

# Miriam MacMillan No Longer Stays Behind When the Bowdoin Sails North

## Rummaging Round New York

By Barbara E. Scott Fisher

THIS MORNING I took a long breath — and a tour through Rockefeller Center. To discover that these tours go on every 20 minutes every day from 9 a. m. till 9 p. m., not only leaves you slightly breathless, but amazed and quite speechless with the variety of mental and physical gymnastics you go through on your seven-eighths of a mile jaunt.

From subbasements to the 69th floor, you go up steps and down inclines, up escalators and spinning through space in elevators, dashing through secret passages and around ledges of buildings until you feel completely lost.

The girl who escorted this tour seemed to have wings on her feet—and all 14 of us who were straggling behind her wished we'd brought ours. She had to take us to all the important spots in an hour and be back in the lounge in the Concourse to start all over again. Fortunately she completed her assignment when we arrived at the observation roof, where we were all so entranced with the gorgeous views that we forgot that we'd seemed in such a hurry.

Besides, we found a cozy little snack bar handy where we could buy a sandwich and a soda, carry them to a small table at the very rim of the roof, and forget everything but far horizons in the glory of the morning sun.

THE TOUR began by our looking at pictures—Radio City as it is today and a print of the same 12 acres 100 years ago when it belonged to one of the professors of Columbia University who used the space for his horticultural garden. By 1850 he had sold the property to Columbia University and later it was divided into city blocks. These deteriorated in the course of time and the section became a gloomy slum area in the 1920's. It took the imagination and the millions of the Rockefellers to transform it, but in the midst of the depression, giving work to jobless thousands, Radio City forged its way skyward, one of the most magnificent blocks of linear buildings the world has ever seen.

Its Grand Concourse connecting all the buildings in the group in underground splendor runs for two and a half miles—gleaming with lights and hundreds of fascinating little shops of all kinds. Rockefeller Center comprises an International Building, a British and a French Building which are exactly alike—divided by what has facetiously been called "The English Channel"—entertainment group which consists of Radio City Music Hall, the Center Theater, and the National Broadcasting Company Building; and lastly the industrial group—United States Rubber, Eastern Airlines, the Associated Press, and the Time and Life

largest floor space give their names to the industrial buildings. In the year 2015 the land and all these buildings will revert to Columbia University. But who cares about that now. It's a lively memorial to John D. Rockefeller right now—lively and unforgettable.

In the Time and Life Building, an inviting lounge on the first floor is open to the public—a tempting place both to read magazines and to rest—neither of which we did.

WE WERE bent on getting into the subbasement—68 feet under the ground—which constitutes the delivery area for all things received into the buildings and has a ventilating system so powerful that the air is completely changed every minute and a half. Even as we dodged among the thousand and one trucks which were pouring in and out of the ramps, the fresh air and light seemed remarkably good. In the winter, steam is piped into the buildings by the New York Steam Company at the rate of \$1,000 per day. Not bad for heating so big a proposition!

The subbasement includes its own port of entry and bonded warehouse, so that imports can go through the customs right in Rockefeller Center instead of at the regular ports.

GARDENS BLOSSOM everywhere on Rockefeller Center roofs. This idea was introduced so that office workers could see something green when they looked out of their high-towered windows. On the south wing of the International building a stately Italian Garden blossoms—heliotropes, fragrant as though growing in a less formal garden, were blooming abundantly, as were the little squares of begonias. Between tightly-clipped box hedges boxed giant cacti were enjoying the sun, while petunias lent their own informal gaiety.

There are three-and-a-half acres of gardens on these broad roofs, but they are not generally open to the public. The public's own garden—and oh how even staid old New Yorkers enjoy it—is the garden which channels down between the French and British Buildings from Fifth Avenue. Here the flowers are constantly changed, and benches lure you to enjoy them. A spin through the "Center" is certainly worth your \$1.20.

## Truck Strike Bites Deeper Into Industrial New York

NEW YORK, Sept. 10 (AP)—As chain-store stocks neared exhaustion, the strike of 25,000 A. F. of L. truck drivers bit deeper into the New York Metropolitan area's industrial life today, bring-



Colorado Museum of Natural History

Miriam and Donald B. MacMillan at Wheel of the Bowdoin

## A 'Munch Pail' Simplifies the Baby's Visit

Written for The Christian Science Monitor

Every mother who has been asked by a kind friend "to stop in some afternoon, and be sure to bring that Darling Baby," is probably happy to accept the invitation, yet she wants to be sure her offspring will be welcome not only for the first visit, but sincerely welcome for others as well. In my experience I found a successful solution to making a few hours away from home comfortable ones for all. It holds for going in the car, or by carriage. Though my friends have raised families and know a baby's unexpected ways with toys and cookies, their appreciation of my "Munch Pail" is quite evident.

This consists of packing, in addition to the usual baby equipment, an ordinary lunch pail. Here, tuck in all the snacks your baby has for his mid-afternoon tea. Take his drinking cup if he is no longer getting a bottle, a few of his favorite cookies, in a

sandwich bag, and an extra bib. I keep the latter packed for emergencies when we have only a moment to pack the food.

Many mothers continue to use a baby bottle and cap to carry milk or fruit juice even when a cup is used for drinking. If you don't want the thermos bottle, this will give you still more space. I use the upper part of the "Munch Pail" to carry a crib sheet and harness.

### Crib Sheet Helpful

The sheet is spread on the floor or chair where the little pride and joy is to sip and snack. These, too, can be permanently located in his personal pail. If you harness his highness to a chair, spread the sheet under it to catch crumbs.

Besides keeping the baby safe on a chair, a harness with a lead is helpful when tea is over and you are moving about. I like to keep my youngster within the area of the sheet with his toys and noise.

Please remember, this is for the very early training stage of your toddler, when he doesn't quite understand the restrictions away from home, and new surroundings are a new world to him.

### Toys Worth While

Believe it or not, there is still room in the upper part of the "Munch Pail" for a few small toys to keep the baby busy. Mine happens to enjoy gnawing on a boiled,

smoothed clothes pin, and a teaspoon. These are always included. The spoon serves the double purpose of jar opener when you are away for a meal and not just tea time.

We have round this a wonderful way to pack two or three jars of baby foods. When our baby was too young to sit up and eat, and still drinking from a bottle, we used the thermos division to pack a pre-heated bottle of milk and by bending the wire holder out slightly, a hermetically sealed container holding the bottle could be carried very conveniently. This eliminated asking to have a bottle heated. By having a couple of clean jars and screw tops on hand you can carry cereal easily, and make junket directly in the jar.

To keep the "Munch Pail" packed with essentials that aren't perishable, it's a good idea to have a note thumb-tacked to the inside of a cupboard and refer to it just before closing the pail. One other plan which we found helpful was to preheat a couple of jars of either chopped or strained foods and pack them in these same jars in the sealed container mentioned before. This will keep the food warm and it will drop to feeding temperature by the time you need it. When I use the container for food, I heat milk in a bottle and roll it in a sheet which keeps it warm and protected from being knocked about. The drinking cup will brace it, too.

M. S. M.

## Wife of Famous Explorer Shares Adventures; Takes Part as Responsible Member of Crew

By Helen Henley

Staff Writer of  
The Christian Science Monitor

Miriam MacMillan, wife of Commander Donald B. MacMillan, Arctic explorer, who has just returned from her fourth trip with him to the Arctic, loves the adventurous life she shares so completely with her husband. "Mac and I have an affectionate feeling for our Arctic schooner, the Bowdoin," she says. "I would rather be on board the Bowdoin headed north than anything else I know of."

As the only woman member of the crew on her husband's famous ship, Mrs. MacMillan assumes her full share of such responsibilities as taking a turn at galley duty or a trick at the wheel, standing watch for'ard in thick or stormy weather, shining brass, and raising and lowering sail.

In addition, she has taken on much of the vital task of stocking the ship with supplies. Three months before the Bowdoin's departure for the Arctic, she starts shopping for provisions. These supplies, she says, must be sufficient to last 15 men for a year, even though they may plan to be gone only three months, because there is always the possibility that they will be caught in the ice and forced to extend their stay in the Northland.

### Quantity of Supplies

On the Bowdoin, small as it is, space is provided for a tremendous store of supplies, because nothing can be purchased, Mrs. MacMillan says, after they leave Sydney, Nova Scotia, a three- or four-days run from Boothbay Harbor, Maine, their starting point. Although the cold waters of Labrador and Greenland yield codfish, salmon, trout, and halibut, and sometimes at the Bowdoin's mess there is even seal meat steak—"which is very good, particularly when our meat supply runs out," according to Mrs. MacMillan—no smallest detail can be neglected in assembling the provisions.

Like any housewife on land, she delighted in the deep freeze which the Bowdoin carried on board for the first time, this year. Yet, foresighted as they are, in the far reaches of the North the MacMillans often meet the unexpected.

One of their most exciting experiences, Mrs. MacMillan relates, was their hazardous return trip from Etah, North Greenland, when they encountered an ice pack, crossing Baffin Bay to Baffin Land. For five days they fought the ice pack, icebergs, fogs, and rough weather. Heavy seas flooded the fo'castle and

### Arctic Adventure—No. 1

spoiled all food supplies not canned. Their oil ran low, and they could not sail through the heavy ice.

"Our water supply gave out," Mrs. MacMillan relates, "and we were forced to tie up to an iceberg in the rough sea to obtain enough for drinking water—the very purest water, probably 10,000 years old! We banged into an iceberg in the fog and ripped off a plank from the bow, but that didn't stop the Bowdoin."

### Comfortable Quarters

In spite of the Arctic hazards around them, the Bowdoin boasts comfortable quarters. Mrs. MacMillan sees to that. All the men have been pleased with the blue curtains at each bunk, with "Bowdoin" embroidered in white on each, which she added "as a feminine touch" to the crew's quarters. All pillows are covered with dark blue material, and no sheets or pillowcases are used—instead, each member has three blankets.

Pictures of the North decorate the walls. In the MacMillans' own cabin, the walls are lined with Arctic books which make interesting reading for the crew. Except for the cook, engineer, and first mate, the Bowdoin's crew consists of natural scientists and college boys who are part of the expedition. Duties rotate among all on board.

"Once we sail from Maine, keeping house on board is simple," Mrs. MacMillan says. "My husband and I occupy the after cabin. I have only two bunks to make, four port holes to wash,

cabin floor and walls to scrub. We have a good cook, and each member (including me) is assigned a day to assist him."

The right to sail with the Bowdoin is an honor which Miriam MacMillan has earned. It wasn't just handed to her. Yet it would seem that much of her experience in earlier years was preparing her for that proud moment when the Bowdoin's crew invited her to sail with them to the Arctic.

To begin with, she comes from a long line of sea captains. "I was born with salt water in my veins, and practically lived in small boats at our summer place on Casco Bay, Maine," she says. Her special interest in the Arctic dates back to that day over 30 years ago when Donald MacMillan first began visiting her father, a civil engineer and contractor, at their home in Maine.

### Her Long-Time Hero

"When I first met Mac I was too young to fall in love," she recalls, "but immediately he became my hero." When he sailed north in 1913 in command of the Crocker Land Expedition, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, she was on hand to bid him farewell, and thereafter she waved him off on each expedition and greeted him on his return, eager to hear of his experiences. "He was too busy going north to think of getting married, and claims now that he was just waiting for me to grow up," she says.

They were married in 1935. When Commander MacMillan prepared for the next expedition, his bride hoped to go with him, but he declared that there were too many hardships for a woman and that, besides, the members of the expedition would not want a woman on board. That year she went to Labrador by mail boat while he voyaged on north. The next year he agreed to take her as far as Nain on the Bowdoin.

"There I was to remain," she relates, "while he went on to Etah, North Greenland. I was delighted even to go that far. After years of waving farewell as the Bowdoin disappeared from sight and headed for the Arctic, I was at last a member of the expedition, waving farewell to those left behind.

"One of the thrills of my life was when the crew signed and handed me a petition just before we reached Nain, stating that all wanted me to continue on north to Greenland on the Bowdoin. Mac was delighted that they wanted me to go, and agreed to take me. Now he takes it for granted that I am going on every expedition. I love it all as much as he does."

Other thrills and adventures which contribute to the lure of the North for Mrs. MacMillan will be recounted in the second half of this interview, to be published on the Woman's Page tomorrow.

### Menus for Today

#### Breakfast

Sliced Peaches and Cream  
Scrambled Eggs  
Toast Jelly  
Hot Beverage

#### Lunch or Supper

Tomato-Rice Soup  
Egg Salad Sandwiches  
Leftover Upside-Down Cake  
Milk

#### Dinner

Hungarian Goulash\*  
Mixed Green Salad  
Hard Rolls  
Fresh Fruit  
Beverage

\*Hungarian Goulash—Brown ½ lb. beef and 1 lb. veal, cut in cubes, in 2 tablespoons drippings. Add 1 large onion, sliced; 1 teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper; ½ teaspoon paprika; ½ bay leaf; ½ teaspoon powdered marjoram; 4 medium potatoes; 4 medium carrots, cut crosswise; 2 turnips; 1 green pepper, cut fine; and 2 cups water. Cover closely and cook slowly 1 to 1½ hours, until meat and vegetables are done. Makes 4 servings.

SAVE FLOUR—SAVE FATS