writers_correspondence/181)

This Text is brought to you for free and open access by the Maine State Library Special Collections at Maine State Documents. It has been accepted for inclusion in Maine Writers Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Maine State Documents. For more information, please contact [statedocs@maine.gov](mailto:statedocs@maine.gov).

COLCORD, Joanna C.

Born at sea, on Bark CHARLOTTE A. LITTLEFIELD of Sears-  
port, Maine, March 18, 1882.

Copy

October 29, 1931.

Miss Joanna C. Colcord,  
Russell Sage Foundation,  
120 East 22nd Street,  
New York City.

Dear Miss Colcord,

Your brother suggests that you will be interested in our Maine Author Collection. This is an exhibition collection of books written by persons born in Maine or resident here during their creative years. All the books are autographed, many of them are inscribed and they form a very interesting collection. So far we have confined the collection to contemporary authors; when we have more room we shall start collecting the works of authors of other generations. Will you send us a copy of your Roll and Go? We do not ask you to give this to the library, but please be sure to autograph it and I hope that you will add an inscription about the writing of it. You have no idea how greatly such inscriptions add to the interest of the books.

In connection with the collection we are assembling autobiographical and critical material about our authors. Will you send us some data about yourself, something of a more personal nature than a Who's Who item.

Your brother, from whom I have recently received several extremely interesting letters about shipbuilding in Maine, sent us his two books, An Instrument of Gods, and Vision of War. His letters will be placed in the special Maine Author files; all correspondence with our aut

thors is kept, but not all of the letters are so interesting as his are. He hasn't sent us any biographical material, however; perhaps you can help us there. You two will, I think, be the only brother and sister represented in the collection.

130 EAST TWENTY-SECOND STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

October 30, 1931

Miss Marion Cobb Fuller  
Maine State Library  
Augusta, Maine

My dear Miss Fuller

I am sending you:

- (1) An inscribed copy of "Roll and Go." (Separately sent.)
- (2) A letter to be inserted inside the cover. (Enclosed.)
- (3) An inscribed copy of another book, in my own professional field of social work, entitled "Broken Homes." (Separately sent.)
- (4) An article clipped from the issue of the Survey of March 15, 1929, entitled "The Log of Joanna Colcord." This was a document prepared for my new employers, the Russell Sage Foundation, which got into the hands of the Survey and was printed without my knowledge through a misunderstanding, but it does contain the data you asked for (Enclosed.)
- (5) An autobiographical article by my brother, entitled "I Was Born <sup>in a Storm</sup> at Sea," taken from the American Magazine of July, 1923. (Enclosed.)
- (6) A collection of reprinted articles and pamphlets which you may or may not care to include. (Enclosed.)

I think it is an excellent idea you are carrying out, and I am glad to be represented in your collection. There is no charge for the books, which I am sending separately.

Very truly yours



JCC:MMcD

November 10, 1931

Miss Joanna C. Colcord,  
13- East Twenty-second Street,  
New York City;

Dear Miss Colcord;-

Thank you very much indeed for your prompt and generous response to my letter about the Maine Author Collection. We are delighted to have the letters, the biographical articles and the reprints of your various articles. We greatly appreciate the interest which you show in the collection; you were so good to take the time to assemble the material for us and send it to us! As I probably told you, biographical material and all correspondence with our authors is kept in special files, constituting an invaluable reference source for future students of the literary history and development of Maine.

I am planning to have a brief note about you and your brother in the next issue of our Library Bulletin. I wish that we had space to reprint both of the delightful autobiographical articles which you sent. Who could write about the Colcords as interestingly as the Colcords can write about themselves!

I wonder if you have ever happened to see any of the short stories of Isobel Hopestill Carter. She hasn't written many but they are, I think very fine. I mention them here because they are about the women who went to sea. If you haven't read it, read someday the story "The Old Woman", published in the Atlantic Monthly, for June, 1926.

Thank you again for the books and other material.  
Please come and see us some time.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION DEPARTMENT  
OF THE RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION  
130 EAST 22D STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

JOANNA C. COLCORD, DIRECTOR

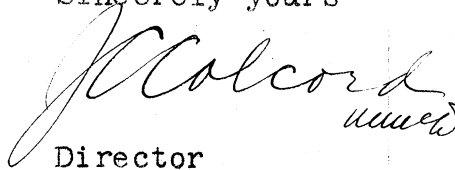
November 18, 1931

Miss Marion Cobb Fuller  
Maine State Library  
Augusta, Maine

My dear Miss Fuller

Please keep all the material I sent you if it is of use to you. I think I have read all of Miss Carter's stories that have reached print and agree with you that they are splendid. If I am ever in Augusta, I should be glad to run in and look at your collection.

Sincerely yours

  
Director

JCC:MMcD

December 19, 1931

Miss Joanna C. Colcord,  
Russell Sage Foundation,  
New York City.

Dear Miss Colcord;-

How thoughtful you are to  
remember the Maine Author Collection and send to it a  
copy of your monograph Setting Up a Program of Work Relief !  
We are very glad to have it. Thank you.

With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year,

Signed M.C.F.



# The Log of Joanna Colcord

THE post of director of the Charity Organization Department of the Russell Sage Foundation, left vacant by the death of Mary E. Richmond, has been filled by the appointment of Joanna C. Colcord, of Minneapolis, who will take up her duties next summer. The story of her childhood on the sea and of the way she blew into the port of social work, as told here by herself, will stir the pulse of every reader of this page of *The Survey*, be he sailor-man or landlubber.

MY father, Lincoln A. Colcord, and my mother, Jennie (Sweetser), were both born in Searsport, Maine. All of my family lines that I have been able to trace back for ten or more generations go back to England, and all the other names are English, so I conclude that there is little if any admixture of other blood. My mother's people came to Maine from Massachusetts when the region was first settled, and the founder in America of my father's family (Edward Colcord, 1608-1681), came to this country in 1689 and settled in New Hampshire, where he was one of the pioneers. In Maine, they were farmers and seafarers—mostly the latter; and when my paternal grandfather died, my father, then seventeen, turned naturally to the sea.

In 1881, when he was twenty-three, he got his first command, and he and my mother were married and went to sea in the bark *Charlotte A. Littlefield*. I was born on March 18, 1882, on the passage from Newcastle, N. S. W., to Yokohama, about forty miles northwest of the island of New Caledonia in the South Pacific. My brother was born on the homeward voyage, about eighteen months later, and for the next six years we children and my mother stayed on shore. I made a second voyage when I was eight, in the barkentine *Clara McGilvery*, to Rosario in the Argentine, where I got dysentery and nearly died.

Three years later, the whole family embarked on another vessel, the bark *Harvard*, in which we made two short voyages to South America and another to China. In 1895 we all went on a long voyage to South America, Australia, Peru, Puget Sound, Mexico and back to the Sound, where my mother and we children left the ship and came home overland. In 1897-9, I made two voyages to Hongkong with my mother and father in the ship *State of Maine*. Then my father "went into steam" as the saying was; and since the masters of steamers are not permitted to take their families, we had perforce to stay on shore.

My education went on at sea without interruption, except that the times in port were the holidays, rather than the regular seasons. My parents consulted with the teachers and got the books which were being used in the home schools. I cannot remember that we were ever behind the others in our spells of schooling ashore.

We were *living* geography; we were accustomed to the use of mathematics, which, in the form of navigation, are a part of life at sea, and our general reading was so wide, if undirected, that English was the least of our troubles. When I came to highschool years, the sciences were somewhat difficult, owing to the lack of laboratory appliances; but I graduated with my class, although the examination papers had to be sent out to Hongkong, and mailed back from there.

I taught a rural school for a year, spent another year tutoring for college, and entered the University of Maine in 1902. I majored in chemistry and minored in German; and during my sophomore year left college and got a job in a chemical factory in Boston. I returned and completed the three years' work in two years, graduating with honors in biological chemistry in 1906. My instructor in German was the late Orlando F. Lewis, who had come under the influence of Josiah Strong and was even then preparing to leave teaching and enter social work. He used to urge me not to waste time on chemistry, but to enter this new profession at the beginning; but I was obdurate, and spent the three years following graduation as chemist at the Maine State Agricultural Experiment Station, working mostly on experiments in nutrition. I took my master's degree in 1909, still in biological chemistry.

These were, however, restless and dissatisfied years. I saw little future for a woman in applied science; and though I began to realize that I was more interested in people than in things, I did not think I liked teaching. On account of illness in the family, it became necessary for me to give up my work and go home, where I taught for a year in the highschool there; then, early in 1910, my mother and I went for the winter to a little railroad settlement on the west coast of Mexico, where my father's steamer was running.

This taste of travel and new things made me very unwilling to return to my former work; and while in this condition of unrest, I dropped in on my way back through New York in the early summer of 1910 to see my old instructor, Dr. Lewis. He was then teaching in the old School of Philanthropy. He renewed his advice to go into social work, and this time it seemed a desirable way out; so I entered there in the fall of the same year. The course in case work, given by Mary E. Richmond, proved to be the deciding factor in my choice of a profession, and I entered the employ of the New York Charity Organization Society in July, 1911, as assistant secretary of Riverside District under the late Johanne Bojesen. The next year I was appointed district secretary of Greenwich District, and two years later came to the Central Office as assistant superintendent of district work. Frank J. Bruno, at that time superintendent, left that same fall, and I succeeded him, my immediate

superior at that time being W. Frank Persons. The winter of 1914-15 was a terrible one of industrial disorganization and unemployment due to the outbreak of the War. Mr. Bruno had begun the reorganization of the districts, but much remained to be done; and the districts and their inexperienced superintendent passed through a baptism of fire that winter!

In the spring of 1917, with the entrance of this country into the War, Mr. Persons was drawn into the work of the Red Cross, and the executive management of the society passed into the hands of three young departmental heads—Barry Smith, financial secretary, Karl deSchweinitz, in charge of publicity, and myself. It was understood between us that mine was to be the deciding vote; but the situation never arose in which it had to be cast, and the strange three-headed organization went on without difficulty till the time when, nearly two years later, Mr. Persons definitely resigned and Lawson Purdy succeeded him as general secretary.

In 1920, I secured a leave of absence for one year and went to the Virgin Islands as field representative for the Red Cross. These islands had become the property of the United States during the War, and the Red Cross had completed a survey of the social needs which the Red Cross might supply through the peace-time program of its Insular and Foreign Division. During my stay, a chapter organization was set up, a successful rollcall held, a program of school nursing instituted in the public schools, and three libraries equipped and opened with the cooperation of the American Library Association. Owing to

the inelastic nature of the naval government and the rapid changes of its personnel, there were many problems encountered and delicate situations to be met which do not ordinarily fall to the lot of the social worker. Although the stage was a miniature one, the performance was a liberal education in diplomacy; and only the staunch backing of the I. and F. Division, of which Howard Knight was director during the most troublous times, made it possible to push through to a successful conclusion. I am happy to say that the work has continued and grown since my time in the islands.

In 1925 I was offered and accepted the general secretaryship of the Minnesota Family Welfare Association, which I have held up to the present.

I have published two books, one a study of family desertion prepared at the instance of Miss Richmond and published in 1918 by the Russell Sage Foundation, entitled Broken Homes, and one in the field of folk-songs, a collection of sailors' songs called Roll and Go, published by Bobbs-Merrill in 1924. There have been a number of articles of mine in The Family, The Survey, and similar magazines. I am at present a member of the executive committees of the National Conferences of Social Work and the American Association of Social Workers, and president of the Minnesota State Conference of Social Work.

# Sea Terms Ashore

By

JOANNA C. COLCORD



THE English tongue when our forefathers brought it to these coasts was already well salted with words and phrases that recall the time-submerged maritime origins of the English folk. Young America, spread thinly along the further shore of the Atlantic, was also a seafaring nation, and continued to bring nautical flowers of speech ashore and plant them firmly in the soil of our common language. There they took idiomatic root and flourished, until today their users are often unaware of the slightest flavor of the sea in the words and phrases they employ. In the pages that follow, the terms in italics all began life as seafarers. Some are self-explanatory; others are explained in the notes.

## I. COMMON AND UNCOMMON USES OF SEA TERMS

When we use such words as *ahead*, *alongside*, *aloft*, *athwart*, we are speaking the sailor's language. Words denoting location with an "a" in front of them are always suspect of having been lifted out of his vocabulary. If we "*swab out*" a wound, *get a purchase* in raising a heavy stone, *overhaul* the contents of a bureau drawer, or *rig up* an aerial, the operations received their christening at his hands. Things ashore as well as at sea may get *adrift*; they may even *capsize* unless they are firmly *anchored*.

At the country club, we serve on the finance committee which is trying to lift the "*dead horse*" incurred during the depression. We drive our golf-ball down the *fairway*. When we fly, we try to do it under care of a *pilot* (though *sky-pilot* has reference to quite another profession) who knows how to manage his *ship*. Keeping a *log* is not unknown ashore, either as part of a factory time study or as a private journal or diary. Within the past year, there has been coined in this country the term *stranded* communities to describe those which can no longer offer their citizens a livelihood.

When surprised or confounded, we are *all at sea*, *taken aback*, have the *wind taken out of our sails*, are *brought up all standing*, or get *brought up with a round turn*.

At the *flag end* of a long day, we find ourselves *fagged out* or even *sunk*. We go home a *wreck* and *turn in*; then, after a good night's sleep, we *turn out* feeling *buoyant*, and ready to *turn to* and *larrup* the world. If we push ourselves too hard, however, we may *keel over* in a faint, or even have to be *laid up*. Under adversity we are exhorted to *bear up* and be patient till matters *blow over*.

In an argument, we *take our departure* from accepted premises. We try to *fathom* our opponent's contentions, but sometimes cannot *get the drift* of them because they seem, *by and large*, to have no *bearing* on the point at issue. We may think our adversary has *taken too much latitude* and in many respects is quite *out of his reckoning*!

The navy of old England still *sails* proudly through our everyday speech. We say something is *first-rate*, or *A 1* — both terms coming from the rating accorded to British sailing frigates. We secure a decisive advantage, and say we *got the weather gauge* of another person — which is to say that we, under sail, came down on our enemy from the windward and had him at the mercy of our *broadside* which we still fire off at him through the press or on the speaker's platform, in hopes of *putting him out of commission*. We may find that we are *in close quarters*, but we have *another shot in the locker*, and we *press it into service*.

The flags of old warships still wave verbally to the breeze; we *sail under false colors*, *show our true colors*, *put a false color* on our action, or perform it *under color of* doing something else. We still may take our choice of *striking our colors* or *nailing our colors to the mast*!

The navy of today continues to contribute to speech ashore, through the channel of vigorous slang. We are grateful to our boys in blue for a useful term, *gadget*, and for an adjective of high praise for both persons and things, *sea-going*. "*Down the hatch!*" is a toast well known ashore; while *shove off*, *pipe down* and *hit the deck* are wildflowers that frequently adorn the landsman's vocabulary.

Not only our common speech, but the language we reserve for our poetic flights of fancy, acknowledges a debt to the mariners of old. When our orators mount the *rostrum*, that imaginary platform stems back to the pulpit-like edifice on the bow of a Roman galley, whence the overseer exhorted the laboring slaves at the oar to greater exertions. If we are *overwhelmed* by confusion, we are using an old Anglo-Saxon word which means that a great wave has broached aboard us and sent us heels over head.

Behind the *bulwarks* of our liberties we feel safe as did the old time man-o'-warman behind the wooden walls of his good ship's sides. We seek to *plumb* the unknowable by our imagination, but the leadsman in the ship's chains gave us the word. The *lodestar* of our affections was to the ancient mariner a guiding light in the heavens — Polaris, in Ursa Minor. A *castaway* to us is a person who has suffered moral, not physical, shipwreck. A chronic trouble maker is by courtesy referred to as a *stormy petrel*, thus perpetuating the sailor's belief that the bird brought bad weather. We print on the covers of our little books of poems the titles *Flotsam* and *Jetsam*, quite unaware that these terms have been precisely and prosaically defined from time immemorial in admiralty law. When our heroine *sweeps* into the room, she is moving in the stately manner of the old barges and pinnaces, which were propelled by long oars called sweeps.

The *favoring gale* was just a fair wind to the mariner of the seventeenth century; for him, the *doldrums* had no neurotic connotation. To *stem the tide* meant to point his ship's bow, or stem, directly into the current. Being *in deep waters* or *in the breakers* or *foundering* had no slightly literary flavor to his ear — they were stern actualities. When he saw something *out to the bitter end* it was very concretely the anchor cable.

## II. SALTY LANGUAGE ASHORE

The language of vituperation ashore owes much of its flavor to the salt of the sea. Any barroom quarrel between landsmen — as much of it as might be quoted in these chaste pages — would supply a dozen phrases whose origin was on shipboard. Let's try our hand at reporting one.

Bill Lubber, a *hulking* truck driver, comes *barging* into the saloon where several men are *spinning yarns* and *carrying on*. He has been *boozing* but is *able to navigate*. Several of the others are *in the same boat*.

"Somebody here stole the *tarpaulin* off my truck when it was parked by the *bulkhead*," roars Bill, cursing like a *bargee*, "and I'm going to *manhandle* the man that did it."

*All hands* look up, and a *rakish*-looking chap in the corner, *tagged out to the nines*, says in a *stand-offish* manner, "Ah, don't be such a *crank!*"

"Who told you to *stick your oar in*, you *son-of-a-gun?*"



From a drawing by Charles Rosner

### In the Doldrums

yells Bill, *squaring off* at the speaker. "Don't give me any of your *slack!* For all your *toplofty* ways, you're all *tarred with the same brush*, and I'm going to lick every man here unless somebody *blows the gaff* and tells who did it. I'm *in good trim* and I can take a dozen of you on, *hand-a-runnin'*, *right off the reel* and keep it up till *all's blue!* You've got to *fish or cut bait!*"

"So that's how the wind blows!" returns his adversary. "I'm *right on deck* when it comes to fighting, and I don't like the *cut of your jib* anyway, or the *slush* you're giving us. Take off your coat and *look out for squalls!*"

"Ease off, Bill," another man interposes. "You're in pretty *shoal water*. You don't know who you've *got in tow*. You think you're a *whale* of a fighter but this feller can *walk away with you*. You'd better *give him a wide berth.*" He whispers a name in Bill's ear.

"Go to the door, Tom," directs the unknown, "and *stand by* to tell us if the cop *heaves in sight*. *Keep a good lookout.*"

"The *coast is clear,*" is Tom's report. "Now *let her fly!*"

But Bill, *between the Devil and the deep sea*, *backs water*. "I guess I was *on the wrong tack,*" he mutters. "I've got to see about *splicing* that old *fender* on my truck."

"Any *port in a storm,*" laughs his opponent. "Gangway for the man that can lick the crowd. *All ashore that's going ashore.*" Guffaws follow *in the wake* of the retreating Bill, as he *puts out* for his truck.

### III. SEA TERMS IN THE MARKET PLACE

The vocabulary of business seems to be larded copiously with terms originating at sea. Explanation of this fact is not far to seek when we recall how intimately the beginnings of commerce in this country and England were connected with seafaring. The manufacturer's *shipment* of goods goes nowadays by train or motor as often as by boat; he *boards* a Pullman car and occupies a *stateroom* when going to a convention; the *caboose* of the engine that pulls him comes from

the Spanish "*calabozo*" by way of the cabin or forecastle of a ship.

In beginning a new undertaking, the business man *clears the decks* and gets everything *shipshape*. He is careful to *get his bearings* before *laying down the lines* of a new project. He does not *tackle* it by *dead reckoning* — *not by a long sight!* When he gets *squared away*, he does not *back and fill* about his undertaking but *sails into* it with vigor. He engages assistants who *know the ropes* and he won't have a *stick-in-the-mud* about the place.

Consider the case of John Landsman, who, after *sounding out* the state of the market to get *the lay of the land*, *embarked* upon a venture in *wrecking* and *salvaging ramshackle* houses for the *junk* that was in them. As things *opened up*, he *signed on* a partner, *chartered a fleet* of motor trucks and *floated stock*. They began to *forge ahead* and were soon *booming along*; but *cross currents* began to develop between Landsman and his partner, who lacked *ballast*, failed to *work his passage*, and was little more than a *figurehead*.

Landsman discovered that he had given his partner *too much leeway* and that he was *playing fast and loose* with the firm's assets. The two were soon at *loggerheads*. Friends tried to *pour oil on the troubled waters*; but one day they *fell foul* of each other and *parted company*.

With Landsman alone at *the helm*, the concern began to *get under way* again, and it seemed *all plain sailing*. Success was *in the offing*; but a trusted employe who was in the toils of a *landshark* embezzled some of the funds and *cut his cable*; Landsman himself got *roped in* to an unfortunate speculation; and a contract that had been his *main stay* fell through. With this *sheet anchor* gone, it looked as if everything else might *go by the board*. He was *hard up* and had to *sail close to the wind*. The *shipwreck* of his prospects seemed imminent; he was *heading for trouble*.

His creditors began to *bear down upon* him, but he met

(Continued on page 82)

them with a candid and *aboveboard* statement of his difficulties and prospects, and they agreed to *sheer off* and *let it ride* for awhile. It was *sink-or-swim* with Landsman now, and he *cast about* for some means to keep his business from *going on the rocks*. He *tackled* this problem with a will, and *made a clean sweep* of unprofitable methods. His son left college and came into the office to *bear a hand*, and together they *shaped a course to stem the tide*. *Hanging on by the eyelids*, they *weathered the storm*, and *piloted* the concern into *quiet waters*. Bankruptcy was *headed off*, and Landsman was a happy man the day the bank gave him a *clean bill of health*, so that he was *square with the world*. He continued to *steer a safe course* and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the business *on even keel*, while the money came in *hand over fist*.

But what of the wicked partner? After he was *turned adrift*, he was *rudderless*, and *at loose ends*. He *tried off and on* to get a *berth* with firms where he fancied he *pulled a strong oar* but found that he did not *stand in with* them as well as he supposed. After *drifting* for a time, he *launched* a small business venture of his own, but never got *within hailing distance* of success. He did not *trim his sails* in accordance with his circumstances, and constantly *took the wrong tack* with his customers. After *making heavy weather of it* for a few months, his business went *on a lee shore* and he was *high and dry*. While his affairs were thus *at low ebb*, he began to drink heavily. Although his friends tried to *bring home* to him his shortcomings and get him to *brace up*, he failed to *steer clear* of temptation and remained a victim of liquor *to the bitter end*. Becoming a *derelict*, he was always *half seas over* or *three sheets in the wind*; and finally, when the *jig was up*, he *kicked the bucket* while *chock-a-block full* in a Bowery dive.

#### GLOSSARY

Most of the sea terms used by the author are well known to yachtsmen. Therefore, in the following glossary, the definition of only some of the less used and less obvious terms are given.

**Blow the gaff:** Like many sea expressions, this was probably the "nub" of some humorous anecdote which has been forgotten. The gaff is the small spar at the top of a fore-and-aft sail.

**Board, go by the:** The Anglo Saxon "bord" meant the side of a ship. The word "board" had numerous uses at sea, usually connected either with the vessel's passage through the water, or with her sides. Her right and left sides were star-board (steer-board) and lar-

board (lee-board); the portion which appeared above the water was "freeboard"; to go astern was to have sternboard or sternway. To board a ship was to come over her rail. "To go by the board," usually said of masts, was to be precipitated overboard and completely lost.

**Booming along:** Extra sails, called studdingsails, were run out on "booms" from the ends of the yards to give more sail area in fair weather. Under these conditions, the ship "boomed along."

**Booze:** From "bowse," which in the ancient mariner's vocabulary meant either to lift with block and tackle, or to drink convivially.

**Bring home:** To pull in all the slack that could be taken in on a rope; to hoist something as far as it would go.

**Cast about:** To try different courses when in doubt as to the ship's position.

**Dead horse:** The common sailor was advanced one month's pay at time of signing the articles. This usually went to his boarding-house keeper for alleged debts. During the first month out, he was said to be "working off the dead horse"; and at the end of this period it was the custom of the men in British ships to make an effigy of a horse and throw it overboard with suitable ceremonies.

**Departure, take one's:** The point from which the navigator starts his calculations for the voyage — usually the last land sighted.

**Hanging on by the eyelids:** The seaman's vivid description of his situation during a very heavy gale.

**Larrup:** Russell, in "Sailor's Language," identifies this word as coming from "lee-rope." The latter term has not been common in modern times.

**Let her fly!** An exclamation of admiration when the ship was traveling at a high rate of speed.

**Make a clean sweep:** From the havoc wrought by a huge sea breaking in-board and washing away all movable objects on deck.

**Play fast and loose:** Probably of nautical origin. Sails were said to be "made fast" or "loosed."

**Press into service:** A reminiscence of the press-gangs which caused the War of 1812 by stopping American merchantmen on the high seas and "pressing" members of their crews into service in the British navy.

**Rakish:** This adjective, when it indicates a saucy and swaggering air, comes not from the name applied to loose-livers, but from the appearance which it gave a ship to slant or "rake" her masts sharply toward the stern.

**Shot in the locker, another:** Refers to the anchor cable which was stored in the chain locker. A "shot" was 15 fathoms.

**Till all's blue:** Some authorities claim that this is an expression of nautical origin, meaning "till blue water is reached."

**Tagged out to the nines:** The nines probably refers to guns called "long nines" carried on old ships-of-war.

**Right off the reel:** The speed at which the ship was traveling was determined in the old days by throwing overboard a "log" attached to a marked line wound on a "reel." If the ship's velocity was great, the line ran out fast — "right off the reel."

December 21, 1936

Miss Joanna C. Colcord  
130 East 22nd Street  
New York City

Dear Miss Colcord:

From time to time you have, with greatly appreciated kindness, presented to the Maine Author Collection, here in the State Library, inscribed copies of your books.

We notice that LONG VIEW, which you edited; EMERGENCY WORK RELIEF, of which you are a co-author; and COMMUNITY PROGRAMS FOR SUBSISTENCE GARDENS, as well as the pamphlet, RELIEF, are not in the Collection. Some day we hope we may include these items.

At present we are writing to secure your permission to send a copy of CASH RELIEF, which we have in the library, to you for inscription, so that we may add it to your other books in the Maine Author Collection.

We extend to you the greetings of the season.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY  
BY

lm

SECRETARY

CHARITY ORGANIZATION DEPARTMENT  
OF THE RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION  
130 EAST 22D STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

JOANNA C. COLCORD, DIRECTOR

December 31, 1936

Miss Hilda McLeod, Secretary  
Maine State Library  
Augusta, Maine

My dear Miss McLeod

I will be glad to autograph your copy of CASH RELIEF,  
and am enclosing herewith a copy of the pamphlet, Com-  
munity Programs for Subsistence Gardens.

Sincerely yours

*JC Colcord*  
Director *mmcd.*

JCC:MMcD

January 16, 1937

Miss Joanna C. Colcord, Director  
Charity Organization Department  
Russell Sage Foundation  
130 East 22nd Street  
New York City

Dear Miss Colcord:

Thank you very much for the pamphlet  
COMMUNITY PROGRAMS FOR SUBSISTENCE GARDENS.  
We are glad to have this for the Maine  
Author Collection.

Since you were so kind as to give us  
permission to send CASH RELIEF for an  
autograph, we trust that you will not mind  
our enclosing the pamphlet which you sent.  
We would like an autograph in that, also.  
We are asking the Publication Department  
of the Russell Sage Foundation to send  
to you a copy of EMERGENCY WORK RELIEF,  
and we hope you will autograph this with  
the others, returning the three items  
to us. We enclose a label and postage for  
your convenience.

Your interest and cooperation is  
sincerely appreciated, for we realize  
that your time is extremely valuable.  
We are always grateful for the assistance  
our authors render us in making the Maine  
Author Collection a successful project.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY  
BY

lm

SECRETARY



CHARITY ORGANIZATION DEPARTMENT  
OF THE RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION  
130 EAST 22D STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

JOANNA C. COLCORD, DIRECTOR  
~~RUSSELL H. KURTZ, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR~~

January 26, 1937

Miss Hilda McLeod, Secretary  
Maine State Library  
Augusta, Maine

My dear Miss McLeod

I am mailing today the three items which you asked me to autograph for the Maine State Library. I am very glad to do this, of course. Sometime when I am in Augusta I hope to make your personal acquaintance.

Sincerely yours

  
Director

JCC:MMcD

January 29, 1937

Miss Joanna C. Colcord, Director  
Charity Organization Department  
Russell Sage Foundation  
130 East 22nd Street  
New York City

Dear Miss Colcord:

The three books, COMMUNITY PROGRAMS FOR  
SUBSISTENCE GARDENS, CASH RELIEF, and EMERGENCY  
WORK RELIEF, have reached us.

Please accept our sincere thanks for your  
kindness in autographing these items, and in  
helping to make the collection of your books  
in the Maine Author Collection complete.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY  
BY

lm

SECRETARY

July 14, 1938

Miss Joanna Colcord, Director  
Charity Organization Department  
Russell Sage Foundation  
130 East 22nd Street  
New York, New York

Dear Miss Colcord:

Your new book, SONGS OF AMERICAN SAILORMEN, prompts us to send our congratulations; rather, the announcement of it, for we notice that it will not be available until autumn. It is a book that should fill a need, and of course we know it is carefully and accurately compiled.

We will, upon publication, order the usual copy for lending, and we hope that you will want to inscribe and present a copy to the Maine Author Collection. Such a gift would be gratefully received.

You have our best wishes for a pleasant summer, one that need not be spent in the city, but will bring you to the salt water again.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY  
BY

hm

SECRETARY

CHARITY ORGANIZATION DEPARTMENT  
OF THE RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION  
130 EAST 22D STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

JOANNA C. COLCORD, DIRECTOR

July 21, 1938

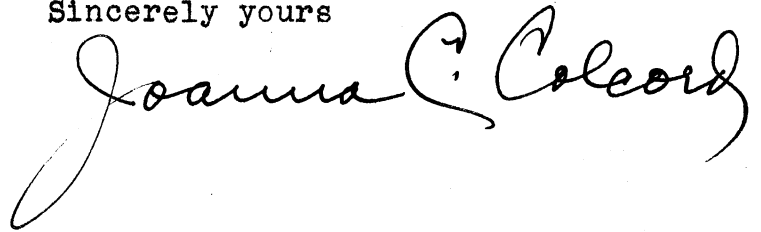
Miss Hilda McLeod, Secretary  
Maine State Library  
Augusta, Maine

Dear Miss McLeod

Thanks for your letter of July 14. Songs of  
American Sailormen will include most of the mater-  
ial in Roll and Go, together with about one-third  
new material.

I shall be glad to present a copy to the Maine  
Author Collection on publication.

Sincerely yours

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Joanna C. Colcord". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name "Joanna C. Colcord".

JCC:F

November 29, 1938

Miss Joanna C. Colcord, Director  
Charity Organization Department  
Russell Sage Foundation  
130 East 22nd Street  
New York City

Dear Miss Colcord:

The inscribed copy of SONGS OF AMERICAN SAILORMEN has been received, and we are delighted to add it to the Maine Author Collection. Each book of yours brings new distinction to this exhibit, and we are always intensely proud of the fact that these fine volumes are the work of a Maine woman.

SONGS OF AMERICAN SAILORMEN impresses us as being an invaluable compilation, and one which is undeniably the most exhaustive, authentic, and interesting of any concerning, or even approaching the subject of shanties. We have of course ordered a copy for the general lending section of the library.

Please accept our sincere thanks for your interest in the Maine Author Collection, and for your generosity in presenting a copy of SONGS OF AMERICAN SAILORMEN to the exhibit.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY  
BY

hm

SECRETARY

January 16, 1939

Miss Joanna C. Colcord, Director  
Charity Organization Department  
Russell Sage Foundation  
130 East 22nd Street  
New York City

Dear Miss Colcord:

YOUR COMMUNITY, which you have so kindly and generously inscribed for the Maine Author Collection, is being added to the shelved with delight, appreciation and gratitude.

This volume certainly seems to present a valuably detailed picture, and we believe that it will afford an important aid and reliable source of information in its field.

We are grateful to you for remembering the collection, and we are of course ordering a copy of YOUR COMMUNITY for the general lending section of the library.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY  
BY

hm

SECRETARY

September 19, 1944

Miss Joanna C. Colcord, Director  
Charity Organization Department  
Russell Sage Foundation  
130 East 22nd Street  
New York, New York

Dear Miss Colcord:

WORK AND SING was not the title we were awaiting, but it seems to be the book we were awaiting. Congratulations upon your latest contribution to this field of literature.

We shall order a copy for lending purposes, but we hope you will want to inscribe a copy for the Maine Author Collection, to place with your other excellent books.

We look forward to seeing WORK AND SING, and wish it a long life and a successful one.

Sincerely yours

hmj

Secretary

January 24, 1945

Miss Joanna C. Colcord, Director  
Charity Organization Department  
130 East 22nd Street  
New York, New York

Dear Miss Colcord:

At last it is published: SEA LANGUAGE COMES ASHORE. We congratulate you upon the achievement of collecting and preserving such a fine collection of material. We shall use it constantly in the library, and have already added it to our order list which will be taken care of in the usual way by a book dealer.

We write at present about the Maine Author Collection, to which you have in the past been so generous. You will recall that this is the exhibit of books written by Maine people, the volumes inscribed presentation copies. These inscriptions (some amusing, some artistic, some autobiographically illuminating, but all original) are of distinction and value to such a collection, and never fail to arouse admiring and delighted comments of visitors.

SEA LANGUAGE COMES ASHORE is a book we should be proud to include in the Maine Author Collection, and we shall hope that you may want to see it there, too. Our very best wishes go to you for its success.

Sincerely yours,

hmj

Secretary





JAN. 29, 1945.

MRS. F. W. JACOB,  
MAINE STATE LIBRARY,  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WITH THE GREAT-  
EST GOOD WILL, I  
CHEERFULLY COMPLY!  
HERE'S "SEA LANGUAGE  
COMES ASHORE", TO  
WISH YOU WELL.

YOU MUST KNOW  
THAT I AM SPENDING

THE WINTER DOWN  
HERE WITH MY SISTER  
AND BROTHER, BUT  
I DON'T HONESTLY  
THINK THAT I'LL  
BE BACK ON 130 E. 22  
AGAIN!

FAITHFULLY,  
JOANNA COLCORD.

February 2, 1945

Miss Joanna C. Colcord  
Searsport  
Maine

Dear Miss Colcord:

Is it true that all things come to him who waits? At any rate, we feel that your book, *SEA LANGUAGE COMES ASHORE*, is a most suitable reward for our months of waiting, and we hasten to express our congratulations and gratitude.

We recognize the patient work that has gone into these richly informative and authoritative pages; and patience, as Disraeli said, is a necessary ingredient of genius. You have accomplished a feat that will command the immediate enthusiastic approval of librarians in particular; and that will enjoy their constant future commendation. It will be a boon to maritime researchers and students. Above all this, however, it's really fun to read!

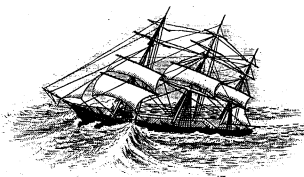
We can think of no one so admirably fitted by background and temperament and ability to provide a work of this scope and authenticity. If, as you suggest, you may not be returning to the Russell Sage Foundation, may we not hope for more books from your pen -- books that will preserve for us the speech and sounds of the sea, the ways of men that sailed the ships?

At any rate, we are grateful and proud for *SEA LANGUAGE COMES ASHORE*, and send you our warm appreciation for the inscribed gift copy which goes into the Maine Author Collection beside your other splendid volumes.

Sincerely yours

hmj  
Encl--4¢ postal refund

Secretary



PENOBSCOT MARINE MUSEUM  
SEARSPORT, MAINE

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

January 28, 1945.

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

My dear Mrs. Jacob:

The enclosed note from my sister perhaps needs an explanation. Last summer while she was spending her vacation with us she had a slight shock; and although she has partially recovered, it seems evident that her working days are over. She will retire from the Russell Sage Foundation shortly, and will probably live with us in Searsport from now on.

Yours sincerely,

*Lucien Cole*

February 2, 1945

Mr. Lincoln Colcord  
Searsport  
Maine

Dear Mr. Colcord:

Thank you for writing us. We express our sympathy, but cannot but be proud that, although Miss Colcord's working days, as you suggest, are very likely over, she has contributed constantly and generously to the welfare of humanity; and she has certainly achieved a finale of splendid proportion in SEA LANGUAGE COMES ASHORE.

Sincerely yours

hmj

Secretary