

September 2015

Lincoln Colcord Correspondence

Lincoln Ross Colcord 1883-1947

Marion Cobb Fuller

Maine State Library

Hilda McLeod

Maine State Library

Hilda McLeod Jacob

Maine State Library

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COLCORD, Lincoln Ross.

October 14, 1931

Miss Marion Cobb Fuller,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Me.

Dear Miss Fuller:-

I was ill when your letter came in August - and then it got lost, and I have only now found it, although it has been on my mind all the fall. I am ashamed, but can only offer in excuse that our household has been badly disorganized lately. Now I presume it is too late for any information to be available for the Bulletin you speak of; but I would like to cover a bit of the ground just the same.

The subject of material on Maine ships and shipping is, of course, very near my heart. I have been trying in a desultory way to make some collections of this material, but have not been able as yet to turn myself loose with the job. The material is in existence, however, quantities of it; it is merely a matter of putting in the time.

I am enclosing a brief article on Searsport shipping which I put together last winter and had published in the Bangor Daily News, for the value of having it in print. From this you will see what can be done with any of our coast towns.

Now let me note down in a fragmentary way what I have come across of this material that is available.

First of all, local histories. There is an excellent list of Stockton shipyards and ships in a small and otherwise slight history of Stockton by Miss Faustina Hitchborn. Williamson's History of Belfast has a chapter on ships and shipbuilding, with incomplete lists. In the histories of Castine, Islesboro, Camden, Bucksport, etc., there are references to shipbuilding and incomplete lists. In fact, I doubt if you would find any of our local coast histories lacking in such references. All this material should be assembled, and it would be a comparatively easy task. But of course the thing to do would be to get some

local person in each town interested in collecting what first-hand material still remains in the memory of old shipping men, as I have done with Searsport. Winterport, for instance, built some 200 vessels in its day, but there is no record of them, and all trace of the shipyards has disappeared. Millbridge, Machias and Eastport are fruitful sources of this material. And of course Thomaston, Rockland, Waldoboro, Newcastle and Damariscotta, Wiscasset and Bath. The Bath material is more easily available than any other, I believe; but it has not definitely been assembled and is in danger of disappearing.

✓ Have you seen Matthews' "American Merchant Ships: 1850-1900," published last year by the Salem Marine Society? This is a mine of information on Maine shipping. There is also much material in Lubbock's "Down-Easters," published two years ago by Lauriet in Boston. These two books are primarily concerned with Maine shipping. Matthews is preparing a second volume for the Salem Marine Society. Other of their publications have scattering material on Maine shipping, also.

✓ In Rockport, in the old office of Carleton & Norwood, there is the most valuable collection of source material I know of; and I am concerned about what is going to happen to it. Carleton & Norwood were the leading shipbuilders and owners of Rockport for two generations; I think the firm operated some eighty ships in its whole history. You will see the office in Rockport today as you drive through, with a sign over the door; an old Capt. Carleton, the last of the family, still goes down every day and keeps it open, although no business has been done there for years. And I understand that in that office are still all the papers, accounts and correspondence of the firm's extensive shipping enterprise - costs of ship construction and operation, charter parties, insurance, and all the rest.

✓ Obviously, this material should be taken over by the State Library or the Maine Historical Society, and all similar material along the coast which could be collected should be added to it. I am sure that such an effort would turn up a vast quantity of material. The most of it remains in the old families; it is utterly worthless except for its historical value; yet because it does belong to family ventures and affairs, people are reluctant to part with it to any private individual. A movement by the Maine Historical Society, however, to collect all this material that is available, would at once put the matter in a different light, and would, I am certain, meet with a favorable reception on every hand.

Is it not possible to get this movement under way? It grieves me to think how rapidly the material is disappearing. A great-aunt of mine two years ago, before I knew anything about

it, had destroyed all the letters and papers of her father, Capt. William McGilvery, covering the building and operation of probably fifty ships, simply because she was growing old and wanted these family papers out of the way before she died. Incidentally, she destroyed along with them all the foreign stamps on the envelopes, dating from the early 1850s. Imagine that, if you know anything about stamp collecting !

✓ Along with this movement, of course, there should be a catalog made of the ship paintings in the houses in all our coast towns. The data on most of these paintings is known by word of mouth in the household, but is not recorded on the painting. Here is a separate task which would turn up historical material. There are still a good many half-models of the Maine ships in existence, also - that is, construction models, the models from which the lines of the ship were actually laid down. I have two, and I know of a dozen or so in Searsport. I have a feeling that a good many half-models of the splendid Bath ships of the 1880s might be turned up somewhere.

All this means a hard year's work for someone, to go to a town, to get local publicity started, and to turn up everything still in existence of a shipping nature; but the results would be valuable and surprising. What can be done about it ? Someone should give a generous sum of money for the purpose, and turn it over to the Maine Historical Society to put through the task.

✓ I have not touched on what I believe would be the best source of material in an accurate historical sense - namely, the files of our local coast newspapers. The Republican Journal of Belfast, for instance, has been published since 1827; I have been waiting for an opportunity to go through its files, but have not found it yet. These papers of course recorded every launching, every marine accident abroad connected with local ships or sailors, and a great deal of news about the operations abroad of local shipping. It's all there, the full story of Maine shipping; but money and time are necessary to dig it out.

✓ Mr. George Wasson of Bangor has in preparation a volume of history of the Bangor lumber trade, or rather of the coasting trade, which ought to be mighty interesting. I haven't seen his manuscript; he is an old man, and is not in good health; but I shall see him soon and find out how he is getting on.

I hope I have said enough to convince you of the necessity of doing something about this matter, if the material is to be

preserved. Please talk it over seriously with Mr. Dunnack; if there is anything I could do in the way of outlining the proposition, I would be glad to be useful. I don't know what the resources of the Maine Historical Society are, or what would be the best medium for handling this task. I cannot do it myself, because I am too much tied up with other plans. But I think it would not be difficult to show anyone that the task ought to be undertaken. Could not a fund be appropriated by the Legislature and the work be directed from your office? If only some man of means would give a fund for the purpose to the Maine Historical Society, however, that would be the ideal solution. I am going to think about this more definitely and canvass the situation among my friends.

Yours sincerely,

Lincoln Cole

Oct. 15, 1931

Dear Miss Fuller:—

Let me supplement my letter of yesterday by saying that a representative of the Harvard School of Business Administration is now going through our coast towns & gathering account books, etc, on costs of ship construction for their library— He was reported in Belfast yesterday, & has now gone to Kinalhava. If he calls here I will find out how much material he has got. But this news disturbs me —

I might also add that I forgot to mention old Customs Houses records as sources of shipping information— Many of our coast towns had Customs Houses which have

long since been discontinued, but the records are still in existence, in the hands of town officials or postmasters or someone — As a matter of fact the State ought to preserve all this material, or possibly print it, right away — Mr. George Wasson told me yesterday that the Customs House records of old Castine were in the Post office there, but were in such a chaotic condition that it was almost impossible to consult them — That seems too bad, since those records have a decided historical value bearing on the Revolution + War of 1812, aside from their shipping value —

Mr. Wasson's book on the Bangor lumber trade + Penobscot Bay coasting, by the way, is

was finished this summer
& has been taken on by
the Salem Marine Society
for publication this winter.

Yours sincerely,
Lincoln Cole

Copy.

October 17, 1931.

Mr. Lincoln Colcord,
Searsport, Maine.

Dear Mr. Colcord;-

How good of you to write us at such length! Both letters are exceedingly interesting and we shall have copies of them made for the permanent files.

The October issue of the Library Bulletin is out this morning and I am sending you a copy of it. The bibliography on ship-building is, of course, merely a beginning of one. I hope that the article and the bibliography will lead to acquiring both information and documentary material from our patrons and from the other libraries. I hope some season to be able to arrange to visit the libraries of the coast towns with a view to seeing for myself what they have. I believe that the local libraries can do much in the way of assembling material, if only they are sufficiently interested. Miss Snow of the Rockland Library, who comes of a sea-faring and shipbuilding family will I think be able to obtain for the Rockland Library material now in the possession of one of her uncles. She is helping me make a list of pictures of Maine ships in books and elsewhere. If you know of the location of any paintings I shall be glad to have you send the names and places to us.

Thank you for sending us a copy of your extremely interesting article on the Searsport shipping. I have noted it on the reference copy of the bibliography.

When I came to this library there were only scattered references on Maine shipbuilding. It is, I think, extremely en-

couraging that there are now several books, such as the Down Easters, Rowe's two books, American Merchant Ships, and Cutler's Greyhounds of the Sea, which gives a great deal of (I suppose) authentic information on the subject.

I note what you say about Carleton and Norwood of Rockport. My home town is Rockland, and perhaps I can arrange to see Capt. Carleton some time when I am home.

I think the half-models have not as yet become popular as "Collectors Items" and so it would be possible to acquire them. They have always seemed to me a very important and interesting part of the material having to do with shipbuilding.

I am much interested to hear that Mr. Wasson's book is not only finished but that there is a probability of its publication in the near future. I have recently been having some correspondence with Mr. Dow, of the Salem Marine Research Society, about the old customs house records of Bucksport and Castine. He says that the Society is considering publishing the more important of them. He asked me if I knew anyone who could be hired to make abstracts of them. I don't. Perhaps you can suggest some person who would be both accurate and interested.

Thank you again for taking the trouble to write me. We keep in our files all information about the shipping industry which comes our way and we shall be glad to have you send us, at any time, any data which you may acquire. I hope that you will be successful in finding someone sufficiently interested in Maine maritime history to finance a definite research program.

(Signed MCF)

October 21, 1931

Dear Miss Fuller:-

Thanks for your letter of the 17th. I have scant time to devote to this subject, but the deeper I get into it, the more I realize there is to do.

Miss Snow in Rockland could do a great deal; she is at a center of information, with Rockport, Rockland and Thomaston right at hand. I mean to call on her some day soon and talk the matter over.

About the customs house records of Castine and Bucksport, I don't know what to say. Mr. Wasson comes from Castine, and makes his summer home there. He undoubtedly could attend to the matter for that town - either do it himself or get someone. In Bucksport I have a very capable friend, Mrs. John Montgomery, who I am sure could attend to the matter there. She is interested in shipping and historical matters. I don't want to impose myself on the correspondence, but if Mr. Dow were to write me I could give him some definite suggestions. Perhaps I will take to liberty of writing him, anyway.

Yours sincerely,

Lincoln Cole

October 22, 1931

Dear Miss Fuller:-

The Bulletin has just come, and I want to congratulate you most heartily on the shipping bibliography. I am amazed at the amount of material you have listed, and think it is a very encouraging sign of progress towards the Maine maritime history that we all want. Certainly this bibliography is the most valuable piece of work along these lines that I have yet seen.

✓ I notice that you have not listed that History of Eastport and Passamaquoddy Bay, edited by Kilby, I think. While it has no lists of ships, etc., it does contain a good deal of miscellaneous material on shipping, contraband traffic in the Revolution and War of 1812, etc. - also privateering.

✓ Farrow's History of Islesboro also has some shipping data.

✓ Have you a copy of Rufus Buck's History of Bucksport? I am told it has old shipping data of value; but copies are very rare - I notice Goodspeed's does not list it. Jonathan Buck built a sloop in Bucksport in 1760 - the sloop Hannah of 60 tons. He was the founder of Bucksport - had been a ship builder in Haverhill. He and his son Jonathan are constantly referred to as "ship builders" in the records of the town.

✓ I note that you have nothing listed for Machias or Millbridge, in the way of local histories. There is a History of Machias, by G. W. Drisko, but I do not know what shipping material it has.

✓ There also might be something in Grace W. Clark's History of Gouldsboro, but I have not seen it.

I am especially delighted to learn about the activities of Mr. Rowe of North Yarmouth. I had seen one of his books, but had no idea how extensively he had covered the research field already. I shall write to him at once, and turn over to him what material I have.

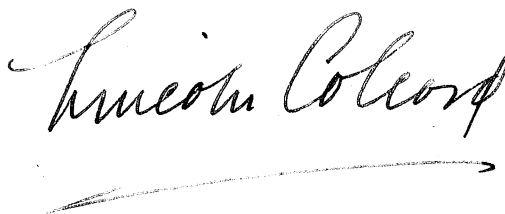
I wonder if I could have half a dozen extra copies of this issue of the Bulletin? I think I could place them to advantage. I want to send a copy to my friend Prof. Samuel Eliot Morison, to my friend Mr. Frederick D. Foote of Pittsburgh, who might be induced to finance some research, to Mr. Amos D. Carver of New York, to my sister at the Russell Sage Foundation, to Mr. George Wasson of Bangor, etc.

By the way, you ought to write to my sister and get her to send you a copy of her book on shanties, "Roll and Go", for your nautical library. This is quite the best work on sea shanties which we have. The address is Miss Joanna C. Colcord, Russell Sage Foundation, 120 East 22nd Street, New York.

I am sending you today the copies of my books, "Vision of War," and "An Instrument of the Gods," which you asked for. I have had some difficulty in obtaining them, hence the delay.

Please accept again my congratulations for the splendid bibliography!

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Lincoln Colcord". Below the signature is a long, thin horizontal line that tapers at both ends, resembling a stylized underline or a decorative flourish.

Marion Cobb Fuller,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Me.

Copy.

October 28, 1931.

Mr. Lincoln Colcord,
Searsport, Maine.

My dear Mr. Colcord;-

I found your two letters and the two books topping a pile of mail on my desk when I returned from a few days vacation and receiving them was such a pleasure that it made me glad to get back to work.

I cannot tell you how delighted I am that the bibliography meets with your approval! Thank you for the suggestions as to additions. I have noted them on the reference copy of the bibliography. I have already received a few suggestions, other than yours, as to additions and I hope that there will be enough others to warrant a supplementary list in the next Bulletin. Any book which you think worth noting is worth noting and I hope that you will think of others to add to the list.

Thank you very much for the two books, Vision of War and An Instrument of the Gods. We are delighted to have them to add to the Maine Author Collection. I enclose a clipping about the collection; I believe I didn't tell you about it when I asked for your books to add to it. I shall write to your sister at once. We have her book in the library but not in the Maine Author Collection. We also have your Vision of War which is, I suppose becoming a rare item. The state does not buy modern fiction for the use of the general library so we do not have An Instrument of the Gods.

I happened to be writing Mr. Dow so I mentioned that you might be able to suggest some persons who could assist in naming abstracts of the old customs records.

All of the books which you mention are in the library with the exception of the History of Bucksport. I have heard of that but have never seen it. Williamson's Bibliography of Maine lists it as published in the Bangor Historical Magazine vols one and two, which suggests that it would be a good idea for me to go through the files of that magazine.

I am sending you the copies of the Bulletin which you requested. We could have mailed them for you if you had sent the addresses. If you wish others we shall be glad to send them from here.

I wish that your letter had come in time to be used in connection with the bibliography--your first letter, I mean. May I have your permission to quote parts of it, if there is a supplementary article in the next Bulletin.

Thank you very much indeed for your interest.

(Signed M.C.F.)

Oct. 29, 1931

Dear Miss Fuller:-

I am glad the books reached you safely. You will be interested to know that I have just heard from Mr. Dow; he wants lists of vessels built on the Penobscot, to publish at the end of Mr. Wasson's book. It happens that Mrs. Colcord and I are spending our evenings making out just these lists. Then in the midst of it all Mr. Rowe called the other morning, much to my surprise; he couldn't stay long, but we had a good chat, and I got from him the promise of any assistance on these lists that he could give. He left me a copy of his book on Yarmouth, which I am in the midst of now - an extraordinarily fine piece of work, and it was most kind of him to bring it. I find that he has not exaggerated the amount of work he has done already in assembling old shipping data. In fact, he has done so much, and done it so well, that I don't believe we need to worry so much. He showed me, also, an outline of the history that he has in mind; and if he can carry it out along those lines, nothing more needs to be added. I am so delighted over meeting him and learning about his work that I can hardly contain myself. The history of Maine shipping is already in the making, in his capable hands.

Now, I have some further suggestions right away for the bibliography; let me put them down as they come into my head. First of all, two criticisms which are important enough to make notes of, at least in your library copies.

Lubbock's "Down Easters" is not at all reliable as a source of information. Anyone working with it would soon find this out; but just as well to pin a warning to it at the beginning. It is nothing but a careless piece of journalism, inaccurate as to fact, and not done with the same sense of responsibility as that shown by Matthews, Capt. Clark, and others.

"The Log of the Grand Turks," by Robert E. Peabody. It is unfortunate that Mr. Peabody missed two other Grand Turks built on the coast of Maine, in compiling this work. That makes four Grand Turks built in Maine instead of two. In addition to the two he mentions in his book, there was the brig Grand Turk, of 196 tons, built in Searsport in 1837 by Master John Shirley, and commanded by Capt. John P. Nichols and others, among them my grandfather Jeremiah Sweetser. She was built in the Jeremiah Merithew Yard, and lived for about ten years. Then there was the bark Grand Turk built in Bluehill in 1852, of 282 tons, owned by Treworgy; her dimensions were 108 by 25 by 12 feet, and she drew 11 feet of water. She was alive in 1868, hailing from Nassau and renamed the Julia. In addition to these, there was still another Grand Turk, a Great Lakes schooner, built in Detroit in 1855, of 337 tons, hailing from Detroit in 1868 and owned by Trowbridge & Wilson. I wrote Mr. Peabody a couple of years ago about the Searsport Grand Turk, but have never had a reply from him. This doesn't detract from the value of his book, of course; but in preparing it, a mere consulting of a few Lloyd's Registers of various periods would have given him this information - and would have added greatly to the value of his book !

Now for constructive suggestions. You ought to list "A Yankee Trader in

the Gold Rush," by Franklin A. Buck, published last year by Houghton, Mifflin, I think. He was a Bucksport Buck, his mother was a Bath Sewell, and the early part of this book is all about his working for his uncle, R. P. Buck, in his shipping office in New York. A valuable sidelight on shipping relationships of those days between the Maine coast and New York. A charming book, too.

I think you ought to list Mr. George S. Wasson's early sketches of the Maine coast islands - there are several volumes of them, all published by Houghton, Mifflin, I believe. The only one I recall the name of is "The Green Shay." This is mostly sketches of Isle au Haut.

But especially you must list Mr. Wasson's two recent papers in the quarterly published by the Massachusetts Antiquarian Society - one of them about pinkeys, the other about the Rockland and Rockport line schooners, both illustrated. I am sure he would send you copies if you can't get them. I have copies, but don't want to part with them. They have both appeared in the last two or three years; and they are invaluable as studies of those types of craft.

"Under Sail," by Felix Riesenbergh, published in 1918 by Macmillans - Riesenbergh's first book. This is the story of his voyage around the Horn with Capt. Charles Nichols of Searsport, in the ship A. J. Fuller of Bath - one of the best and most faithful stories of that sort that has ever been done. A true account of a young man's first voyage, and a true account of the handling of a fine Maine ship by one of the finest Maine captains who ever stepped a deck. Capt. Nichols is still alive and well, at the age of 83, living in Searsport summers and in New York winters.

"Wooden Ships and Iron Men," by Frederick William Wallace, published by George Sully & Co. This is the story of ship building and shipping in the Maritime Provinces and Quebec. It does not bear on Maine shipping except in the way of comparison; or rather, except in the way of showing that shipping operations in the Maritime Provinces went hand-in-hand with those on the Maine coast, were part of the same movement during the same period, and actually were only separated by a fictitious boundary. No one who expects to write about Maine shipping should fail to study the shipping activities of the Maritime Provinces, or he will get a squint-eyed view of the case.

You have listed Lubbock's "Western Ocean Packets." But his "The China Clippers" also has brief references to Maine shipping activities.

Thank you ever so much for the copies of the Bulletin; I will send them around as widely as I can. Of course you may quote from anything I have written you, if there is material enough for a supplementary article. Mr. Rowe spoke most warmly of your work on this bibliography.

Sincerely yours,

Lincoln Colcord

Nov. 2, .9931

Dear Miss Fuller:-

I spent last Saturday in Bucksport and Castine. Couldn't locate the old Bucksport customs house records; they may be in Bangor, or Castine. Or they may have been burned.

I saw the Rufus Buck history of Bucksport at the Library; it has never been published. I intend to get a typewritten copy of it soon, and will have a carbon copy made at the same time to send to you. It runs to some fifty pages of typewritten matter, very interesting and valuable. The Maine Historical Society ought to publish it. The librarian told me that it was not faithfully published in the Bangor Historical Magazine; but it would be necessary to compare the texts to see what the trouble is.

The Castine customs records are in the basement of the post office, as described. They are in some 25 crates, the upper tier open and very dirty with coal dust; but the basement is dry and warm, and the papers do not seem damaged. I have written Mr. Dow about them, and also Mr. Rowe. It seems to me the Maine Historical Society ought to take this matter in hand, and overhaul all that material. No telling what is there until it is gone over. I would love to supervise the job, but couldn't afford the secretarial outlay. It would take someone a month or more to clean the stuff up and get it assembled; I should think it would cost about a hundred dollars. There is a room in the post office that could be used for the work, and the people there would cooperate heartily.

Yours sincerely,

Lincoln Cole

Miss Marion Cobb Fuller,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Me.

Copy.

November 5, 1931.

Mr. Lincoln Colcord,

Searsport, Maine.

Dear Mr. Colcord;-

Thank you for your two letters. How good you are to write at such length and give us so much valuable assistance! We keep all of your letters in our special Maine Author files but I find that they contain so much interesting information that I need copies of them in the general reference files. Your note on Buck I have added to the Bulletin notice of his book. I have pasted a copy of your paragraph about the Grand Turks in our copy of Mr. Peabody's book, I have filed your notes on the customs records in two places, and I have arranged the bibliography suggestions for use in a supplement. You see what a great deal you have done for this department of the State Library! I feel that we also owe our thanks to you for reminding us to write to your sister. We had a prompt and delightful letter from her, copies of her two books and much biographical material as well as several of her magazine articles, all of which we are delighted to have. I plan to have a special Colcord item in the Bulletin. I wish that you could write it!

You have no idea how much I enjoy your letters!

Sincerely yours,

(Signed M. C. F.)

Nov. 6, 1931

Dear Miss Cobb:-

If you are pasting my note about the Grand Turks in your library copy, I ought to add that my comment wasn't intended to disparage the book itself, for I think it is one of the most valuable works we have on that period - some prime source stuff in it. Mr. Peabody, the author, writes me that the first two Grand Turks were his grandfather's vessels, (or great-grandfather, I guess it is); that he himself was interested in the building of the latest Grand Turk; and that he had never heard of others. It's really not a tremendously important issue.

My sister wrote me that she had sent you the material. I'd rather not write the Colcord item for the Bulletin, if you don't mind. It always gives me a clammy feeling to do such things.

Sincerely,

Lincoln Colcord

✓ P.S. Why don't you write to my nephew, Clifford N. Carver, 16 East 94th Street, New York City, to see if he has any suggestions for the supplementary bibliography? He is much interested in such matters, and especially might have some references to articles on Maine shipping in the maritime journals. I have sent him a copy of the Bulletin, and told him you might write.

This is funny - I sat down in a rush to write - and Cobb & Fuller both run in my mind as old Rockland!

Nov. 7, 1931

Dear Miss Fuller:—

In re Bibliography:

✓ History of Islesborough, by John Pendleton Farrow, pub. Thomas W. Burr, Bangor, 1893, has a list of vessels built in Islesborough in 1792-1837, also a list of ship masters of that period, and a record of outstanding disasters to Islesborough vessels—

✓ Your note on Eaton's History of Thomaston, Rockland & South Thomaston is misleading—The second volume, edition of 1865, has full lists, tabulated, of all vessels built in all three regions from 1787 up to 1864, the same filling pages 94-110—

Taken from records in the Customs House at Islesboro;

Sincerely
Lincoln Cole

(over)

P.S. In fact the lists in Eaton
are more complete + look more
dependable than any I've yet
seen in Maine local histories -

Copy.

November 10, 1931.

Mr. Lincoln Ross Colcord,
Searsport, Maine.

Dear Mr. Colcord;-

I have at last got squared away for a morning with the Colcords. I owe letters to both you and your sister-did I write you about her prompt and generous response to my request for Maine Author Collection material?- and I am anxious to get to work on the notes to the bibliography, for which I am greatly indebted to you. Also there are the biographical notes to be done.

Since my name was Cobb half a dozen or more years longer than it has been Fuller it does not surprise me to be addressed as Cobb. There was once a vessel, a three master, named the Marion N. Cobb; it went ashore in Florida a few years ago.

I will add your second Grand Turk note to the preceding one, which, by the way, did not seem to me to be in any way disparaging. It's an attractive book, isn't it?

Thanks especially for the Eaton correction. I am afraid I was rather careless about Eaton. Inexcusable in view of the fact that that is my own region! A result of my library-ness, I think. Things which aren't indexed are annoying.

I had noted the History of Islesborough but evidently my note was lost before it joined the bibliography. It is, of course an important reference.

I do not know Mr. Wasson's early sketches of the Maine Coast islands. I will write to Houghton Mifflin or Mr. Wasson for a list of them. Are the Wasson articles to which you refer the ones published in Old Time New England, the publication of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities? We have those in our files. Reisenberg was called to my attention after the bibliography had left for the printers; also, I am told that the Cutler book is important and that the author is a Maine person, or of Maine ancestry-Machias I believe. I am listing all of the books you mention. I will write to your nephew, as you suggest.

You are so kind to bother so much and write so many letters! We are really extremely grateful to you.

(Signed MCF)

P.S. I believe I have not referred to your suggestion that if you obtain a typewritten copy of the Rufus Buck History of Bucksport you will have a carbon copy made for this library. We shall be very glad to have it and of course will be willing to pay for the making of the carbon copy,

Dec. 1, 1931

Dear Mrs. Fuller:-

Can I get by mail direct from the State Library any of the books listed in the shipping bibliography, or do you want me to get them through the local library? I want Davis' History of Ellsworth, 974.1 (t) B47; Eaton's Annals of the Town of Warren, 974.1 (t) W 28; History of Brooklin, 974.1 (t) B 81; Knowlton's Annals of Calais & St. Stephens, 974.1 (t) C 14; Limeburner's Stories of Brooksville, 974.1 (t) B 8731; Autobiography of Lemuel Norton, B - N 885; and Miller's History of Waldoboro, 974.1 (t) W 16.

I don't need these all at once, but I do need the History of Brooklyn, the Stories of Brooksville, and the Autobiography of Lemuel Norton.

Since I last wrote, I have been working hard on the Penobscot Bay ship lists, and have made real progress. Am doing work that has never been done before. Have about 2000 vessels listed for the region, town by town, running back to 1800. Have started abstracting the Custom House records at Belfast, which I find in fine shape as far back as 1818. It makes me itch to get at the old Castine records, but that must wait till next summer. Have visited the Custom House at Rockland and looked over their material - all the old records of Waldoboro, Damariscotta, Vinalhaven, Thomaston and Camden there. Another big job. In the course of a year or two I plan to have the ship lists of this whole region made up as far as it is possible to learn them. It's amazing what a sidelight this work shows on the development of the settlements in this region. The whole mass of material will easily make a volume in itself, with several introductory chapters.

I note that "for desk use only" applies only to the first edition of Eaton's Annals of Warren. I am very anxious to see that work. I think his History of Thomaston, etc., is quite the best piece of local history we have; it's full of rare human nature, and has a fine quaint style. A much neglected piece of real literature.

Do you know anything about a book called "Incidents in the Life of Samuel Austin Whitney"? Wheeler, in his History of Castine, 2nd Ed, mentions it on page 82. Captain Whitney was a Castine ship master, and has an adventurous life. He had the ship Hiram during the period before the War of 1812; she was built at Orland in 1796. Later the Whitney family built many vessels at Lincolnville, among them the ship Cashmere, 350 tons, in 1826. If it is possible to run down this book, I wish you would do so.

I don't suppose it is possible for me to see the Marks thesis, since you have it only in manuscript. I wish I might get over to Augusta for a few days' work in the library, but can't make it this winter.

Lately I have called a couple of times on Capt. Frank Carleton at Rockport; very funny calls, too. He is too stupid to understand what we are driving at, and I think feels a suspicion that some Searsporter is trying to get something away from Rockport. Anyway, he's very cagey about letting anyone peek

into the drawers of that old office. He hasn't been through them for years, has no idea what they contain, and doesn't want anyone else poking around in them. But he likes to "talk ship," and I shall continue to cultivate his acquaintance. It's a situation for careful handling. They may have destroyed most of the old papers, anyway.

Yours sincerely,

Lincoln Cole

SEARSPORT
MAINE

Dec. 14, 1931

Maine State Library,
Augusta, Me.

Gentlemen:-

I enclose six cents to cover postage on the books recently sent me. I have returned the following:

Autobiography of Lemuel Nerton
History of Brocklin
Stories of Brooksville
Maritime History of Maine.

Have you an edition of Champlain's Voyages in English which you send out? I would like to consult an edition which has the maps, if possible; that is the Canadian edition, I believe. But perhaps you do not supply it.

I am also anxious to consult Sewall's Ancient Dominions of Maine, and Williamson's History of Maine, neither of which are available in the Searsport or Belfast libraries. Do you send these out?

Yours truly,

Lincoln Cole

send all

Director Mr. Dunell

6

Copy.

December 19, 1931.

Mr. Lincoln Colcord,
Searsport, Maine.

Dear Mr. Colcord;-

I find that I did not answer your letter of December 1st, just had the books sent along and put the letter away for special attention-always a poor idea!

We sent all of the books which you requested in your letter of December fourteenth, but not all of those mentioned in the first letter, only the ones which you said you would like to have at once. Of those listed, you have not had History of Ellsworth, Davis; Annals of Calais and St. Stephens, Knowlton; and History of Waldoboro, Miller. We shall be glad to send you these whenever you wish to have them. Do you also need Eaton's Thomaston and Rockland? I asked Mr. Dunnack about sending you the books which are not usually circulated and he said "Let him have anything he wants!"

When I was very young I read Eaton's History-read it very faithfully, skipping only the genealogical part, but it rather dragged and I have never had the courage to re-read all of it although I use it for reference. I think your comment on it is extremely interesting.

I have not yet found anything about the Samuel Austin Whitney book. There is a sketch of him in the New England Magazine, vol. 2, but it isn't very helpful. The Hiram account is in both editions of Wheeler's Castine. Perhaps there is something in Plummer's True Tales of the Sea, which has been out ever since your letter came.

We received yesterday from your sister a copy of her new monograph. She must be extremely busy and I thought she was so good to remember to send it to us. I am much disappointed because there was not enough room in the January Bulletin for my notes on you and Miss Colcord, and the article has to be put off until the April issue.

With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year,

(Signed MCF)

Books sent to Mr. Colcord December 2, 1931.

Autobiography of Lemuel Norton
History of Brooklin
Annals of Warren
Stories of Brooksville
Maritime History of Maine

Books sent to Mr. Colcord December 15, 1931.

Works of Samuel Champlain 3 vols.
" " " " plates and maps
Sullivan - History of the District of Maine
Williamson - History of Maine 2 vols.

Nov. 3, 1932 -

Mrs. Grace Cobb Fuller,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Me.

My dear Mrs. Fuller: -

Has the library any edition
of Audubon's "Ornithological Biography"
which it allows to go out? I know
the early editions are numerous, of
course, but there have been innumerable
later ones - Also, have you copies
of Lucy Audubon's "Audubon the
Naturalist," and Maria Audubon's
"Audubon and His Journals" - The
latter especially -

I've been reading Prof. Ferrick's
"Audubon the Naturalist," 1917, and
have become excited over Audubon's
two trips to the Maine coast, in
1832 + 1833, the latter of which
was extended to Labrador on a
schooner bought in Eastport. On
that trip one of the lineal of
Newryville accompanied him; I

have written my friend Mrs-
Arthur T. Lincoln there to find out
more about it-

The point is that next year
is the centennial of this episode;
and I would like to see this
winter a paper on "Audubon On
the Maine Coast-" His journals
are voluminous - Many have
been published, some have not -
Will you see if you have any-
thing of this nature covering his
travels during 1832 + 33. In
1832 he brought his family all
the way from Boston to Eastport
by stagecoach, then to Fredericton,
Houlton + down to Bangor; all
this is covered in detail, I
think, by his own notes for
that year, pub. in "Audubon +
His Journals," by Maria Audubon -
It's all covered again, ~~also~~
in his "Ornithological Biography,"
in Vols. II + III, I think - there
are five of them - This is the
text to cover his great

set of plates; but it is done
in a narrative & more or less
chronological form — I want
to check up on everything he
himself wrote on these trips. If
there is nothing at Augusta, I'll
try Bangor — I can always get
the works through Prof. Morrison
at the Widener Library —
Has the Maine State Library
any of Audubon's plates, by
the way?

Here is a matter on which
I believe we could better succeed
with good effect. It's not
awfully important, yet it's
worth while & good copy; & we
can water the press of the
State up to it next season —
While you, of course, can water
the libraries up to it — It
would be valuable, too, to find
out if some libraries haven't
stray bits of Auduboniana tucked
away —

Mr. Wasson's book on the
Penobscot with my ship-lists

is about to be published; Mr.
How sent me a prospectus
today - I presume the Marine
Research publications come to
you right away -

I wonder if the Russell Sage
Foundation sends you all the
things ~~the~~ ^{my sister} publishes from
time to time - (I'm not
right, but lying in bed with
a high fever -)

Yours sincerely
Tricon Board

November 14, 1932

Mr. Lincoln Colcord,
Searport, Maine.

Dear Mr. Colcord:-

I sent you one or two Audubon books which I thought might interest you but have delayed answering your letter.

I regret that we do not have the Ornithological Monographs and we do not have the Journals. We have Birds of America (seven volumes) and Condorquids of North America (three volumes) 1931, also one volume of 1932. So far as I know we have none of the plates.

August 18, 1932

I am much interested in your suggestion about making the first note of Audubon's trip to Maine and I hope that you will find time to write your proposed article on the Lincoln's Sparrow in connection with the Lincoln's Sparrow and Audubon's Lincoln's Sparrow.

Miss M. H. Jewell

Delano Park

Cape Elizabeth, Maine

Dear Miss Jewell:-

Thank you for

your letter and the clipping. We do not have the New York Sun at this office. I am hoping that you will add to our indebtedness to you.

Signed MCF

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY

BY MCF

C O P Y

November 14, 1932

Mr. Lincoln Colcord,
Searsport, Maine.

Dear Mr. Colcord:-

I sent you one or two Audubon books which I thought might interest you but have delayed answering your letter.

I regret that we do not have the Ornithological Biography, and we do not have the Journals. We have Birds of America (seven volumes) and Quadrupeds of North America, (three volumes) 1854, also one volume of the 1846 edition. So far as I know we have none of the plates.

I am much interested in your suggestion about making special note of Audubon's trip to Maine and I do hope that you will find time to write your proposed articles about his visit here and his connection with the Lincolns of Dennysville. I couldn't find a picture of Lincoln's Sparrow, but Audubon must have done one.

I am looking forward to the new book and I feel very sorry indeed that Mr. Wasson could not have lived to see it in print. Mr. Dow wrote me that your list is a "monumental piece of work of great value", and I am sure that he does not over-rate it!

We have received several items from the Russell Sage Foundation which your sister has sent us. I hope that we receive all that she writes. You must be enormously proud of her! I wrote a very interesting article (I can say it was interesting because it was largely quotes from you and from her) about you two for the Bulletin and then there wasn't room for it. However, I am saving it.

I hope that you have entirely recovered from the flue and are able to write.

Thank you for your extremely interesting letter.

Very truly yours

MAINE STATE LIBRARY

BY MCF

Dec. 9, 1932

Mrs. Marion Cobb Fuller,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Me.

My dear Mrs. Fuller:-

M.C. I have been away, and on my return find several notices from the library about the Audubon books, which I neglected to return or renew. I am using these books still, working on an article on "Audubon in Maine", and wish I might keep them a few weeks longer. If you cannot arrange this please let me know.

In pursuit of information for this article I recently went to Waussett with a friend, Ralph Whittier of Bangor, who knows Mrs. Lincoln well, and visited over night at the old Lincoln house there - I had been there before & had met Mrs. Lincoln, but had never examined the house carefully or realized what it contained - It was at this house that Audubon stopped with his wife on his first Maine trip, and from which he

started next year on his Labrador trip, taking Tom Lincoln with him — this Tom being the father of Mr. Arthur Lincoln, the present Mrs. Lincoln's deceased husband — I must say I found scant Audubon material there, yet I learned a good deal — The story of the Lincoln family in that connection is more interesting than the Audubon angle —

You ought to visit this house professionally & see what it contains in the way of historical material. It was built in 1786, when Theodor Lincoln, one of the sons of Gen. Perry Lincoln of Haverhill, came down to look after the eastern lands of the family & established himself at Warrypoile — There was originally a great deal of the Gen. Lincoln material there, but it has been given to museums & historical

societies in Massachusetts. Yet
there is a residue of material
that needs to be looked over —
Mrs. Lincoln is 76, there are
no direct heirs, and I feel sure
she would be interested in
leaving this material for public
use — She is a most superior
woman — Had a European musical
education & was singing in opera
in Vienna when Mr. Lincoln met
her — The whole outfit there,
including the historical background,
is most unique; the Lincolns
have been a queer family, utterly
conservative — The old house
is magnificent — I am going to
try an article about the Lincolns,
too

Yours sincerely,
Lincoln Cole

P.S. I wonder if I could loan from
the Library the two volumes of
Williamson's History of Maine?

Copy

December 12, 1932

Dear Mr. Colcord;-

The book is fine, better than I expected it to be and I am more enthusiastic about it every time I look at it. I wish that I could give a copy of it to every library on Penobscot River and Bay'

I am sorry that you were bothered by overdue notices' I should have asked Mr. Dunnack to arrange with the circulation department for you to have the Audubon books as long as you need them. This he has now done; the books need not be returned until you are through with them. We have sent you Williamson's History of Maine, Although this is not for general circulation there is usually a waiting list for it so possibly it cannot be renewed. You might write me about a renewal if you find that you need it longer than three weeks.

I am sure that the Dennysville-Audubon and the Lincoln Family articles will be very interesting. I'd love to see the old house. One of my great-grandmothers was a Lincoln but not, I think, of the Benjamin Lincoln line.

With best wishes for a Happy Christmas,

Very truly yours,

SIGNED MCF.

December 12, 1932

Copy

January 19, 1933

Mr. Lincoln Colcord,
Searsport, Maine.

Dear Mr. Colcord;-

We wish to have a copy of Sailing Days on the Penobscot in the Maine Author Collection. We do not expect you to give this to us but we do want it autographed. Have you a copy which you can send us, making your bill for it to the Maine State Library? Would you, by chance, have alletter from Mr. Wasson's about the book which you could part with?

I continue to wish that I could buy all of the copies of the book that I would like to! Were your deep-water friends of Searsport pleased about it? I imagine that they were.

Are you still using Williamson's History of Maine in your research work? If you aren't may we have it again? We have many requests for it, and while we do not make a practice of lending it we do let responsible persons who are doing real historical work borrow it.

I hope that you are well and writing a lot.

Very truly yours,

Signed MCF.

January 20, 1933

Dear Mrs. Fuller:-

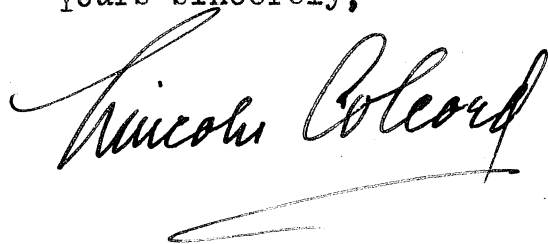
I am sending you today a copy of "Sailing Days on the Penobscot" with my name in it, for the Author's Collection. I only wish I could feel able to contribute it, but the fact is, I feel so poor and have given so many copies away, (have to buy them myself now,) that I can't. I've sent a copy to the Governor, and one to Carl Moran.

The only letter from Mr. Wasson which I can find is a copy, unsigned, from him to Mr. Dow regarding the book, at a time when I was having a fight with Dow about the set-up, etc. Mr. Wasson wrote this letter in an attempt to support my point of view. But I am sure Mildred Wasson in Bangor can furnish a signature of his. I used to see him frequently and had almost no correspondence with him.

I am ashamed not to have returned the Williamson's History before this; I could have done my work and sent it back a week ago. The two volumes of Williamson have now gone forward with the Penobscot book. Thank you a thousand times for your kindness in letting me take it out.

Did you by chance see the two-column editorial in last Sunday's Boston Globe about Penobscot Bay and the book? It was excellent; my friend Lucien Price wrote it, and he is crazy about the bay. It is something worth spreading around.

yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Lincoln Coleard". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name. There is a long, horizontal flourish or underline stroke beneath the signature.

COPIED

January 30, 1933

Mr. Lincoln Colcord,
Searsport, Maine

Dear Mr. Colcord;-

Thank you very much for taking the trouble to autograph "Sailing Days" for us and to send us Mr. Wasson's interesting letter. Your bill has gone to the auditor and in time you will be paid - soon I hope. Book-keeping always bewilders me, when it is done with much tying and retying of red tape, as it is here, it takes forever for bills to be paid.

We sent for the issue of the Boston Globe which contained Mr. Price's article. Thank you for calling our attention to it; we are glad to add it to our files..

You have no idea how much I enjoy Sailing Days on the Penobscot, especially your lists. Doing them must have been very interesting although, of course, hard work. The book is out all the time and there is a waiting list for it, but I look at it nearly every time it comes back.

Sincerely yours,



© Bachrach

Lincoln Colcord

LINCOLN COLCORD, noted author of sea stories, tells, on the opposite page, the romantic tale of his own boyhood spent at sea. Born at sea off Cape Horn, August 14th, 1883, he had the deep for a playground and his father's ship for a training school until he was fourteen years old. Read how he learned from this

unusual experience—from a wise father, a brave mother and the invincible sea—some of the richest lessons that life has to give. Mr. Colcord is the author of three books of thrilling sea narratives: "The Drifting Diamond," "The Game of Life and Death," and "An Instrument of the Gods."

I Was Born in a Storm At Sea

And for fifteen years my father's ship was my home and my school—In the vast spaces of ocean, where thrilling adventures were alternated with the quiet meditations aloft on the ship's swaying spars, I learned those lessons which are still my ultimate test of life

By Lincoln Colcord

I WAS born at sea in the region of Cape Horn, in the cabin of a sailing ship. We had just rounded "the Horn" on the passage from Valparaiso to New York, deeply loaded with nitrates. It was midwinter in those latitudes, the 14th of August, 1883. A black southwester had been blowing for many days; before this gale the bark "Charlotte A. Littlefield," my father's first command, scudded under two lower topsails, laboring heavily in the mountainous running seas. Two days before the ship had sprung a leak. She was old, and the cargo was the hardest possible on a vessel.

Now the situation was growing serious. The water in the lower hold was gaining on the pumps, the gale had increased in the previous night; and at the particular hour when Fate decided to launch me in a world that looked more like an inferno than a place fit for human habitation, my father had grave doubts that the old craft under his feet would pull through the storm.

It was a bad time, but seafaring people expect bad times. Their training has largely been in the way of meeting emergencies. The matter of sinking could be put off for a while; there was more imperative business at hand. Father, forced to keep the deck constantly, was waiting for his call.

The Chinese steward rushed up the after companionway: "Cappen, Mississee wanchee!" Mother lay below in the dim stateroom, listening to the roar of the gale and the crash of waters overhead, feeling the heavy pitching of the vessel, trying to steady herself in the bunk as the old bark lunged and wallowed.

There was another baby beside her, my sister, born eighteen months before off the island of New Caledonia, on the passage from Newcastle, New South Wales, to Kobe, Japan. Mother must have recognized the condition of the ship. But perhaps she had no strength left to worry

over secondary matters; or perhaps the danger that threatened them all helped her, in a way, by obscuring the nearer personal danger. Death is always close at such a time, hovering over birth like a morose and jealous rival. At any rate, she waited there in the tossing cabin for what might come, while the ship raced desperately before low black clouds across the face of tearing waters, an atom lost in the infinite violence of sea and sky.

"Cappen, Mississee wanchee!" The

manship. I have never asked Mother about it. Perhaps it was not so much harder for her than birth is always hard.

But the old bark didn't sink, and nothing of moment happened. The child was born; the gale blew itself out; the open seams closed as the sea went down; Mother's health improved rapidly; and by the time they had reached the southeast trades she was able to be carried on deck in the shade of the spanker, her two babies beside her, to bask in the soft balmy air as the vessel slipped northward through kindly seas. The worst was over now, for the time being, an event already transmuted by the magic of memory, as soldiers soon learn to recall their battles and wounds.

They were nearing home again. These young people, just turned twenty, had been married one afternoon in the Maine coast town where their families had lived and followed the sea for five generations, and had started out the same evening on a three years' voyage in the little bark, taking up the life that had been cut out for them. From this voyage, a circumnavigation of the globe, they were returning with two children. My sister had been a mid-voyage gift of the joyous South Seas. I was the seal of their circumnavigation, a souvenir thrust on them roughly and in haste by the cruel masters of the Horn, as they thundered past in the grip

of perilous waters.

Later I was to circumnavigate the globe in my own right under sail, on board another vessel, rounding the Horn this time in pleasant weather. It was January, the heart of summer, and we carried a light breeze with royals set over a gently heaving sea. I remember standing beside my mother at the rail, as she gazed on the placid face of that usually tempestuous region. Her arm went around me. "It doesn't seem possible!" she whispered. I was too young to appreciate what she meant—the (Continued on page 74)

Colcord Would Have Trouble Revisiting the Scene of His Birth

"AS FOR the old bark herself, the insecure platform of my birth, she passed into other hands and was lost in 1891," Mr. Colcord tells us. "Thus I have no tangible ground left to stand on. I am a native of a latitude and longitude in the bleakest and most stormy region of the Seven Seas, a region utterly forsaken now, since the opening of the Panama Canal. Not in a year's time, I suppose, does a single ship round the Horn or pass that latitude and longitude, soon not even a ship a year will go there, and after that the spot will never be visited by human agency. It will be abandoned for all time to the whale and the albatross, the wild Antarctic gale and the raging sea. Steam routes go elsewhere, and the deep-watersailing traffic will never be revived."

dread words must have struck fear to the heart of a man already burdened with the fate of a ship and her company—his own among the rest, the living as well as the unborn. He went below, and took off his dripping oilskin coat. These were the inhospitable auspices of my birth. It really was no place for a new-born child. Years afterward I once broached the subject to Father. "Wasn't it pretty tough, sir?" I asked. He gave a short laugh. "Tough things have to be done," he said. "The memory of them gets swamped by time." It was an epitome of the high creed of sea-

vastness and terror of the scene that had suddenly opened up before her eyes.

This was the only time that I ever visited my birthplace. But I have a memento of it. In after years my father became master of a steamship, and died on board his vessel in a foreign port. Among the personal tokens that came home with his effects, things he had loved and treasured, there was a small pasteboard box containing a piece of shell-encrusted seaweed. On the box, in his handwriting, was this inscription:

A bit of weed from Lincoln's birthplace, washed on board the American in 44° south latitude, South Atlantic Ocean, in the same kind of a southwest gale in which he was born; picked up and salted down by his father, this being the first that any of the family ever have seen of that country.

MY BOND with the sea goes back further than my birth. It is a family matter. The first Colcord landed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the year 1635. I am in the tenth generation of direct descent from him. The family name, Colquitt, is still to be found in the south of England, through Devonshire and Cornwall. After the emigration to America, there were five generations of farmers and coastwise sailors in New Hampshire. Then a branch of the family moved to Maine, locating on the west shore of Penobscot Bay.

After the Revolution the sailors of this region began to go "deep water." In the course of time they made the town of Searsport famous throughout the shipping world. One of my great-great-grandfathers, Jeremiah Sweetser, commanded the first full-rigged ship built on the Penobscot, the "William B. Leeds," a little vessel of three hundred tons. Another great-great-grandfather built vessels in the old shipyard, now dropping into decay, that stands just below the house I live in. These were the days of the opening up of the China trade.

It was nothing unusual then for a child to be born at sea. I know a dozen such, out of this one shipping town. Some of the girls have geographical names. There is Fastnet, born off Fastnet Rock in the English Channel. There is Iona, born among the Ionian Isles. There is Mindoro, born in Mindoro Passage in the heart of the Malay Archipelago. At one time in its history, with seven shipyards building square-rigged vessels, the town of Searsport produced one tenth of the deep-water ship masters in the American merchant marine. These men frequently took their wives and families on long voyages. Many a child was brought home that had not gone away.

The question of citizenship involved in birth at sea used to be well understood by the authorities along the Atlantic seaboard. We who first saw the world out of sight of land were admitted to citizenship under the law providing for children born in American embassies abroad. Our ships, too, were "patches of American soil." The American flag flew over us, the craft was tax-paying American property, our parents were Americans of Americans. The flag raised over my birth, I believe,

was immediately blown to ribbons and snatched away by the gale. But I am far from being a man without a country.

My first conscious memory is of the sea: It is one of those vivid pictures photographed on the mind of a young child which live with singular completeness and vitality in after years. I must have been about four years old. Mother had carried me to the head of the companionway, and set me on top of the after-house; with her arm around me and her face close to mine, she stood just inside the door.

The scene that lives in my mind is one of wild, stormy waters, heaving and bursting into foam, under the hard, brilliant sunlight of a cloudless gale. The ship was hove to and must have been light-loaded, for the decks were dry. I recall even the sensation this scene gave me—a sensation of boundless joy and exaltation, of pleasure in the deep blue color of the water streaked with foam, of delight at the rushing wind and the waves constantly in motion, of love for the straining ship and the bright ocean world of which she was a part. I flung my arms around my mother's neck, and shouted aloud in glee.

Then I noticed that her glasses were clouded with a whitish opaque substance. On childish impulse, I leaned forward and touched this substance with my tongue. It tasted salt. Years later, when I had to wear glasses myself at sea, I learned how they would collect the flying spindrift in a gale. But saltness, too, is part of this first sea recollection.

THE memories that follow are mostly of the sea. I knew no other home than a ship's deck, except the distant home in Maine that we visited for a few weeks every year or two. My countryside was the ocean floor, where I could roam only with the spyglass; my sky line was the horizon, broken by the ghostly silhouettes of passing vessels, or at intervals by the coasts of many continents, as we sailed about the world. It was a varied life. But where everything was foreign, nothing was foreign, and it all happened as a matter of course, the only life I knew.

Once I went to a friend's wedding in Greenville, Pennsylvania. I left New York at midnight, and the next morning found me still traveling. As I looked out of the car window a strange feeling of loneliness and oppression came over me. I seemed hemmed in by the land. Then I realized that this was the third time in my life that I had ever been away from the world's seaboard. The first time had been on a trip from Mollendo, a port on the west coast of South America, to Arequipa, the old Spanish capital among the Andes of southern Peru. The second time had been on a trip from Port Natal to Johannesburg, in South Africa. All the rest of my days had been spent either on the sea or along the margin of the sea. So closely do we sailor folks cling to the sight and smell of salt water.

Ships were the best of my boyhood, and it is ships chiefly that I remember. There is something of simple and fundamental life about a ship that makes her a true

companion for either boys or men. A ship was my constant playmate through boyhood, and all the ships we met joined the game. Unknown and mysterious, they appeared on the rim of the horizon like tokens of undiscovered worlds. If we approached them near enough, they had to be signalized, an operation of which I took full charge. The hoisting of flags, the reading of signals through the spyglass, the patient solving of the mystery by aid of the international code book—this was play of the finest sort, a game in full reality, as the two ships sped on their way with miles of blue water between.

IR FMEMBER races that lasted for weeks on end. Day after day the ships would be in sight of each other. When morning dawned, perhaps your adversary would be hull down ahead; perhaps you had caught a slant of wind in the night and put her topsails under on the lee quarter. Or perhaps the ships would break company for several weeks, only to come together farther along the course, under different conditions of wind and weather, and fight it out once more in plain sight of each other.

No seaman likes to be outsailed. Happily for my peace of mind, my boyhood was spent on board a fast ship. She was the clipper bark "Harvard," a low black-painted craft of a thousand tons register, hailing from Boston. This handsome little vessel was a jewel of seaworthiness and sailing qualities. She would lay up within five points of the wind, and sail her best close-hauled; I have seen her beat to windward through a fleet of schooners. She was a marvel in light airs, rarely losing steerage way, slipping through the water at three knots in a breeze that could barely be felt, when other ships were turning around to look at themselves. Best of all, the "Harvard" would tack in a teacup, and never was known to miss stays. A ship that can beat through the narrow gut of Lymoon Pass is worthy of record, even though she were handled by a Chinaman.

With a vessel like this, and under a master like my father, it was impossible for a boy not to acquire the fine art of sailing. The feeling of the sea sank in my blood. I learned it as one learns the better part of love, through daily application. I could "take the sun" and "work a sight" at the age of ten. The instinctive parts of seamanship—judgment and caution, the sense of a vessel's condition, the subtle message communicated by the heave of the deck—were mine by virtue of a romantic comradeship. I was an expert helmsman.

How well I remember one morning under the lee of Princes Island, at the entrance to the Straits of Sunda. We were crossing the great threshold of the East after three months at sea. The afternoon before we had sighted Java Head; morning found us hugging the land to escape the strong current in the middle of the straits. A gentle but steady land breeze wafted off the hills, a breeze that seemed trying in wanton play to head us off and knock us out into the current. "Take the

helm, my boy, and see what you can do," said my father in his short way.

My palms had been itching for the spokes. "Please ask Mr. Forsyth to brace the main royal a little flatter, sir," I said, "and flatten everything aft on the foremast as hard as he can." The shadow of a smile crossed my father's face, but he gave the order. This luffed her half a point. Under the land, there was scarcely a ripple on the water. The weather leech of the main royal lifted. I held her so, barely moving the spokes of the wheel from minute to minute; and the little bark seemed to eat her way bodily to windward, as if making an effort independent of the rudder. I verily believe she lay within four and a half points of the wind that morning, while the green palm-clad shore of Princes Island, close aboard, slipped by at a steady five-knot gait. In ways like this, going to sea was fine.

I WAS allowed to climb the masts at will, to the royal yard, the highest point I could reach. I submit this as a test of my mother's character. Few women, I believe, would have been wise and brave enough to give a boy his freedom among a ship's swaying spars, walking the manropes a hundred feet above the deck, or overhanging the deep sea. I like to think that I repaid this great gift in the coin of prudence and heedfulness. I never came to accident aloft; I was safe because I was careful and free.

I used to love the royal yard when the ship heeled quietly at a constant angle, or lay at rest in the heart of a calm at sea. From that height the ocean assumes a wider, distant look, the aspect of a background. The deck is far away; the plan of the ship lies spread out before the eye. In a light, airy solitude, out of the ship yet in her, above the belly of the topmost sail, I used to sit by the hour astride the yard, one arm around the royal backstay, the only inhabitant of a world all my own. It was on the main royal yard, crossing the Indian Ocean, that I first read "Pickwick Papers." I have sighted many a sail from that perch, and examined many a landfall with eager eyes.

There was another place, more perilous still, that used to attract me in a sterner mood. This was the tip of the jib boom. I am not sure that my mother knew I went there. On a vessel of the "Harvard's" size, the jib boom extended some forty feet beyond the knight heads, hanging clear above the water in the path of the ship's progress. It was a stupid place in light weather, except for fishing. But when an eight-knot breeze was blowing, the jib boom became a seat of inspiration. Looking back, the narrow bows of the vessel lay directly before the eye. You saw her rushing toward you, dipping and plunging, tossing the spray to windward, rolling a broad wave-curl off the fine curve of the lee bow, her cutwater racing with eager and passionate intensity through the ocean that slipped with the steady motion of a panorama under your perch, the whole beautiful body advancing with power and purpose, as if alive. This was the place to see and know a ship's vitality.

Every boy reaches an age when he struggles with the problem of a personal God. A deep experience of this sort is associated in my mind with the jib boom. We were rolling lazily in a light air. All

forenoon I had been on the jib boom, watching a pair of porpoises play around the bows. At length they finished their play, and settled down to lead the ship for a while, as they have a habit of doing.

The longer I watched them, the more I began to fear for their safety. Two days before, the mate had harpooned a porpoise, and the horror of it was still fresh in my mind. A porpoise is a mammal. It has warm blood by the bucketful; it squeaks and groans when it is hurt. A good-sized specimen will weigh three hundred pounds. To see such a creature harpooned and hauled out of the water on the end of the iron—the blood and struggle of it, the dumb sounds of the victim—had caused a sudden revulsion in my whole nature. I could not eat a mouthful of that porpoise. Now here were two more, placing themselves in prime position to be slaughtered. And as if in answer to my worst fears, at that moment the mate mounted the forecast head and peered over the buffalo.

"Hello—porpoises!" he cried in great excitement, sighting them and me together. "Why didn't you sing out?"

"They just arrived, sir," I lied glibly.

"Well, keep them there. I'll run and get the harpoon."

Keep them there! What could I do? I had nothing to throw at them; porpoises are not easily frightened. Surely, I cried in agony, God will not permit this awful thing to happen again. And suddenly I realized that this was a test of Him. While sounds of running broke out along the deck, I burst into fervent prayer.

"O God," I prayed, "if there really is a God, and if You have power to do things, send these porpoises away. Send them away quick, before the mate gets the harpoon rigged. It depends on this, whether I will believe in You or not. If I don't want these porpoises killed, it seems to me You ought to feel the same way. Warn them, God! You must have the power. Give me a sign."

THERE was no time for more. The mate had rigged the harpoon, and now stood at the knight heads poising it in his right hand. A row of grinning faces leaned over the buffalo. The porpoises had not moved. A moment passed while the mate shifted his stand, so that the stroke would go clear of the bobstays. My heart sank like lead. But at that instant a wonderful thing happened. As if in obedience to a sudden command, the two dun-colored bodies turned abruptly to starboard, gathered quick headway, and left the path of the vessel. I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"Shoot, sir! They're going!" cried a dozen voices.

The mate flung the harpoon, but it fell far short. The men hauled in the empty iron; after a while they all went away. I sat on the jib boom, motionless and overwhelmed. I had seen a miracle. Why, I had caused it—it had been sent to me! That awed me, yet I felt wonderfully safe and secure. I had proved God's presence, had almost heard His voice. I tried to imagine the nature of the divine command that I had seen obeyed. God could hear, then; He was close at hand. The emptiness of the ocean surrounding me was His, the wind and the wave, and the fishes of the deep. How could I doubt that I was His also?

That voyage was a deeply religious one for me; before it was over God gave me another sign. We were lying beside the wharf in the basin of Port Natal. One morning after breakfast, I missed my dog Pint. He was nowhere on the ship. I called and whistled, but he had disappeared from the locality. This dog, an overgrown puppy, a sort of mongrel mastiff, had no acquaintance with the land. I was frantic, for I loved him dearly. I rushed ashore and started up the road toward the city of Durban. There were dogs everywhere—dogs playing in the gutter, dogs fighting, dogs running up the side lanes, my memory of the broad paved highway connecting Durban with its port, is of a street of dogs. I had provided myself with a pair of binoculars, for I was near-sighted. While I searched, I prayed; after the experience of the porpoises, I purposed to leave God no excuse for overlooking this predicament. But at noon I had to give up the search and come back alone to the ship. Pint couldn't be found.

I ate my dinner in silence. For a couple of hours I moped at the gangway, keeping a sharp lookout along the water front. The deck seemed empty and desolate. I would never see Pint again. At last I could stand it no longer. I had to take my sorrow out of the ship, to a place I knew of fit for thinking problems through.

THIS place was an immense ocean beach, fronting the seas that stretched from Africa to the Antarctic. It lay on the outside of the long arm forming the natural sea wall of the basin of Port Natal. To reach it from our berth I followed a roadway leveled through a ridge of rocks, where the roar of the surf echoed and thundered among the ledges, till suddenly I emerged on a vast view of sand and broken water, with the wreck of a steel bark in the foreground that had dragged ashore in some southerly blow, and ships and steamers at anchor, waiting for the tide to pass in over the bar.

The beach was bleak and bare that afternoon. A strong gale was blowing off the southern ocean; the air had a keen cutting edge. The sea was a dark lead color; the sky and sand were a dull, lifeless gray. The scene fitted my gloomy mood. I went down to the surf, thinking the grim and logical thoughts of boyhood. The worst of it was that God had forsaken me. My dog was as well worth saving as a couple of porpoises. What had I done, to make Him withhold His hand?

After a while the mood softened; memories of my dear lost dog returned, bringing a flood of tears. At such times, I am always easier if I break into a run. It was while running at top speed in a westerly direction toward the lighthouse that I came pointblank against a venerable old man seated on a curved piece of timber cast ashore from another wrecked vessel. His back was to the wind, and he was reading a book. He had on a brown ulster; a tweed hat was pulled low over his ears. The ends of a woolen scarf about his neck snapped in the breeze. He closed the book, and looked up at me with twinkling eyes.

"What are you crying for, my boy?" he asked in a kindly way.

"I've lost my dog, sir," I sniffled.

He laughed as if struck by a sudden thought. Then he raised his hand and pointed dramatically along the beach.

"There is your dog," he said. "Go fetch him."

In that instant of speech, I knew that I stood on the threshold of another revelation. I looked where he pointed. A little distance off lay something that resembled a pile of sand. I ran toward it, calling Pint by name. The pile became animated, the sand upheaved and flew about; the long legs uncoiled themselves, the thick rosy tail began to swing, the familiar ungainly form bounded like a young camel across the beach. We fell upon each other and sank together in the sand. Even as I hugged Pint tight, I felt the wonder of it. Unworthy boy, I had doubted—I had failed the test. Yet God had forgiven me. What a marvelous chain of slender chances! How easily I might have run east instead of west when the tears began to come. Of if I had seen the old man in time, I wouldn't have approached him. . . .

The old man—where had he gone? I found myself gazing at the piece of curved and weather-beaten timber; but the brown ulster and tweed hat had disappeared. Yes, disappeared. I suppose the wind had grown too chilly, or he had conveniently reached the end of a chapter. I suppose Pint and I had been lying in the sand longer than I realized. It seemed only a minute. And I was frightened; for on all that broad beach there was not a living soul in sight. The old man had delivered his message, and vanished whence he came.

My nondescript dog had sailed from New York with the distinguished name of Prince, but the Chinese cook could not negotiate the word. "Pint, Pint, fool!" he would call explosively, setting a plate of food on the waterway beside the galley door. As the dog developed, we came to recognize the fitness of the pidgin English; he was more a "Pint" than a "Prince," and Pint he soon became to everyone. The cook, my bosom friend, never addressed the dog except in terms of violent imprecation—and never failed to feed him twice as much as he should have had.

THIS assumption of violent temper was Ah-li's chief design. A diminutive, wizened Chinaman with bloodshot eyes and a skin like parchment, he delighted in a peppery truculence which no one by any chance paid the least attention to. I had sailed with him a long while; he loved me with a devotion next to my father's. We used to hold curious conversation in the galley, he snapping and snarling as he kneaded the bread or rattled the pots and pans, I sitting on the bench with my knees under my chin, calmly disregarding the tone but answering the words. We understood each other; we "got along." I had the freedom of his hard, clean bunk, to read in when I chose. Sputtering and fuming, he spent much time in cooking little dainties for my private consumption. "Ha, Linkin, what for you come? All-time eat, eat!" he would cry with a ferocious expression, thrusting into my hands a cookie or a tart. If I failed to go to the galley during the day, he would be morose and unhappy; I had to placate him with a serious explanation of my absence. I never teased him; but I suppose, like any boy in association with a true heart, I failed to recognize all the sweetness and generosity of his nature. Love's greatest gifts to youth are taken for granted.

Father trusted Ah-li implicitly. Every day, when the galley had been cleaned up after dinner, the old Chinaman would smoke his tiny pipeful of opium. If I happened to be using the bunk I gave it up to him and went into the galley. This was a matter we had never spoken of, yet the understanding was perfect. I was never to touch the opium things, or comment on the occasion; the assumption being that nothing unusual was going on. I could not stay in the little room; but the door stood open and I could watch from the galley.

After arranging his pillow, Ah-li would sink back with a sigh and light the pipe. The faint fumes of opium would begin to steal through the door. Little by little a change would come on the old Chinaman's face, a look of peace and meditation. His eyes would remain open. The hand holding the pipe would sink to his breast; a quiet immobility would settle on his form. This lasted exactly half an hour. Then without warning he would sit up, put the pipe on the shelf, and wind his queue about his head. Father carried several sticks of opium in the medicine chest, in case the old cook's supply ran short at sea. He respected the character that held this habit in such perfect control.

IT WAS Ah-li's generosity that finally sealed Pint's fate, a year later and on the other side of the world. Rich food drove the dog mad. The sad event happened near the equator in the Pacific, on the passage from Mollendo to Puget Sound. Pint had been snappish and excited all the morning. While we were sitting at dinner, a cry arose on deck. In a moment we knew the worst. The ship's company had taken to the rigging. The cabin doors were shut. Father went up to see that someone remained at the wheel. My sister and I sat on the sofa holding each other's hands, listening in horror to the frantic sounds above as the mad dog rushed fore and aft the vessel.

Then silence fell, and after a while Father came below to tell us the story. Pint, dashing against the rail in a frenzy of madness, had flung himself overboard. "I wouldn't go up yet," said Father. But I was bound to drink my cup of grief. I took the long glass to the stern rail, and scanned the wake astern. There I caught sight of Pint in the midst of his death flurry, thrashing the water into foam. It was almost too much for me. I fled to the cabin and shut myself in my room.

Storms and dangers came in the natural course of events, for going to sea was not all plain sailing. But, taken all in all, it cannot be said that a seafaring life, under a competent commander, was any more unsafe than life ashore. It is dangerous to be alive. For my part, I have been afraid of the land many times, but never of the sea. Fear is the product of ignorance and lack of confidence. I knew a ship, and had full confidence in my father. But ashore I have had to be my own commander, and I have never learned the land.

I have passed through a typhoon on shipboard, and seen all kinds of bad weather; but I never have felt the margin of safety disappear. The ship was always in prime condition aloft. My father was a careful and expert navigator; he did not get into tight places, because he knew how

to avoid them. I would not be understood as claiming that the sea affords nothing to fear. There are times when the elements will not be appeased, when a ship's margin of safety is swallowed up in the wrath of heaven, when even the best seaman finds himself caught in a net that cannot be broken. But these occasions come seldom. In an astonishing number of cases of maritime disaster, the ultimate fault lies with the judgment of men.

Once I fell overboard in harbor, and passed through the first stages of death. It was an interesting experience. We were lying in the open roadstead of Santa Rosalia, a small port half way up the Gulf of Lower California. I had jumped for a boat in which my sister was drifting away from the ship, and had fallen short of the gunwale. I could not swim; the seas I knew had been too deep for me to learn. When I found myself overboard for the first time in my life I began to thrash out wildly with my arms. But I was careful not to swallow any water. I began to count the times that I went under. Suddenly I realized that I had counted six or seven. "Well," said I to myself, as I came to the surface once more, "here is another theory gone to smash, at any rate. I never believed that the third time a person went down, he stayed down."

Another thing that interested me, while I struggled for breath, was that none of my past life was passing before my eyes in a flash, as the story books write the scene. I had always felt this to be one of those artificial notions that authors like to bring forward as strokes of realism. As a matter of fact, I wasn't thinking of anything in particular, except to wish that Father would hurry up and save me. I still had confidence.

I had lost the edge of consciousness when they reached me: Father, the mate, and one of the sailors, had all jumped at the same time. But I was able to put my hands on their shoulders, in the way I had been instructed to do if I ever were being saved. It was all over in a few minutes. Once in the boat, I quickly regained my senses. I walked up the gangway when we came alongside the ship. My mother hugged me tight—but I broke away and ran aft, struck by a sudden thought. There under the stern swam my school of pet sharks, thirty-footers, blotched and hideous, curling their bodies like whips and cutting the water with their sharp dorsal fins. Where they had been while we were overboard, I can't imagine. They were always around the vessel in Santa Rosalia. But, strange to say, in the process of drowning I had not once thought of them.

UP TO high-school age I had my education at sea. Father taught me mathematics and seamanship, Mother taught English and history. I cannot remember learning to read. Geography came as part of life to a boy who studied charts for amusement, found his own position by the sun, and circumnavigated the globe. My parents' method of teaching was remarkable. In this, too, they gave me complete freedom. I was assigned a lesson and told to work it out for myself. I could take what time I wanted. In this way, I recall the day when I was to graduate from arithmetic and tackle the new conceptions of algebra. No explanation was given.

I was handed a Wells College Algebra, with orders to report to Father when I had got the idea. It took me a whole forenoon to fathom the rudiments of the new mathematical technique; but when I had reasoned it through I knew it in a way that no amount of explanation could have imparted.

A question that has often arisen in my own mind may well occur to others here: where did a boy with this upbringing fit into the life of the land? The answer is, of course, that he didn't properly fit in anywhere. When I came ashore, I left my heart moored, I think, in the fairway of the Straits of Sunda, the gateway of the East, the portal of the dawn, where any ships that passed into the China Sea would sight my mooring buoy. It lies there yet, for all I know, unless it has broken adrift and started on one of those long sea journeys in the march of ocean currents. I have a notion that it will never drift ashore.

For my part, I pass the days like a man between ships, paid off but not yet signed up, waiting for the next voyage to come along. I love to watch the faces and manners of shore people; the things they do amuse and puzzle me, I am curious and appreciative, I enjoy looking on at the show; but shore life, the strange, complicated, urgent business of the land, will never seem quite real to me. My feelings and aspirations were built on other foundations—on foundations that, along with the ship of my birth, have sunk in the tide of time. When I grew up there was no sea career for me. The day of sailing ships was

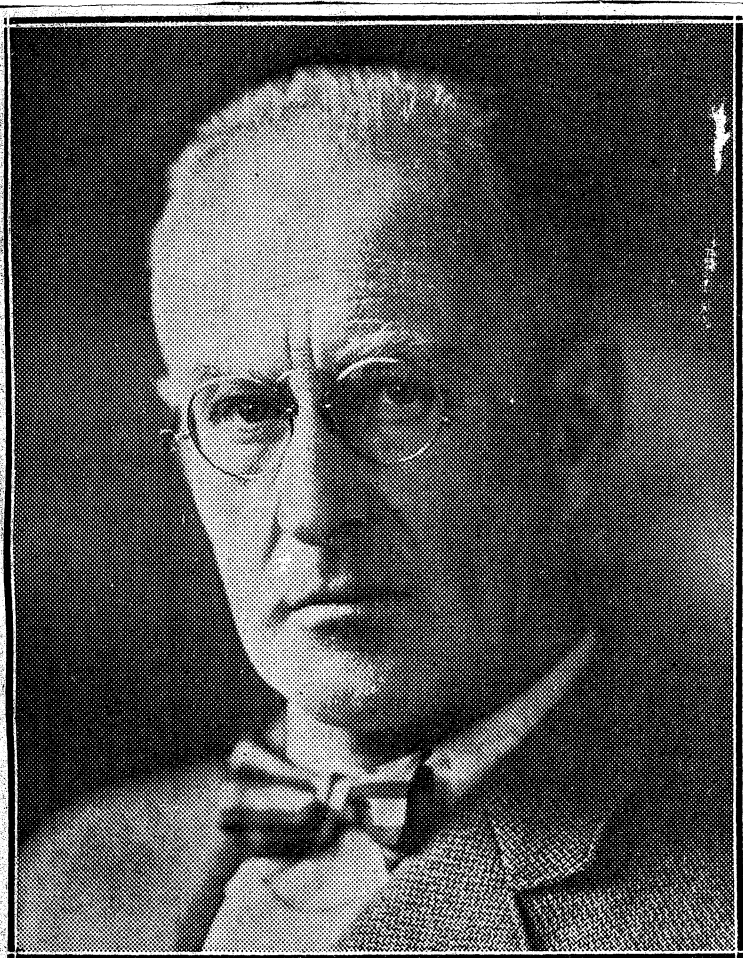
done; and I did not give a thought to steam.

But man, even without his heart, is an adaptable creature. I went to college, and became a civil engineer. For five years I helped to locate and construct railroads, build bridges, fill in swamps, and carry forward all the absorbing enterprises of a field engineer. There are points of resemblance between engineering and seafaring. I liked the work. But all the while, at long intervals, letters were arriving from my family on the other side of the world, from Anjer, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Amoy, Foochow. Father had another and bigger ship, and was making his last China voyages. Each letter brought me news of boyhood scenes; in a tent in the Maine woods, with the day's notes plotted and the evening game of poker with the axmen wound up, I would lie awake by the hour, bringing the ship through Gaspar Straits or Lymoon Pass to the tune of the wind in the pines overhead, or wondering if at that moment my family might not be going ashore in the sampan across the dancing bright waters of Singapore Bay. The pine trees were a great comfort; I think the Northern forest is a sister to the sea. It was while in the Maine woods, on railroad construction, that I sold and published my first sea story.

THE longer I live, the more clearly I recognize the profound and subtle truth hidden in my parents' educational method. It was a truth derived, I suppose, from an elemental view of life, from the daily spectacle of man's audacious energy pitted against the majestic indifference of the

universe. This was a matter too deep and hard for explanation. Eras and cultures, schools and philosophies, had made no appreciable headway against the strong current of human destiny. They had settled nothing; they had only served as starting points for new eras and schools. These two devoted seamen who had sailed so long together, who knew the earth and the heavens, had found no formula adequate to solve the plain things that had come to them in the guise of life, no lesson that could impart the strength to meet emergencies on the high seas of time.

Only the formula of seamanship, the lesson of integrity. Life brings its own education, and the life of the sea permits no truancy. It says to man, learn to be a seaman, or die. It takes no slurring answer, it gives no immunity. A man must get one hundred in that examination, or he is thrown out of school. If he is a poor navigator, he runs ashore. If he uses poor judgment in handling his ship, he loses her. If he is reckless, he meets disaster. If he neglects his watch at night, he has collision. If he slights his duty, something carries away. If he does not know his ship, to understand her voice, he takes the masts out of her. Even though he be apt in all these ways, yet if he lacks courage and quickness of action, the instinct and ability to meet a situation that never has risen before, the emergency will find him out some day, and he will pay the price of incapacity. The ocean cannot be cheated. It stands as the ultimate test of life. It may not be crossed except by those who know the stars.



Lincoln Colcord of Searsport, Distinguished Maine Author.

BY ALICE FROST LORD

CO-INCIDENCES are strange things.

When I finally overtook Waldo Peirce of Bangor in his curiously interesting home, with all its art treasures belonging to himself as painter and to his wife as sculptor, the remembrance completely escaped me that I had contacted Peirce paintings anywhere else in Maine.

Yet the fact is that I had photographed one of his oils, a year or two ago, when it had been my privilege to spend an hour in the home of Lincoln Colcord in Searsport. The author was not at home at that time, having left Maine on a mission to the Orient. But his wife had played a gracious hostess, and photographs were permitted of some of Mr. Colcord's handicraft in ship-models, painted chests and the like. The Peirce portrait is of Mrs. Colcord, a colorful study.

There it hung, the other day, when this Searsport man was found at his home, quite ready to chat about politics, gardens—which is his land hobby—boats—which are his sea-hobby—and friends who love Maine as he loves it, which is with an hundred per cent devotion.

The triple co-incidence came about in that not only are Peirce and Colcord close friends, but that there wheeled into the Searsport dooryard that afternoon another friend of both, and a Harvard classmate of Peirce, in Prof. Samuel Elliot Morison of Cambridge and Mount Desert.

What a trio of Maine enthusiasts! Peirce from an old Bangor family whose forbears were owners of the granite quarry at Frankfort and whose own wanderings over the earth led back to Maine for his present permanent home in Bangor; Colcord, whose family were Maine sea-faring folk for the last five generations; and Morison, whose mother was one of the first summer group to come to North-east Harbor, and who owns a beautifully located bungalow at Pretty Marsh Cove, where he isolates himself and his family from the world, sans telephone, sans electric lights and goes primitive in simplicity for two or three blessed months every year.

Morison, it should be noted, is the author of that well known nautical classic, "A Maritime History of Massachusetts," which Colcord says is the best book written about the American merchant marine since "Two Years Before the Mast." One of the most prominent of our younger historians, author also of "Builders of the Bay Colony" and "The Oxford History of the United States," Prof. Morison is now working on a voluminous history of Harvard University.

Moreover to mention Morison's name, in the household of Lincoln Colcord, means that that of Zachariah Chafee, Jr. of the Harvard law school faculty, also should be spoken; for Chafee is another Maine summer resident, whose praises of Mount Desert are a continuous paean. His home is at Sorrento.

"Morison, Chafee and I have

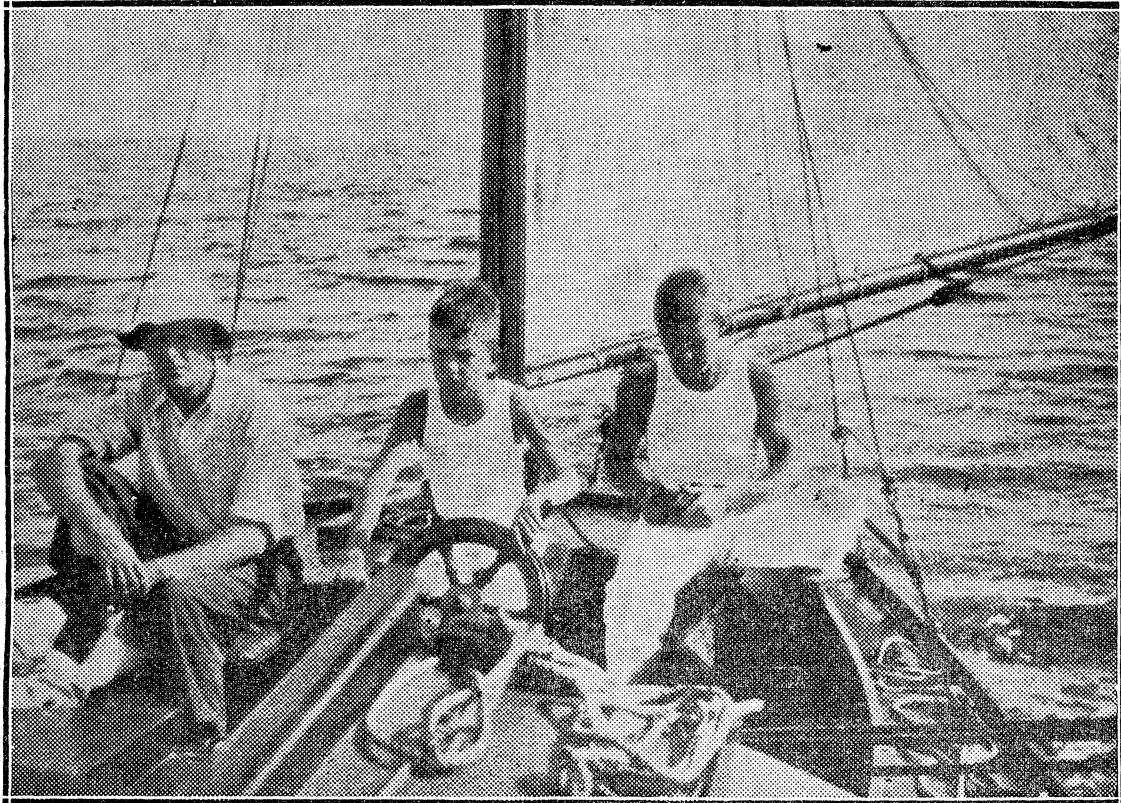
taken many cruises along the Maine coast together," commented Colcord, as he lounged into an easy chair in his silver and Chinese red library, thru which a smart sea-breeze was blowing directly from the waters of the bay which wash the rocky shores not 200 feet away.

"Own a boat of your own?" I asked, rather expecting this author of "Sailing Days on the Penobscot" might have a yacht or at least a Friendship sloop, anchored down over his own cliffs. Colcord shook his head, as he lighted a cigaret, and sank a little deeper into his

chair. "Can't afford any yacht," he came back. "But I do like to sail a boat!"

No wonder! For he is sea-born and of the sea, writer of stuff pertaining to the sea, with pictures of old sailing vessels and relics of a seafaring family on his walls, and that model of a family craft hanging over his head which he made himself!

"I was born off Cape Horn, was brought up on the quarter-deck, and sailed with my father until I was 15 years old," he reminisced. "Most of my sailing was in the China trade; I practically spent my boyhood on the China Sea. My mother went to sea with my father in sailing ships for 25 years, and my sister, Joanna Colcord, as well as myself, was born on board a square-rigger. My sister's latitude and longitude were in the South Seas; she was born off the island of New Caledonia, on a trip from Australia to Japan. I was born just after rounding Cape Horn on the homeward trip, in the vicinity of the Faulkland Islands.



Sailing is Lincoln Colcord's Hobby; and Here He Is in Happiest Mood.

Ship Lore the Heritage of Maine Author Who Was Born at Sea, Off Cape Horn—Ambition to Perpetuate Old Sea-faring Life in Story Form—A Trio of Fellow-Cruisers

"Queer thing"—and here was another coincidence—"I never met anyone who was born in the region of my birthplace until last winter, when I went up to the Aroostook to make some speeches and there ran into Mr. San Lorenzo Merryman, principal of the Presque Isle Normal school. Mr. Merryman, who hails from Brunswick and whose father was a ship master, mentioned casually that he was born on a sailing vessel off Cape Horn. When we began to compare notes it developed that he was born just after rounding the cape on the westward trip, in the vicinity of the San Lorenzo Islands—hence his name. Our latitudes and longitudes were only a few hundred miles apart, but strictly speaking he was a native of the South Pacific while I hailed from the South Atlantic.

"It was nothing unusual for children to be born at sea in the old days of the square-riggers. All New England ship masters carried their wives and families on long voyages; the cabins were built especially for the purpose and the accommodations were ample. I could name you dozens of Searsport children in my generation born at sea. Two I happen to think of were named for the place of their birth, like Mr. Merryman; one for Fastnet Rock, off the coast of Ireland, and one for the Straits of Mindoro in the China Sea. Mrs. William Blanchard of Searsport, who died recently at an advanced age, went to sea with her husband for nearly fifty years and bore seven children on shipboard in different parts of the world.

"Do you know," he mused, "this particular region of the South Atlantic where I was born is likely never to be visited again by a human being. The old sailing ship routes had to follow the prevailing winds, and no sailing ship could possibly go thru the Straits of Magellan. Cape Horn is off the

steamship routes altogether today."

No wonder Colcord wants to write his next book as a fulfillment of a life-long dream that he would some day tell the story of his boyhood at sea. He drifted into chat about sea books and modern novels of Maine that deal with the coast. He has his ideas. He doesn't like these records of the old shipping period too sentimentalized, as he puts it; or, in a word he really means, too romantic.

"Morison's book about maritime Massachusetts is just the kind of a book that should be written about Maine," said he.

"Why don't you write it? Who could do it better?" I asked, in a serious vein. But it was a foolish question for how could other than a rich man afford to spare the time! It would need three years to conduct the research and write the story.

There's the tragedy of a situation, in which valuable history should be compiled by men who know the period of which they write and who

in the course of time will not be here to do it! Private interest and public backing are lacking to finance the quest and the production of such a volume about the maritime history of Maine."

Here Colcord picked up another volume from his shelves, Alan Villiers' "By Way of Cape Horn," which he commended heartily for its accuracy and interest; and also his "The Sea in Ships," which is one of few satisfying books about the remaining square-riggers.

"People do not realize," he commented, "that there are only 15 to 20 of the old sailing craft in service now. They are under Finnish ownership and carry wheat from Australia to Europe."

Then he cited Henry C. Kettredge's "Ship-Masters of Cape Cod" as another type of story such as Maine might well parallel.

"Altho many refer to the clipper-ship period as the halcyon one for Maine, that is not true," he explained. "Maine marine history reached its peak in building and operation of sailing vessels at the close of the civil war, and this extended from about 1870 to 1900. Ships built on the docks at Thomaston, Searsport and other Maine ports and sent around the world

were the equal of the best of the clippers. One group went into the trade with China, and one into the trade with San Francisco.

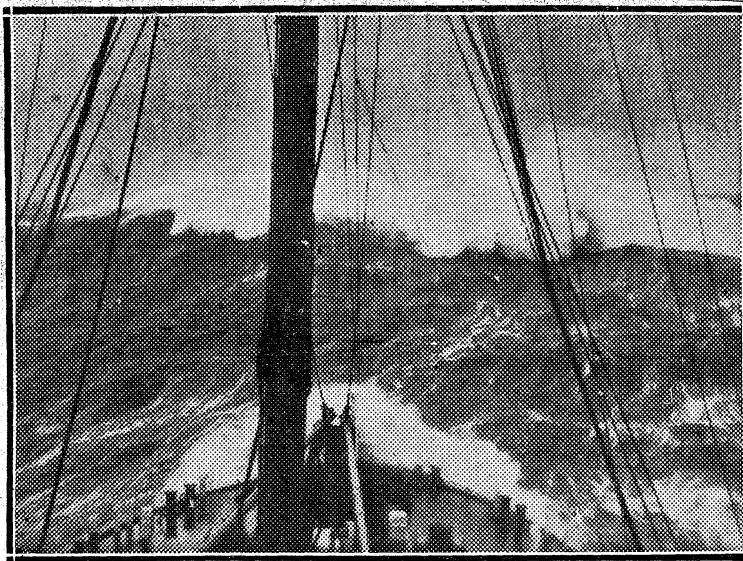
"Searsport began to build ships about the year 1800," he went on, striking his stride on this familiar and favorite theme. "When my father sailed out of this harbor as a boy, in 1875, he recalls looking back and counting eight vessels under construction, in eight different shipyards. These were all square-riggers, destined for the China or Cape Horn trade. This condition could have been duplicated in every shipbuilding town on the Maine coast at that period.

"Few appreciate how seriously

the Civil war devastated the old wooden merchant marine in this country. Then, too, along came steel and steam."

Always a Democrat in politics, Colcord voted for President Roosevelt and supported him heartily at the beginning, but has found himself steadily drifting away from the New Deal policies as they unfold. At present he is bitterly opposed to the whole trend of the Roosevelt Administration. He believes that what President Roosevelt is trying to do is undemocratic, un-American, and is not wanted by the country. But that is another story, some other day.

Conversation took a turn into politics, Colcord having been involved in public affairs as a journalist since the World War. As the close friend of Colonel E. M. House, President Wilson's unofficial Sec-



Unusual Picture of Huge Breaking Roller, Taken in Wake of Colcord's Father's Vessel, S.S. Kansan.

retary of State, he served as Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger throughout the war, and later was assistant editor of The Nation. During the present Administration he worked for a while with Professor Raymond Moley on his magazine, Today, and more recently has been engaged in a survey of relief conditions for Harry L. Hopkins, Relief Administrator.

The Colcord flower-garden had to be inspected; and it was a bright spot bordering the lawns and driveway. There was the vegetable plot beyond; and then the trail thru the tall grasses to the shore where a miniature "Thunder Hole" was roaring at high tide, wild roses were abloom along the cliff and the wind brought relief from an otherwise blistering sun.

Back along the macadam stood the next-neighbor house, a substantial, regal old-timer. Colcord, pointing to it, spoke with pride: "That is my great-grandfather's

house; it has passed out of the family and is now owned by Mrs. Anna Lord. All this section of land, once a part of the town of Prospect before Searsport was incorporated, was originally the Colcord shore; my son is the fifth generation that has lived on it. My great-grandfather had a shipyard just below the house here about a hundred years ago."

"Do you stay in Searsport the year round?" I asked to make sure, knowing that in years past he had often spent the winter in New York or Washington.

"Yes, I intend to live here summer and winter for a while," he said, as the trail turned back towards his own home. "I want to get back to fiction writing and try to do something of permanent value about the old seafaring life. It's better here on the coast in winter than it is in summer, in my opinion. We all enjoy watching the weather across the water; a seascape lends real importance to the weather. When a northeast snow-storm is coming on it works its way up the bay in the teeth of the wind, first blotting out the Camden

Hills and then the intervening coastline, until it finally overtakes the town."

Colcord should know. He went to University of Maine, studied civil engineering, and worked for the Bangor & Aroostook on railroad construction for several years before launching out as a writer of sea stories. Things of the sea are his by birth and tradition! He is part of Maine marine history as to ships and their masters. If colleges granted captaincy degrees he certainly would be in line for one; and the marvel is that instead of being "Link" to everyone in Searsport he is not, like his forbears, another Captain Colcord! But give him time! There's white in his light hair, tho he's only a couple of years past fifty. Perhaps when he has written Maine's marine history, captained a craft of his own, and added another half century to his life, he will be just that—Captain Colcord!

January 14, 1936

Lincoln Colcord
Searsport
Maine

Dear Mr. Colcord:

We have noticed an announcement of the new book which is to appear under your name and that of Mr. Chappelle of Connecticut. A new Colcord book is delightful news, for we know that it will be colorful and yet authentic. We hope that we will be privileged to add an inscribed copy to the Maine Author Collection upon its publication, and we take this opportunity of wishing the book the cordial welcome and unqualified success which we feel certain it will deserve.

Very truly yours,
Maine State Library

hm

Secretary

Jan. 14, 1936
Dear Miss McLeod:

It is mighty kind of you to write me so favorably, but really that announcement is premature - There are no definite plans; Mr. Chapelle & I have just talked of doing two main shipping books, his from the standpoint of ship design, mine from that of history - But it would be several years before anything came through -

When did you see that "announcement" by the way - I am curious to know, because nothing has been announced & only a few people have talked with us - Mr. Chapelle, who lives

in Scituate, Mass., thinks
of coming to Searsport next
Summer to make a permanent
home here - He will be a
fine addition to our group of
Maine authors - I suppose
you have his splendid
"History of American Sailing
Ships," just out & making
publishing history -

Yours sincerely,
Lincoln Cole

Miss Hilda McLeod,
Maine State Library,
Augusta, Me -

January 17, 1936

Lincoln Colcord
Searsport
Maine

Dear Mr. Colcord:

We regret that an error has occurred, especially since it means that no new book will be published in the near future, and we had hoped for one!

The announcement we mentioned was in the form of a very brief paragraph in the Rockland Courier Gazette of December 14, 1935, and referred to the book on which you and Mr. Chapelle were collaborating, adding that you had been seeking information for the book in Bangor.

Should Mr. Chapelle decide to remain on our coast, we would indeed be pleased. His name will lend distinction to our Maine authors. We have ordered his new book, The History of American Sailing Ships, and already have a number of requests for it.

We sincerely hope that you and Mr. Chapelle will write the books which you have discussed, and of course we shall want them in the library, if and when they are written. Thank you for sending us the information.

Very truly yours,
Maine State Library

hm

Secretary

August 27, 1946

Mr. Lincoln Colcord
Searsport
Maine

Dear Mr. Colcord:

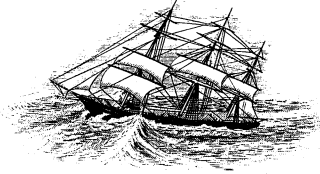
Today we have a request from a patron for
THE WORLD WAS THEIR BACK YARD by Lincoln and
Joanna Colcord. We confess to ignorance, and
we are appalled to think that two of our favor-
ite Maine authors may have written a book which
we have missed.

We should have it in the lending section,
and of course the Maine Author Collection would
be deplorably incomplete without all your books.
Will you be so very kind as to let us know about
this?

Sincerely yours,

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection



PENOBSCOT MARINE MUSEUM
SEARSPORT, MAINE

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

September 2, 1946.

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

My dear Mrs. Jacob:

No, we didn't write a book, or you would have known about it. Last spring Coronet Magazine had a short article about Joanna and myself, born at sea and all that sort of thing. This is the source of your request for information.

Since you probably would have difficulty in getting a back number of Coronet, and since I have several copies, I am sending you one by mail today.

Yours sincerely,

Lincoln Cole

September 3, 1946

Mr. Lincoln Colcord, Secretary
Penobscot Marine Museum
Searsport, Maine

Dear Mr. Colcord:

Thank you for reassuring us. It would be a disastrous thing to try to live down: missing a Colcord book!

You were most thoughtful to send the Coronet, and we have made a separate item of the article about you and your sister, so that we shall have it on file, and can answer any requests about the mysterious "book."

The article, we notice, refers to a history which you are compiling. We hope this is true, and that it will be published. No one else is so ably equipped in knowledge and experience to do such work, and we would look forward with unusual pleasure to Searsport's maritime history, if it means a book by you.

Sincerely yours,

hmj

In Charge of
Maine Author Collection