

country. Provincetown's good 'nuff for me.'

"But he finally went along with us, and what a time he had! He wasn't too comfortable in his allotted space for cooking and sleeping on the Bowdoin. When he stood in the galley between sink and stove he had a clearance of approximately six inches. With only the slightest roll or pitch of the ship, he banged into the sink or overlapped onto the stove. From one minute to the next we never knew what he was going to do or say, but whatever it was, we could depend upon its being definitely unique.

"His cooking proved to be unpredictable, too, and he thought our menus 'too fancy'. I tried to help him and wrote out one for each day in the week, hoping we'd have variety. This schedule Bertie called 'the manifest', and he called the ship the Hotel De Long. He always called me 'Mariun' and every night, his glasses perched on the tip of his nose, he'd scan the 'manifest'. Well, what's Mariun got on the manifest for breakfast marrara? Orange juice—oatmeal—gotta git that on tonight (dammit), fried eggs, bacon. Where the hell's the bacon, you know Smitty? Find it, if you can. Coffee! Hot muffins! Cripes! What a manifest! Some damn highbrow breakfast! Well, Mariun's got it down here, an' we'll have it, but I'll have to git out of my bunk with the birdies to heave all that mess on the table by 5:30.'

He was a great "yarner" Mrs. MacMillan said, and one of his pet stories was of his discovery of a nudist colony on the sand dunes—he hid in the bushes and 'peeked at the beauts'. He'd ramble on for hours about his visit with a 'Park Avenue swell'. 'Boy,' he'd say, 'some fancy dive, t'was. There was a striped colored mainsail pitched over the sidewalk like them things you see in pitchers when millionaires is gittin' married. Had to walk under the damn canvas to git to the door. Some guy all dolled up like an Admiral, helluva lot o' gold braid stopped me and tried to take my bag. 'Oh, no, brother,' I said to him. 'You don't git that. I'll keep it myself.'

An Old Thrill

"And there was the story of his thrilling affair in his younger days with a beautiful woman who 'hove a rose' at him from her bedroom window."

Mrs. MacMillan laughed as she recalled another incident about Bertie.

"One of the boys in our crew

had a birthday while on the voyage, and I suggested to Bertie that he make a cake with thick white frosting.

"What—bake a cake in this sea with every damn thing going bottom up around here? If I don't fall kaplunk, the cake will, and I'm—oh, all right, Mariun, if you say so'.

"I gave him a copy of the Fanny Farmer cook book, and indicated a recipe. Bertie went below, sat down on the transom in front of the bunk, and began to fumble the pages.

"Well,' I heard him say. 'Mariun wants the cake on page—let's see—page six hundred and some-thing' or other. Crazy idea, but we'll have it.' Just then the ship gave a sudden lurch to port, the cookbook flew out of Bertie's hand, and landed in the near-by garbage pail. 'Oh, my God,' he gasped. 'There goes Fanny in the slop bucket.'"

Admiral and Mrs. MacMillan also remembered the time when the ship was held fast in the ice. Bertie, who didn't like the idea of all that ice, stayed below.

"We knew very well that he considered ice in any shape, form or manner to be worse than the devil himself," Mrs. MacMillan said. 'Boys,' he'd say, 'I've seen that ice come a-pilin' into Provincetown Harbor an' raise hell in one day's time. Drove fishing schooners ashore and smashed 'em all to hell—smashed docks, too—them ones that stick way out in the harbor. I'll tell ya, I know ice.'

"But suddenly one day Bertie leaped up the companionway, wild eyed, and raced down the deck, hopping first on one leg, then the other, and shouting something that sounded like 'Put me off! Put me off!' One of the crew shouted 'The ice! It's got him at last!'

"We all thought Bertie was going to pitch himself over the rail," Mrs. MacMillan went on, "But his next roar set us straight. 'Quick! For God's sake, put me out—I'm all afire aft!'

"We noticed then that he was followed by a stream of smoke which puffed out of his rear pocket at every step. His trousers were on fire, all right, and so, no doubt, was Bertie. As usual, when cooking, he had stuffed his lighted pipe into the most convenient place, but for once he'd left it too long.

"We rushed to the rescue, grabbed the pipe and put Bertie 'out' with a few hard whacks. Nursing a slightly scorched rear, he returned directly to the galley,

Worcester Telegram-6-26-59

Goodby to the Seas

Arctic Schooner Bowdoin Docks at Mystic, Conn.

By DON GUY

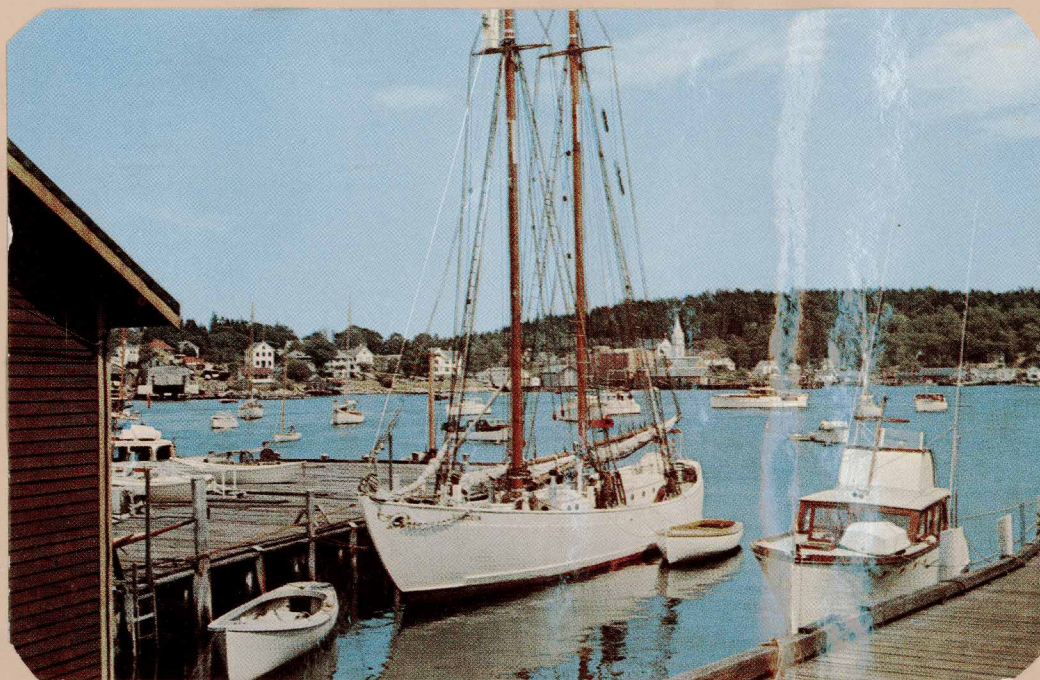
MYSTIC, Conn. (AP)—The famous little arctic schooner Bowdoin rode a full tide of laughter and tears as she sailed home from the sea forever Saturday.

The 88-foot schooner, considered the strongest wooden vessel of her type ever built, Saturday became a permanent exhibit at the Mystic

100 Foghorns

A bagpipe band, fire sirens, and factory whistles joined with the blasts of 100 foghorns as Bowdoin passed up the Mystic River to her final berth.

Through the final voyage, MacMillan's wife Miriam—"Mrs. Mac"—to the crew—waved from



Seaport, a marine museum. She was built in 1921.

300,000 Miles of Cruising

Old age and the retirement of her skipper did what 300,000 miles of cruising, often among icebergs, never could. Rear Adm. Donald B. MacMillan, her 85-year-old skipper, fought to keep the tears back as he turned over his beloved vessel to this museum of famous ships.

Friday, a \$100,000 yacht, the Lord Jim, of Boston, was lost on a fogbound reef as she escorted Bowdoin to her final port. But there were no major mishaps Saturday as 500 craft, from rowboats to 100-foot yachts, paraded with Bowdoin on her last 10 miles from Fishers Island to Mystic Seaport.

the admiral's side. She wore bright blue trousers, topped with a blue vest made by Eskimo friends in Greenland.

The berth prepared for Bowdoin is a special pier near the famous whaler, Charles W. Morgan.

Fifty Years Ago

From the Files of The Register
September 1912

Donald MacMillan has arrived at Battle Harbor, Labrador, after a successful trip of exploration in that barren land. He was accompanied by J. H. Small of Provincetown.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From the Files of The Register

March 1937

Commander Donald MacMillan of Provincetown once more sails into the Northland June 19 to explore the Baffin Land region. With him go 30 scientist and college students.

The Evening Gazette Worcester, Thurs., May 26, 1960

Mrs. MacMillan To Get Degree

Honor For Admiral's Wife

SRINGVALE, Maine (UPI)—The wife of Arctic explorer Rear Adm. Donald B. MacMillan of Provincetown, Mass., will receive one of four honorary degrees at Nasson College's 48th commencement June 5.

Mrs. MacMillan, the former Miriam Look of Clinton, Mass., has been on nine Arctic trips since their marriage in 1935.

Others to be honored are Abraham M. Sonnabend of Boston, president of Hotel Corpora-

tion of America; the Rt. Rev. Eugene C. Hatcher of Cleveland, bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church; and Lawrence L. Page, principal of Sanfrod, Maine, High School.